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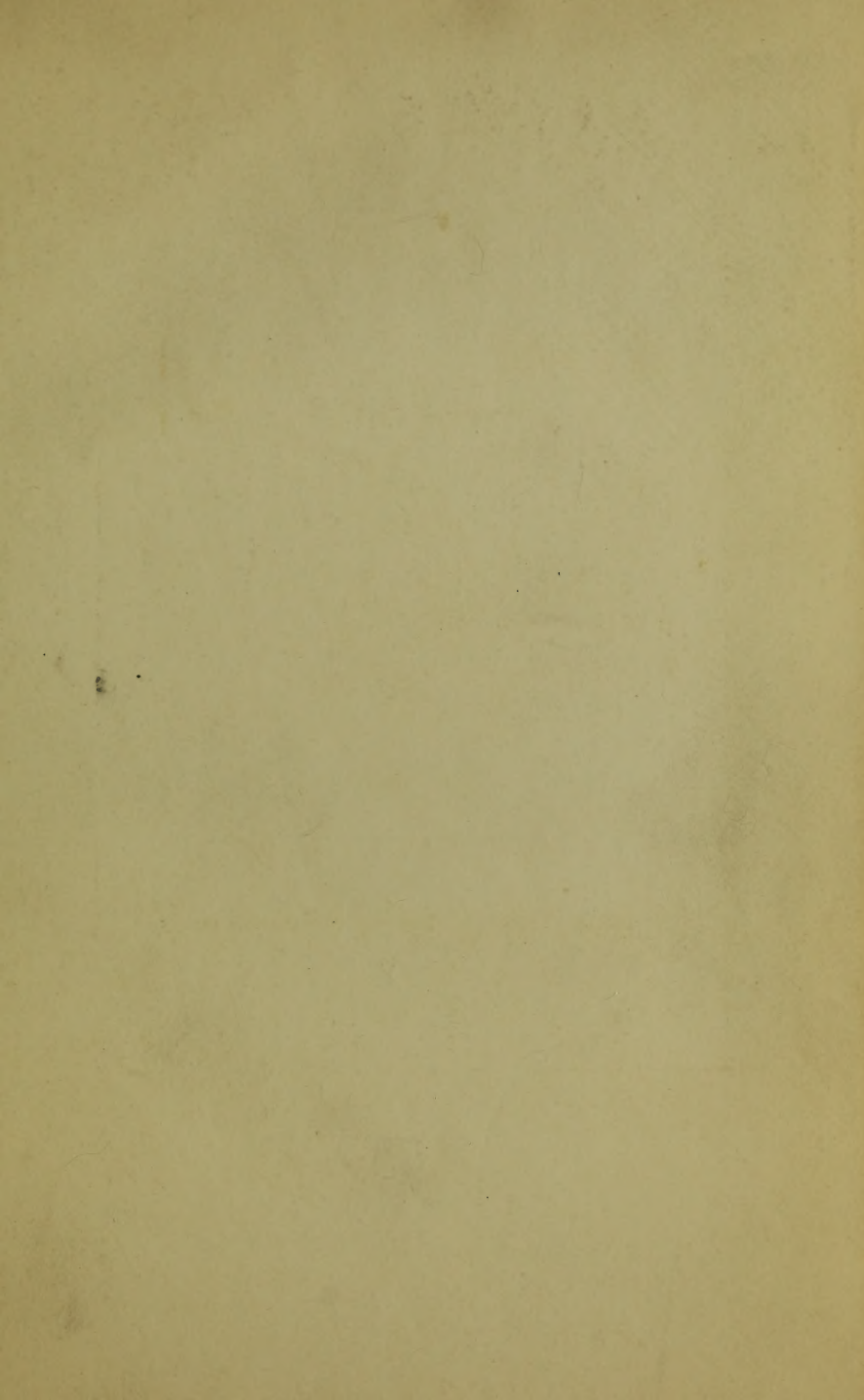


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THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE FIFTH.

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PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

KING RICHARD II.

KING HENRY IV. PART FIRST.

KING HENRY IV. PART SECOND.

KING HENRY V.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman,
B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson, T. Verner,
G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin,
H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun.
S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scatcherd
and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards,
Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newbery.

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THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

157.386

May, 1873

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH

KING LEAR

CONTAINS

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KING HENRY IV. PART FIRST.
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LONDON: PRINTED BY H. JOHNSON.

Printed by H. Johnson, 10, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.
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N. G. Johnson, 10, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.
O. G. Johnson, 10, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.

KING · RICHARD II.

VOL. V.

B

Persons Represented.

King Richard the Second.

Edmund of Langley, *duke of York*; }
 John of Gaunt, *duke of Lancaster*; } *uncles to the king.*

Henry, *surnamed Bolingbroke, duke of Hereford, son to*
 John of Gaunt; *afterwards King Henry IV.*

Duke of Aumerle¹, *son to the duke of York.*

Mowbray, *duke of Norfolk.*

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley².

Bushy, }

Bagot, } *creatures to king Richard.*

Green, }

Earl of Northumberland:

Henry Percy, *his son.*

Lord Ros³. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal; *and another lord.*

Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.

Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to king Richard.

Dutchess of Gloster.

Dutchess of York.

Lady, attending on the Queen.

*Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two gardeners, keeper,
 messenger, groom, and other attendants.*

SCENE, *dispersedly, in England and Wales.*

¹ *Duke of Aumerle;*] *Aumerle, or Aumale, is the French for what we now call Albemarle, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS.*

² *Earl Berkley.*] It ought to be *Lord Berkley*. There was no *Earl Berkley* till some ages after. STEEVENS.

³ *Lord Ros.*] Now spelt *Roos*, one of the duke of Rutland's titles.

STEEVENS.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter king RICHARD, *attended*; John of GAUNT, and
other nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band²,

Brought

* *The life and death of King Richard II.*] But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in Camden's *Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragicædiæ de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, vol. iv. p. 412, of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king *Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since, as Dr. Johnson observes,

4 KING RICHARD II.

Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

there are some expressions in this of Shakspeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*. FARMER.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it — “*exoletam tragediam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Richardi secundi*”; and lord Bacon (in his account of *The Effect of that which passed at the arraignment of Merick and others*) says, “That, the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play of *deposing King Richard the Second*.” But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, vol. vii. p. 60, the matter is stated thus: that “the story of HENRY IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merick* and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *the play of HENRY IV.* The players told them, that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get.”

Augustine Philipps was one of the patentees of the Globe play-house with *Shakspeare* in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not *Shakspeare's* HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of *Richard*. TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakspeare was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the same year. MALONE.

² — *thy catb and band,*] When these publick challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. STEEVENS.

Band and *Bond* were formerly synonymous. See vol. ii. p. 178. n. 7. MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,

And free from other misbegotten hate,

Come I appellant to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,

And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,

My body shall make good upon this earth,

Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;

Too good to be so, and too bad to live;

Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,

The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,

With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn³ sword may
prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

³ — *right-drawn*] Drawn in a right or just cause. JOHNSON.

Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
 The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him;
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable⁴
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
 By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

4 — *inhabitable*] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable*. JOHNSON.
 Ben Jonson uses the word in the same sense in his *Cariline*:

“And pour'd on some *inhabitable* place.” STEEVENS.

So also Braithwaite, in his *Survey of Histories*, 1614: “Others, in imitation of some valiant knights, have frequented desarts and *inhabited* provinces.” MALONE.

KING RICHARD II.

7

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us⁵
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments⁶,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death*;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Slur'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,

5 — that can inherit us &c.] To *inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare. Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ ——— such delight

“ Among fresh female buds shall you this night

“ *Inherit* at my house.” STEEVENS.”

See vol. i. p. 79. n. 9. MALONE.

6 — for lewd employments,] *Lewd* here signifies *wicked*. It is so used in many of our old statutes. MALONE.

* — the duke of Gloster's death;] Thomas of *Woodstock*, the youngest son of Edward III. ; who was murdered at Calais in 1397. MALONE.

How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears :
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
 (As he is but my father's brother's son,)
 Now by my scepter's awe⁷ I make a vow,
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
 He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;
 Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
 Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers :
 The other part reserv'd I by consent ;
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
 Upon remainder of a dear account,
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
 Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
 I slew him not ; but, to my own disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
 For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :
 But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
 I did confess it ; and exactly begg'd
 Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
 This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

⁶ — *my scepter's awe* —] The reverence due to my scepter. JOHNSON,
K. Rich.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
 'This we prescribe, though no physician ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :
 Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :—
 Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry^s ? when ?
 Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; there is no
 boot⁹.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot :
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame ;
 The one, my duty owes ; but my fair name,
 (Despight of death, that lives upon my grave¹),
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here * ;
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;
 The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood

⁸ When, *Harry* ?] This obsolete exclamation of impatience, is likewise found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613 ; again, in *Look about you*, 1600. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *no boot.*] That is, *no advantage, no use*, in delay or refusal. JOHNS.

¹ — *my fair name, &c.*] That is, *my name that lives on my grave in despight of death.* This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

* — *and baffled here ;*] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. So, Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it : “ *Bafulling*, says he, is a great disgrace among the Scots, and it is used when a man is openlie perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heels upward, with his name, wondering, crying, and blowing out of him with horns.” Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 3. ft. 37 ; and b. vi. c. 7. ft. 27. has the word in the same signification. TOLLET.

The same expression occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, sc. ult.

“ Alas, poor fool ! how have they *baffled* thee ?”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act I. sc. ii :

“ — an I do not, call me villain, and *baffle* me.” STEEVENS.

Which

Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :

Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots² : take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is—spotless reputation ; that away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;

Take honour from me, and my life is done :

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you begin.

Boling. O God defend my soul from such foul sin !

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's fight ?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height

Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

The slavish motive³ of recanting fear ;

And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit GAUNT.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command :

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day ;

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

The swelling difference of your settled hate ;

Since we cannot atone you, we shall see

Justice design⁴ the victor's chivalry.—

Lord

² — but not change their spots :] The old copies have—his spots. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ The slavish motive—] That which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

⁴ Justice design—] To design in our author's time signified to mark out. See Minshew's Dict. in v. " To designe or shew by a token. Ital. Denotare. Lat. Designare." At the end of the article the reader is referred

Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room in the duke of Lancaster's Palace.

*Enter GAUNT, and dutchefs of Gloster*⁵.

Gaunt. Alas ! the part I had⁶ in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,

ferred to the words " to marke, note, demonstrate or shew."—The word is still used with this signification in Scotland.—Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*decide*. MALONE.

⁵ — *dutchefs of Gloster.*] The Dutchefs of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III. WALPOLE.

⁶ — *the part I had*—] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. HANMER.

In

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy annointed in his fight,
 Hath caus'd his death : the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
 O, fit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A catiff recreant⁸ to my cousin Hereford !
 Farewell, old Gaunt ; thy sometimes brother's wife,
 With her companion grief must end her life.

⁷ — *may I complain myself ?*] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. Dryden employs the word in the same sense in his Fables. "STEEVENS.

So also Fairfax and other contemporaries of our author. MALONE.

⁸ *A catiff recreant*—] *Catiff* originally signified a *prisoner* ; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners ; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

Ἡμεῖς τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποαινύμεθα δούλον ἡμῶν.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations. JOHNSON.

I do not believe that *catiff* in our language ever signified a *prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *cbetif*, Fr. poor miserable. TYRWHITT.

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it
falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:

I take my leave before I have begun;

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls⁹,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where¹:

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Gosford-Green near Coventry.

Lifts set out, and a throne. Herald, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal² and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in,

⁹ — *unfurnish'd walls,*] In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the Preface to the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, begun in 1512. STEEVENS.

¹ *To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:*] Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense:

—— let him not come there

To seek out sorrow:—that dwells every where. WHALLEY.

² — *Lord Marshal*] Shakspeare has here committed a slight mistake. The office of Lord Marshal was executed on this occasion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from the Marshal, in the present drama. MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath!
And so³ defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk⁴;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue⁵,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

³ And so—] The old copies read—As so. STEEVENS.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ — Norfolk,] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, both from Matthew Paris and Holinshed, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this indeed must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first. STEEV.

⁵ — and my succeeding issue,] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads—his succeeding issue. The first quarto copy of this play, in 1597, being in general much more correct than the folio, and the quartos of 1608, and 1615, from the latter of which the folio appears to have been printed, I have preferred the elder reading. MALONE.

Mowbray's issue was, by this accusation in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come among other reasons for their sake; but the reading of the folio is more just and grammatical. JOHNSON.

To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven ! [*He takes his seat.*

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour ; preceded by a herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou
hither,

Before king Richard, in his royal lists ?
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists ;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:
 As confident, as is the falcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
 My loving lord, [*to Lord Marsh.*] I take my leave of you;—
 Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
 Not sick, although I have to do with death;
 But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.—
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
 O thou, the earthly authour of my blood,— [*to Gaunt.*
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
 Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,—
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat⁶,
 And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
 Be swift like lightning in the execution;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
 Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency⁷, and saint George to thrive!
 [*He takes his seat.*]

Nor. [*rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
 There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

⁶ — waxen coat,] *Waxen* may mean either *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form, to every motion of the body. Of these many are to be seen in the Tower of London.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — mine innocency—] Old Copies—*innocence*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle⁸ with mine adversary.—
 Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest⁹,
 Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord : securely I espy
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[The king and the lords return to their seats.]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

Boling. *[rising.]* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance *[to an officer.]* to Thomas duke
 of Norfolk.

1. *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2. *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
 Norfolk,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 Both to defend himself, and to approve
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
 Courageously, and with a free desire,
 Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants.

[A charge sounded.]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down¹.

⁸ This feast of battle—] “ War is death’s feast,” is a proverbial saying. See Ray’s Collection. STEEVENS.

⁹ — as to jest,] To jest sometimes signifies in old language, to play a part in a mask. FARMER.

¹ — hath thrown his warder down.] A warder appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again :—
Withdraw with us :—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*
to the Combatants.]

Draw near,
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords ;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride²
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on³
To wake our peace⁴, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh-responding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories :—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : This must my comfort be,—
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;

² *And for we think the eagle-winged pride &c.*] These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE.

Dr. Warburton thinks with some probability that these lines were rejected by Shakspeare himself. His idle cavil, that "peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep", is refuted by Mr. Steevens in the subsequent note. MALONE.

³ — *set you on*] The old copy reads—on you. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ *To wake our peace,*] It is true, that *peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep* ; but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. *To wake peace* is to introduce discord. *Peace asleep*, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frightened by the clamours of war. STEEVENS.

And

And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The fly-flow hours⁵ shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—
The hopeless word of—never to return—
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
A dearer merit⁶, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego :
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips ;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death.
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate⁷ ;
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*retiring.*]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

⁵ *The fly-flow hours—*] Mr. Pope reads—*fly-flow*. The former word appears to me more intelligible :—" the thievish minutes as they pass." MALONE.

⁶ *A dearer merit—*] *Merit* is here used for *meed* or *reward*. MALONE.

⁷ — *compassionate* ;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

(Our part therein we banish with yourselves⁸),
 To keep the oath that we administer:—
 You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment;
 Nor never look upon each other's face;
 Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
 Nor never by advised purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy⁹;—
 By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
 And all too soon, I fear the king shall rue.—
 Farewel, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;

⁸ (*Our part &c.*) It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banish'd man may be still tied in allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

⁹ *Norfolk, so far &c.*] I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line, but suppose the meaning to be this: *Norfolk, so far* I have addressed myself to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, *Confess thy treasons.* JOHNSON.

All the old copies read: *so fare.* STEEVENS.

Surely *fare* was a misprint for *farre*, the old spelling of the word now placed in the text—Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in speaking this line should shew some courtesy to Mowbray;—and the meaning may be, So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee. MALONE.

Save back to England, all the world's my way¹. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*to Bol.*] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the fix years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow²:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice³,

¹ — *all the world's my way.*] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

“The world was all before them, where to choose

“Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.” JOHNSON.

The Duke of Norfolk after his banishment went to Venice, where, says Holinshed, “for thought and melancholy he deceased.” MALONE.

I should point the passage thus:

— Now no way can I stray

Save back to England:—all the world's my way.

There's no way for me to go wrong, except back to England. MASON.

² *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:*] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

³ — *upon good advice,*] Upon great consideration. See Vol. I. p. 137, n. 8. MALONE.

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave⁴;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion four.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander⁵ fought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. RICHARD and Train.]

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

⁴ — a party-verdict gave;] i. e. you had yourself a *part* or share in the verdict that I pronounced. MALONE.

⁵ A partial slander—] That is, the reproach of partiality. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.
Will

Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee : or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd⁶ ;
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure⁷ or a dance :
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand⁸,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

⁶ — *strew'd* ;] i. e. with rushes. See Hentzner's account of the presence-chamber, in the palace at Greenwich, in 1598. ITINERAR. p. 135. MALONE.

⁷ — *a delightful measure*—] See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

⁸ O, *who can hold a fire in his hand, &c.*] *Fire* is here, as in many other places, used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

It has been remarked, that there is a passage resembling this in *Tully's Fifth Book of Tusculan Questions*. Speaking of Epicurus, he says :—
“ Sed unâ se dicit recordatione acquiescere præteritarum voluptatum : ut si quis æstuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiat, recordari velit se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus circumfusus fuisse. Non enim video, quomodo sedare possint mala præsentia præteritæ voluptates.”
The *Tusculan Questions* of Cicero had been translated early enough for Shakspere to have seen them. STEEVENS.

By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?
 O, no! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil,
 adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
 Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman⁹. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREENE; AU-
 MERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
 But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me¹: except the north-east wind,
 Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
 Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
 Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

⁹ — *yet a true-born Englishman.*] Here the first act ought to end, that
 between the first and second acts there may be time for John of Gaunt
 to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of
 the second act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a mes-
 sage from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to visit him,
 which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided,
 more time passes between the two last scenes of the first act, than between
 the first act and the second. JOHNSON.

¹ — *none by me:*] The old copies read—*for me.* Corrected by the
 editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Aum.

Aum. Farewel:

And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewel have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewels;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green²,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope³.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
Expedient⁴ manage must be made, my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat light,

² — Bagot here, and Greene,] The old copies read—*here Bagot*. The transposition was made in a quarto of no value, printed in 1634. MALONE.

³ *And be our subjects' next degree in hope.*] *Spes altera Romæ. Virg.* MALONE.

⁴ *Expedient—*] is *expeditious*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 167, n. 6; p. 404, n. 8. MALONE.

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

K. Rich. Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
 To help him to his grave immediately!
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
 Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[Exeunt,

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT *on a couch*; the duke of YORK^s and others standing
by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
 In wholesome counsel to his unfay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
 For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
 For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

^s — *the duke of York*—] was Edmund, son of Edward III. WALPOLE.
 He

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
 Then they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
 More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:

The setting sun, and musick at the close⁶,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
 Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
 As, praises of his state; then, there are found
 Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen:
 Report of fashions in proud Italy⁷;
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
 Limps after, in base imitation.
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
 (So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard⁸.
 Direct not him, whose way himself will choose⁹;
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
 His rash¹ fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:

6. — *at the close,*] This I suppose to be a musical term. STEEVENS.

7 *Report of fashions in proud Italy;*] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

8 *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels, against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

9 — *whose way himself will choose;*] Do not attempt to guide him, who, whatever thou shalt say, will take his own course. JOHNSON.

1 — *rash*—] That is, *hasty, violent*. JOHNSON.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy paradise;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war²;
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands³;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed⁴, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
 As is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,) That
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm⁵:
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds⁶;

² *Against infection, &c.*] I suppose Shakspeare meant to say, that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*.

JOHNSON.

In Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted—"Against infection, &c." Perhaps the word might be *infection*, if such a word was in use. FARMER.

³ — *less happier lands*;] So read all the editions, except Hanmer's, which has *less happy*. I believe Shakspeare, from the habit of saying *more happier* according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Fear'd by their breed*;] i. e. by means of their breed. MALONE.

⁵ — *or pelting farm*;] See Vol. II. p. 40. n. 5. MALONE.

⁶ — *rotten parchment bonds*;] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GREY.
Gaunt

That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King RICHARD, *and* Queen⁷; AUMERLE⁸, BUSHY,
GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS⁹, *and* WILLOUGHBY¹.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

Gaunt does not allude to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumstance of his having actually farmed out his royal realm, as he himself styles it. In the last scene of the first act he says,

“And, for our coffers are grown somewhat light,

“We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm.” MASON.

7 — *Queen*;] Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests to me, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE.

8 — *Aumerle*,] was Edward, eldest son of Edmund Duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. WALPOLE.

9 *Ross*;—] was William Lord *Ross*, (and so should be printed) of Ham-lake, afterwards Lord Treasurer to Henry IV. WALPOLE.

1 *Willoughby*;—] was William Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York. WALPOLE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No! no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy annointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandfire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease:

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law²;

And—

K. Rich. — Thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,

² *Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;*] The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By setting the royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords: by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bond-slave to the law; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath explains the words *state of law* somewhat differently: "Thy royal estate, which is established by the law, is now in virtue of thy having leased it out, subjected &c." MALONE.

Dar'st

Dar'ft with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek; chafing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native refidence.
 Now by my feat's right royal majefty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's fon,
 This tongue that runs fo roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend foulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's fon,
 For that I was his father Edward's fon;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Haft thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
 My brother Glofter, plain well-meaning foul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mong'ft happy fouls!)
 Maybe a precedent and witnefs good,
 That thou refpect'ft not fpillling Edward's blood:
 Join with the prefent ficknefs that I have;
 And thy unkindnefs be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower³.
 Live in thy fhame, but die not fhame with thee!—
 Thefe words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—

³ *And thy unkindnefs be like crooked age,*

To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.] Shakspeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying a *fickle* as well as a *fcythe*. A *fickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and fometimes, as in the following inftances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. So, in *Kendall's Epigrams*, 1577:

“ The regall king and *crooked* clowne,

“ All one alike death driveth downe.”

Again, in the 100th fonnet of Shakspeare:

“ Give my love, fame, fafter than time waftefs life,

“ So thou prevent'ft his *fcythe* and *crooked knife*.”

Again, in the 119th:

“ Love's not Time's fool, though rofy lips and cheeks

“ Within his *bending fickles* compafs come.”

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet beftowed on age in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

“ Now yield to death o'er-laid by *crooked* age.”

In that paffage no allufion to a *fcythe* can be fupposed. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind, the bend of age and the *fickle* of time, which he confounded together.

MASON.

Love

Love they ⁴ to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and fullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his.
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND ⁵.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be ⁶:
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else ⁷,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

⁴ *Love they*—] That is, let them love. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Northumberland*—] was Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
WALPOLE.

⁶ — *our pilgrimage must be* :] i. e. is yet to come. MASON.

⁷ — *where no venom else*,] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. STEEVENS.

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
 About his marriage⁸, nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
 In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman:
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours⁹;
 But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends: his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
 Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights;

⁸ *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*

About his marriage,] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;*] i. e. when he was of thy age. MALONE.

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
 But by fair sequence and succession?
 Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true!)
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters patents that he hath
 By his attornies-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage¹,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
 Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
 To see this business: To-morrow next
 We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
 Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.]

[Exeunt King, Queen, Bus. AUM. GRE. and BAG.]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rofs. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Rofs. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
 Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak
 more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

¹ — deny his offer'd homage,] That is, refuse to admit the homage,
 by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

Will. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Rofs. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs
are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
'That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Rofs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
'That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Rofs. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Will. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Rofs. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind fit fore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not², but securely perish³.

Rofs.

² *And yet we strike not,] To strike the sails, is, to contract them when there is too much wind.* JOHNSON.

³ *—but securely perish.] We perish by too great confidence in our security.*
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Rofs. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger⁴ now
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rofs. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter⁵,

His

security. The word is used in the same sense in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Though Ford be a *secure* fool, &c. MALONE.

⁴ And unavoided is the danger—] *Unavoided* is, I believe, here used for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

⁵ The son of Richard earl of Arundel,

[That late broke from the duke of Exeter,] For the insertion of the line included within crotchets, I am answerable; it not being found in the old copies. Mr. Steevens observed, that "all the persons enumerated in Holinshed's account of those embarked with Bolingbroke are here mentioned with great exactness, except 'Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill,' And yet this nobleman is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having *broke from the Duke of Exeter*." From hence he very justly inferred, that a line must have been lost, "in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place."

The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus: "About the same time the Earl of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by means of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earnest perswasion of Thomas Arundell, late Archbishoppe of Canterburie, (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his sea, and banished the realme by King Richardes means,) got him downe to Britaine:—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbishop of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundell, sonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c.

There cannot, therefore, I think, be the smallest doubt, that a line
was

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury⁶,
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
 Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
 Quoint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
 Are making hither with all due expedience,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
 Perhaps, they had ere this ; but that they stay
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
 Imp out⁷ our drooping country's broken wing,
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurge :
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

was omitted in the copy of 1597, by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundel, but his father, was mentioned ; for *his* in a subsequent line (*His brother*) must refer to the *old* Earl of Arundel.

Rather than leave a *lacuna*, I have inserted such words as render the passage intelligible. In Act V. sc. ii. of the play before us, a line of a rhyming couplet was passed over by the printer of the first folio :

“ Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace.”

It has been recovered from the quarto. In *Coriolanus* Act II. sc. ult. a line was in like manner omitted, and it has very properly been supplied.

The christian name of Sir *Thomas* Ramston is changed to *John*, and the two following persons are improperly described as knights in all the copies. These perhaps were likewise mistakes of the press, but are scarcely worth correcting. MALONE.

⁶ — *archbishop late of Canterbury*,] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the Parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king ; whence he is here called, *late of Canterbury*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Imp out*—] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*. Turberville has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed*. STEEV.

Rofs. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that fear.
Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
 You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
 To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
 And entertain a chearful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did ; to please myself,
 I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
 As my sweet Richard : Yet again, methinks,
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
 Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
 With nothing trembles⁸ : at something it grieves,
 More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which shew like grief itself, but are not so :
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
 Shew nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
 Distinguish form⁹ : so your sweet majesty,

Looking

⁸ *With nothing trembles :*] I suppose it is the *unborn sorrow* which she calls *nothing*, because it is not yet brought into existence. STEEV.

⁹ *Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,*
Shew nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,

Distinguish form :—] This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongst *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are *inverted* : so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present nothing but confusion : and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station ; or, as Shakspeare says, *ey'd awry*. WARBURTON.

Like perspectives, &c.] Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 391, explains this perspective, or odd kind of " pictures upon an indented board, which

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so, but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think¹,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'Tis nothing but conceit², my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve³:

'Tis

which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus. "The board being indented, [or furrowed with a plough-plane,] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye beholding it obliquely, so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

So in Hentzner, 1598. Royal Palace, Whitehall. "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monstrosam quid repræsentans, sed si quis—effigiem recta intueatur, tum vera deprehenditur."

FARMER.

¹ *As,—though, on thinking, on no thought I think,—* We should read: *As though in thinking*; that is, *though musing*, I have no distinct idea of calamity. The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometime felt, is here very forcibly described.

JOHNSON.

² *'Tis nothing but conceit,*] *Conceit* is here, as in *K. Henry VIII.* and many other places, used for a fanciful conception. MALONE.

³ *For nothing hath begot my something grief;*

Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:] With these lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reasoning, as it now stands, is this: My trouble is not conceit, for conceit is still derived from some antecedent cause, some fore-father grief; but with me the case is, that either my real grief hath no real cause, or some real cause hath produced a fancied grief. That is, my grief is not conceit, because it either

40 KING RICHARD II.

'Tis in reversion that I do possess⁴;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland,

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
'Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power⁵,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ros, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,

Has not a cause like conceit, or it has a cause like conceit. This can hardly stand. Let us try again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my something grief;

Not something hath the nothing that I grieve:

That is, my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from some past occurrence. But, on the contrary, here is real grief without a real cause; not a real cause with a fanciful sorrow. This, I think, must be the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction or absurdity. JOHNSON.

⁴ 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;] As the grief the queen felt was for some event which had not yet come to pass, or at least yet come to her knowledge, she expresses this by saying that the grief she then actually possessed was still in reversion, as she had no right to feel the grief until the event should happen which was to occasion it. MASON.

⁵ — might have retir'd his power,] Might have drawn it back. A French sense. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Each one, by him enforc'd, retires his ward.” MALONE.
And

KING RICHARD II.

41

And all the rest of the revolting faction
Traitors.

Green. We have : whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir⁶ :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Busby. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
O, full of careful business are his looks !—
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts :
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;

⁶ *And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :*] The Queen had said before that "some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming towards her;" she talks afterwards of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" she calls Green "the midwife of her woe;" and then means to say, in the same metaphorical jargon, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her "sorrow's dismal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the next line,

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy. MASON.

Now

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came,

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah,

Get thee to *Plashy*⁷, to my sister *Gloster*;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutcheſs died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God
(So my untruth⁸ had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there no poſts diſpatch'd for Ireland?—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?—
Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay⁹: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*to the ſer.*] get thee home, provide ſome carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit ſerv.*]
Gentlemen, will you go muſter men? if I know
How, or which way, to order theſe affairs,
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kiſmen;—
The one's my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kiſman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.

⁷ *Get thee to Plashy,*—] The lordſhip of *Plashy* was a town of the dutcheſs of *Gloſter*'s in *Eſſex*. See *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 13. *THEOBALD.*

⁸ — *untruth*—] That is, *diſloyalty, treachery*. *JOHNSON.*

⁹ *Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay:*] This is one of *Shakſpeare*'s touches of nature. *York* is talking to the queen his couſin, but the recent death of his ſiſter is uppermoſt in his mind. *STEEVENS.*

Well,

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at Berkley-Castle.
 I should to Plasby too;—
 But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and Queen.*]

Busby. The wind fits fair for news to go to Ireland,
 But none returns. For us to levy power,
 Proportionable to the enemy,
 Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
 Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
 Lies in their purses; and whose empties them,
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
 Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
 The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Busby. Thither will I with you: for little office
 Will the hateful commons perform for us;
 Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—
 Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
 Farewel: if heart's presages be not vain,
 We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Busby. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
 Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
 Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Busby. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*The wilds in Glostershire.**Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,
with forces.**Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy¹, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, sent
From my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

¹ *And hope to joy,—*] To joy is, I believe, here used as a verb. So, in the second act of *K. Henry IV*: "Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose." Again, in *K. Henry VI*. P. II:

"Was ever king that joy'd on earthly throne—."

The word is again used with the same signification in the play before us. MALONE.

Percy.

Percy. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason ?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford ;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levy'd there ;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young ;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends ;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley ? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard :
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour ;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords : I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor ; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross.

Rofs. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guefs.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster² ;
And I am come to seek that name in England :
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out³ :—
'To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York ; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time⁴,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you ;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle ! [*kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

² — my answer is—to Lancaster ;] Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford. My answer is, It is not to him ; it is to the Duke of Lancaster. MALONE.

³ To raze one title of your honour out :—] “ How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were erased out of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could shew at large.” Camden's *Remaines*, p. 136, edit. 1605. MALONE.

⁴ — the absent time,] i. e. time of the king's absence. JOHNSON.

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?
 But then more why⁵ ;—Why have they dar'd to march
 So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;
 Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
 And ostentation of despised arms⁶ ?
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault !

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;
 On what condition⁷ stands it, and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
 In gross rebellion, and detested treason :
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

⁵ *But then more why ;—*] But, to add more questions. This is the reading of the first quarto, 1597, which in the second, and all the subsequent copies, was corrupted thus : But *more than* why. The expression of the text, though a singular one, was, I have no doubt, the author's. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding :

“ Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.” MALONE.

⁶ *And ostentation of despised arms ?*] Mr Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.
 So, in this play :

“ We'll make foul weather with *despised* tears.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *On what condition—*] It should be, in *what condition*, i. e. in *what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit.

JOHNSON.

York's reply supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture :

“ Ev'n in condition, &c.” MALONE.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye⁸ :
 You are my father, for, methinks, in you
 I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd,
 A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifts ? Wherefore was I born⁹ ?
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
 I am deny'd to sue my livery here¹,
 And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : Attornies are deny'd me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right :
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be :
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,

⁸ — *with an indifferent eye :*] i. e. with an *impartial* eye. "Every juryman," says Sir Edward Coke, "ought to be impartial, and *indifferent*." MALONE.

⁹ — *Wherefore was I born ? &c.*] To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession ? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

¹ — *to sue my livery here,*] See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act IV. sc. iii. MALONE.

Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll
pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV².

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY³, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;

² This scene Dr. Johnson suspects to have been accidentally transposed. In the author's draught he supposes it to have been the second scene in the ensuing act. MALONE.

³ — *Salisbury*—] was John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

WALPOLE.

Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman ;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead ; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd⁴,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewel ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [Exit.

Sal. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest :
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS : Officers behind with
BUSHY, and GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity : yet, to wash your blood

⁴ *The bay-trees &c.*] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

Some of these prodigies are found in Holinshed : " In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered," &c. STEEVENS.

From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your death.
 You have mislaid a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean⁵.
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
 Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
 Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks⁶, and fell'd my forest woods;
 From my own windows torn my household coat⁷,
 Raz'd out my imprese⁸, leaving me no sign,—
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death.

Busby. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,

⁵ — and disfigur'd clean.] *Clean* has here the signification of *altogether, totally*. So, in our author's 75th Sonnet:

“ And by and by, *clean*-starved for a look.” MALONE.

⁶ Dispark'd my parks,] To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. *Dissepio*. I meet with the word in Barret's *Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. STEEVENS.

⁷ From my own windows torn my household coat,] It was the practice, when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

⁸ Raz'd out my imprese, &c.] The *imprese* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1585, observes, “ that the arms &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set.” STEEVENS.

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Nor. and others, with prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;

For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:

Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;

To fight with Glendower and his complices;

A while to work, and, after, holiday.^o [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

^o *Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;*

To fight with Glendower and his complices;

A while to work, and, after, holiday.] Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhyme to each other; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of K. Henry IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the king employed any force against him. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is just, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that Bolingbroke marched to Chester, probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks therefore the line is genuine. See p. 61. sc. iii. Stowe expressly says that "Owen Glendower served King Richard at Flint-Castle." MALONE.

¹ Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act. JOHNS.

Aum.

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting²;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it³, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

² *As a long parted mother with her child*

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;]

“Ως εἰπὼν, αλοχοῖο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἐθήκε

“Παῖδ' εὖν· ἢ δ' ἀρα μὲν κνωδεῖ δεξιᾷ κολπῶ

“ΔΑΚΡΥΘΕΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΣΑ.” *Hom. II. Z.*

Perhaps *smiles* is here used as a substantive. As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom she has been a long time parted, crying, and at the same time smiling, at meeting him.

It has been proposed to read—*smiles in weeping*; and I once thought the emendation very plausible. But I am now persuaded the text is right. If we read *weeping*, the *long-parted* mother and her child do not meet, and there is no particular cause assigned for either her smiles or tears. MALONE.

³ Guard it,] That is, border it. See Vol. II. p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world⁴,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will fit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an annointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose⁵

The

4 — and *lights the lower world*,] The old copies read—*that lights*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Sense might be obtained by a slight transposition, without changing the words of the original text:

That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights

The lower world, is hid behind the globe;—

By the *lower world*, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, *a world lower than this of ours*; I suppose, our *Antipodes*. But the *lower world* may signify *our world*. MALONE.

⁵ *The breath of worldly men &c.*] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose

The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late.
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: Why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty⁶! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names⁷?

whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original
of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Awake, thou coward majesty!*] Thus the quarto. The folio has
—thou sluggard majesty. MALONE.

⁷ *Is not the king's name forty thousand names?*] Thus in *King
Richard III.*

“ Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength.”

See a speech of Antigonus in Plutarch, of this kind. Vol. II. p. 199,
4to. Gr. S. W.

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
 High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
 Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
 'Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd⁸;
 The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
 They break their faith to God, as well as us:
 Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
 The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
 With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel:
 White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
 Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
 Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints⁹
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

⁸ *Mine ear is open, &c.*] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNS.

⁹ — *and clap their female joints*] Mr. Pope more elegantly reads — *and clasp*—; which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. But the emendation does not seem absolutely necessary. MALONE.

Thy

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows¹
 Of double-fatal yew² against thy state;
 Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
 Against thy feat: both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
 Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
 What is become of Busby? where is Green³?

That

¹ *Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows*] Such is the reading of all the copies, yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsmen*. The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevifa calls himself the *beadsmen* of his patron. *Beadsmen* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough: As "boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms, &c." so his "very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows" against him. *Their does* not absolutely denote that *the bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

² *Of double-fatal yew*—] Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. WARB.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows*; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

³ *Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?*

What is become of Busby? where is Green?] Here are four of them named; and, within a very few lines, the king, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judasses. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says: *Is Busby, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?* So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question: and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland.

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. It seems probable to me that he wrote

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is *he* got? THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. *Where is he got* does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare intended to mark more strongly the perturbation

That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate:—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth⁴,

bation of the king by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty, on further recollection, might shew him the impropriety of his question. MALONE.

⁴ *And that small model of the barren earth,*] He uses *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorize. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare generally uses *model*, not for an *exemplar*, but for a thing made after a pattern. So, in a former scene of this play:

" ——— thou see'st thy wretched brother die,

" Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

See Vol. III. p. 443, n. 6. *Model*, however, may be used for *mould*. See Minshieu's *DICTIONARY* in v. MALONE.

Which

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones⁵.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
 All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court: and there the antic fit⁶,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition⁷, form, and ceremonious duty.
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends:—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
 And fight and die, is death destroying death⁸:

⁵ *Which serves as paste &c*] A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a pie. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *there the antic fits,*] Here is an allusion to the *antic* or fool of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Tradition,—*] This word seems here used for *traditional practices*: that is, *established or customary homage*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *death destroying death:*] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read—*death defying death*; but *destroying* is as well. JOHNSON.

Where

Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him ;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke,

I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;

An easy task it is, to win our own.—

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day :

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke ;

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

Beshrew thee, cousin, which did lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !

What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort⁹ any more.

Go, to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge ; and let them go

To ear the land¹ that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none:—Let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

⁹ — I'll hate him everlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort—] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. JOHNSON.

¹ *To ear the land*] i. e. to plough it. STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence ;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*

*Enter with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, and forces ;
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd ; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord ;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard :—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head !

North. Your grace mistakes ; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head², your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Left you mis-take : The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle ; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here ?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry ; what, will not this castle yield ?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

² For taking so the head,—] To take the head is, to act without restraint ; to take undue liberties. We now say, we give the horse his head, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

Boling.

Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop: besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord,

[to North.

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry Bolingbroke,
On both his knees, doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[North. *advances to the Castle, with a Trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

My

My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
March on ; and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, the bishop of Carlisle³, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.*

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear⁴,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east ;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty : Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amaz'd ; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [to North-
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,

³ — *the bishop of Carlisle,*] was Thomas Merkes. WALPOLE.

⁴ *See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,*] This and the following five lines are given in the old copies to Bolingbroke. The present regulation was made by Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
 That every stride he makes upon my land,
 Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war⁵;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face⁶;
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace⁷

To

⁵ *The purple testament of bleeding war* ;] I once thought that Shakespeare might have had the sacred book (which is frequently covered with purple leather) in his thoughts ; but the following note renders such a supposition extremely doubtful. MALONE.

I believe our author uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. STEEVENS.

⁶ *But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons*

Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;] By *the flower of England's face* is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year."

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads—*light in peace*, but *live in peace* is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is very happily explained. JOHNSON.

The flower of England's face, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. The same kind of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2 : "—opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240. edit. 1633 : "—the sweet and beautiful flower of her face. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Shall ill become the flower of England's face* ;

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace &c.] Perhaps the words *face* and *peace* have changed places. We might read—(but I propose the change with no degree of confidence,)

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's peace;
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale face
 To scarlet indignation—.

Ere

To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass⁸ with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kifs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said;—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend* to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns;—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands

Ere the crown he hopes to obtain be settled peaceably on his head, ten thousand crowns, besmeared with blood, shall disfigure the flower of the peaceable nobility of England; and cause her maid-pale countenance to glow with indignation, &c. The double opposition between crown and peace is much in our author's manner. In *King Richard III.* we have

“That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.”

and in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

“You conjure from the breast of civil peace

“Such bold hostility—.”

Peace has already been personified in a former scene:

“To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

“Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep.”

But these lines, it must be owned, add as much support to the old reading, as to the emendation proposed. MALONE.

⁸ Her pastures' grass—] Old Copies—*pastors*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* —commend—] i. e. commit. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

66 KING RICHARD II.

Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—

We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To Aum.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, my good lord ; let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God ! o God ! that e'er this tongue of
mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth⁹ ! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been !
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'ft thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd ?
The king shall be contented : Must he lose
The name of king ? o'God's name, let it go :
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
My gay apparel, ¹ for an alms-man's gown ;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff ;
My subjects, for a pair of carved faints ;
And my large kingdom for a little grave :—
A little little grave, an obscure grave :—

⁹ *With words of sooth ! —*] *Sooth* is *sweet* as well as *true*. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth*. JOHNSON.

¹ *My gay apparel, &c.*] Dr. Grey observes, " that king Richard's expence in regard to dress, was very extraordinary." Holinshed has the same remark ; and adds, that " he had one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks." STEEV.

Stowe, in his *Survey*, says, " to the value of *three thousand* marks." So also in *Vita Ricardi Secundi*, published by T. Hearne, p. 156. MALONE.

Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade², where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head³;
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
 And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?—
 Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay⁴.

North. My lord, in the base court⁵ he doth attend
 To speak with you; may't please you to come down.

² *Some way of common trade,*] *Trade* in the sense of either commerce or custom. JOHNSON.

The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much *traffic*." Shakspeare uses the word in the same sense in *K. Henry VIII*:

"Stand in the gap and *trade* of more preferments." STEEVENS.

³ — *on their sovereign's head:*] Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetick to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *Bolingbroke says—ay.*] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakspeare's word, rimed very well with *to die*; but *ay* has quite a different sound. See a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Vol. I. p. 299, n. 6. TYRWHITT.

In some counties *ay* is at this day pronounced with a sound very little differing from that of *I*. MALONE.

⁵ — *base court*—] *Bas cour*. FR. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come ; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades. [*Nor. retires to Bol.*
In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court ? Come down ? Down, court ! down,
king !

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty ?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man :
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [kneeling.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*touching his own head.*] although your
knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve :—They well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—

Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—

Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Langley. *The duke of York's garden.*

Enter the Queen, and two ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1. Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1. Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1. Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy⁶?

1. Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1. Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1. Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep⁷, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

⁶ *Of sorrow, or of joy?*] All the old copies concur in reading: *Of sorrow, or of grief.* Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration.

⁷ *And I could weep,*—] The old copies read: *And I could sing.*

STEEVENS.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the emendation MALONE.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is fore-run with woe⁸.

[Queen and ladies retire.]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their fire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1. *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate?⁹
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

⁸ *Against a change: Woe is fore-run with woe.*] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to fore-run calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that publick evils are always presignified by publick pensiveness, and plaintive conversation.

JOHNSON.

9 — *our firm estate?*] The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they were at work. Why (says he) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state*, when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder? STEEVENS.

Serv.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year¹
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be²: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death
Through want of speaking³.—Thou, old Adam's likeness,
[*Coming from her concealment.*
Set to dress this garden, how dares⁴

Thy

¹ — We at time of year] The word *We* is not in the old copies. The context shews that some word was omitted at the press; and the subsequent lines

———— Superfluous branches

We lop away—

render it highly probable that this was the word. MALONE.

² 'Tis doubt, he will be:] We have already had an instance of this uncommon phraseology in the present play:

He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis *doubt*,

When time shall call him home, &c.

Doubt is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The folio reads, *doubted*. I have found reason to believe that some alterations even in that valuable copy were made arbitrarily by the editor. MALONE.

³ — I am press'd to death

Through want of speaking.] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine fort et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. MALONE.

⁴ — how dares

Thy harsh rude tongue &c.] So, in *Hamlet*:

Thy harsh rude tongue found this unpleasing news?
 What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
 To make a second fall of curst man?
 Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
 Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
 To breathe this news, yet, what I say, is true.
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light;
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
 And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.
 What, was I born to this! that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
 Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
 I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow⁵.

[*Exeunt Queen and ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
 I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—

Here

“What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

“In noise so rude against me?”

I have quoted this passage only to justify the restoration of the word *rude*, which has been rejected in some modern editions. Some words seem to have been omitted in the first of these lines. We might read:

Set to dress out this garden. Say, how dares, &c.

It is always safer to add than to omit. MALONE.

⁵ *I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.*] This execration of the queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition; the gardener's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. JOHNSON.

An

Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,
 I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace :
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Westminster-Hall.*

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne ; the Lords temporal on the left ; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER¹, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot :—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;
 What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death ;
 Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
 The bloody office of his timeless end².

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
 Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
 In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
 I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
 That reacheth from the restful English court
 As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*
 Amongst much other talk, that very time,
 I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;
 Adding withal, how blest this land would be,

An anonymous writer suggests, that the queen perhaps meant to wish him childless. The gardener's answer ("I would my *skill* &c.") shews that this was not the author's meaning. MALONE.

* The rebuilding of Westminster-Hall, which Richard had begun in 1597, being finished in 1599, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him. MALONE.

¹ — *Fitzwater,*] The christian name of this nobleman was Walter. WALPOLE.

² — *his timeless end.*] *Timeless* for *untimely*. WARBURTON.

In

In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars³,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies⁴,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point⁵.

Aum.

³ — *my fair stars,*] The birth is supposed to be influenced by the stars; therefore our author, with his usual licence, takes stars for birth. JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great. "*Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus, &c.*" Lib. i. cap. 8.

ANONYMOUS.

⁴ *If that thy valour stand on sympathies,*] Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his gage, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNS.

⁵ — *my rapier's point.*] Shakspeare deserts the manners of the age
in

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my foul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

To prove it on thee to the extremest point

Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And never brandish more revengeful steel

Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like⁶, forsworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies

As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear

From sun to sun⁷: there is my honour's pawn;

Engage

in which his drama is placed, very often without necessity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then escaped the impropriety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

⁶ *I task the earth to the like*,—] This speech, which is not in the folio, was restored from the quarto by Dr. Johnson. *Task* is the reading of the first and best quarto in 1597. In that printed in the following year the word was changed to *take*; but all the alterations made in the several editions of our author's plays in quarto, after the first, appear to have been made either arbitrarily or by negligence. (I do not mean to include copies containing new and additional matter.) I confess I am unable to explain either reading; but I adhere to the elder, as more likely to be the true one.

Dr. Johnson would read—I *take* thy *oath*, and Mr. Steevens observes that there is a similar corruption in *Troilus and Cressida*, quarto, 1609, where we have untraded *earth*, for untraded *oath*.—The following line is quoted from Warner's *Albions England* by the editor last mentioned, as tending to throw some light on the text:

“Lo, here my gage, (he *terr'd* his glove) thou know'st the victor's meed.” To *terre* the glove, he supposes, was, to dash it on the earth. MALONE.

We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another,—I task thy *heart* to the like, i. e. I put thy valour to the same trial. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Act. IV. sc. ii.

“How shew'd his *tasking*? seem'd it in contempt? STEEVENS.

⁷ *From sun to sun*:] i. e. as I think, from sun-rise to sun-set. The quartos read—From *sin* to *sin*. The emendation, which in my apprehension requires no enforcement or support, was proposed by Mr. Steevens,

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness⁸,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world⁹,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this¹,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Steevens, who explains these words differently. He is of opinion that they mean, *from one day to another*. MALONE.

⁸ *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— or be alive again,

“ And dare me to the desert with thy sword.” JOHNSON.

⁹ — *in this new world,*] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey has, a few lines above, called him *boy*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *here do I throw down this,*] Holinshed says, that on this occasion, “ he threw down a hood that he had borrowed.” STEEVENS.

He had before thrown down his own hood, when accused by Bagot.

MALONE.

Boling.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories ; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand :
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid !

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard ; then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king ?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject ?
'Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them :

And

And shall the figure of God's majesty²,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stir'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the woofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here:—

² *And shall the figure, &c.*] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in king James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms. It must be observed that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this bishop as brave, pious, and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has represented the character of the bishop as he found it in Holinshed, where this famous speech, (which contains, in the most express terms, the doctrine of passive obedience,) is preserved. The politics of the historian were the politics of the poet. STEEVENS.

The chief argument urged by the bishop in Holinshed, is, that it was unjust to proceed against the king "without calling him openly to his answer and defence." He says, that "none of them were worthy or meete to give judgement to so noble a prince;" but does not expressly assert that he could not be lawfully deposed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinshed before him. MALONE.

My

KING RICHARD II.

79

My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial³.—

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct*.

[Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:

Little are we beholding to your love, [to Carlisle.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, with king RICHARD, and officers bearing the Regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men⁴: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?

³ — *his day of trial.*] After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of dethroning and debasing king Richard, was added after the first edition of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene. JOHNSON.

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608. STEEVENS.

The first edition was in 1597, not in 1598. When it is said that this scene was added, the reader must understand that it was added by the printer, or that a more perfect copy fell into the hands of the later editor than was published by a former. There is no proof that the whole scene was not written by Shakspeare at the same time with the rest of the play, though for political reasons it might not have been exhibited or printed during the life of Queen Elizabeth. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*. Vol. I. MALONE:

* — conduct.] for conductor. See Vol. I. p. 98, n. 7. MALONE.

⁴ *The favours &c.*] *The countenances; the features.* JOHNSON.

Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
 God save the king! although I be not he;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
 To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;

Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes two buckets filling one another;
 The emptier ever dancing in the air⁵,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am, but still my griefs are mine:
 You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
 My care is—loss of care, by old care done⁶;
 Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
 Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,

⁵ *The emptier ever dancing—*] This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the *empty* bucket. JOHNS.

⁶ *My care is—loss of care, by old care done;*] Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that *his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares*; for this reason, that *his care is the loss of care*,—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed.* JOHNSON.

And this unweildy scepter from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm⁷,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
 God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
 God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd!
 Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
 God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sun-shine days!—
 What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read [*offering a paper.*
 These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person, and your followers,
 Against the state and profit of this land;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
 My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st⁸,
 There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
 Containing the deposing of a king,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,

⁷ —my balm,] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before.

JOHNSON.

⁸ If thou would'st,] That is, if thou would'st read over a list of thy own deeds. JOHNSON.

82 KING RICHARD II.

Shewing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my four crosses,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here⁹.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest :
For I have given here my soul's consent,
'To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
Make glory base ; and sovereignty a slave ;
Proud majesty, a subject ; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught¹ insulting man,
Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font²,
But 'tis usurp'd :—Alack the heavy day,
'That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself !
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops !—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight :
'That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

⁹ — a sort—] A pack, a company. WARBURTON.

See Vol. II. p. 490. n. 5. MALONE.

¹ — *baught*,] i. e. *baughty*. STEEVENS.

² No, not that name was given me at the font,] How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakspeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are.

ANONYMOUS.

North.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
'Thou dost beguile me!—Was this fate the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men*? Was this the face,
'That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul³;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

* *Did keep ten thousand men?* Shakspeare is here not quite accurate. Our old chronicles only say "that to his household came every day, to meate, ten thousand men." MALONE.

³ — *my grief lies all within;*

And these external manners of lament &c] So in *Hamlet*:

"But I have that within which passeth show;

"These but the trappings and the suits of woe." MALONE.

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fights.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all⁴,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall⁵.

[*Exeunt K. RICH. some Lords, and a guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, bishop of Carlisle, and AUM.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn⁶.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury⁷ mine intents, but also to effect

4 — *Conveyers are you all,*] To convey is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of stealing, "convey the wive it call"; and to convey is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all,* says the deposed prince, *juglers,* who rise with this nimble dexterity by the fall of a good king. JOHNS.

5 — *a true king's fall.*] This is the last of the additional lines which were first printed in the quarto, 1608. MALONE.

6 — *as sharp to them as thorn.*] This pathetic denunciation shews that Shakspeare intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the depofal of Richard. JOHNSON.

7 *To bury—*] To conceal, to keep secret. JOHNSON.

Whatever I shall happen to devise :—
 I see, your brows are full of discontent,
 Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears ;
 Come home with me to supper ; I will lay
 A plot, shall shew us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come ; this is the way
 To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower ¹,
 To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
 Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
 Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
 Have any resting ² for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
 My fair rose wither : Yet look up ; behold ;
 That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
 And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
 Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand ³ ;

¹ *To Julius Cæsar's &c.*] The tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

² *Here let us rest, if &c.*] So Milton :

“ Here rest, if any rest can harbour here.” JOHNSON.

³ *Ab, thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;*] The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says,

Ab, thou, the model, &c.

Thou map of honour ;—

Thou picture of greatness. JOHNSON.

Model, it has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word. Thou ruined majesty, says the queen, that *resemblest* the desolated waste where Troy once stood. So before :

“ Who was the *model* of thy father's life.”

See p. 58, n. 4.—In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, sleep is called “ the map of death.” MALONE.

Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn⁴,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief⁵, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity⁶; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kifs the rod;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales

4 — *beauteous inn*,] *Inn* does not here signify a house of publick entertainment; but, as in *Spenfer*, a habitation in general. STEEVENS.
I cannot agree with Mr. Steevens. It means a house of entertainment, and is oppos'd to *ale-house* in the following line. MASON.

⁵ *Join not with grief*,] Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

⁶ *I am sworn brother, sweet, To grim necessity*;] I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. JOHNSON.

Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
 And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief⁷,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
 For why⁸, the senseless brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
 And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Neth. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
 You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
 And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
 The time shall not be many hours of age
 More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
 It is too little, helping him to all;
 He shall think, that thou, which knowest the way
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
 That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
 Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
 A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
 And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—

⁷ — to quit their grief,] To retaliate their mournful stories. JOHNSON.

⁸ For why,—] The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire.

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
 My wife to France; from whence set forth in pomp,
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Hallowmas⁹, or short'ft of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love¹, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
 Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near².

Go, count thy way with sighs: I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
 To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart³. [*Kiss again.*]

So, now I have mine own again, begone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
 Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

9 — Hallowmas,] *All-hallows*, or *all-hallowtide*; the first of November. STEEVENS.

¹ *That were some love, &c.*] The quartos give this speech to the king. STEEVENS.

² *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near.*] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly spoken in the mid-land counties, *ne'er the ne-er*, is, to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

The meaning is, it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united. MALONE.

³ — *and kill thy heart.*] So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“—they have murder'd this poor heart of mine.” MALONE.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter YORK and his Dutcheſs.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off
Of our two couſins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,—
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe,
While all tongues cry'd—God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had ſaid at once⁴,—
Jeſu, preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whiſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas; poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent⁵ on him that enters next,

⁴ *With painted imagery, bad ſaid at once,*] Our authour probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the ſtreets, in the pageants exhibited in his own time; in which the figures ſometimes had labels iſſuing from their mouths, containing ſentences of gratulation.

MALONE.

⁵ *Are idly bent—*] That is, *careleſſly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the ſtage. JOHNSON.

Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard ; no man cry'd, God save him ;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was ⁶ ;

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Dutch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violets now,
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;
 God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time ⁸,
 Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford ? hold those jousts and triumphs ?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

⁶ Aumerle that was ;] The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinshed*, p. 513, 514. STEEVENS.

⁷ That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?] So Milton in one of his songs :

“ ———— who from her green lap throws

“ The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — bear you well—] That is, conduct yourself with prudence.

JOHNSON.
York.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing⁹.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:

I will be satisfy'd, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Dutch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day¹.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not shew it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason! foul treason!—villain, traitor! slave!

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a servant.*]

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit servant.*]

Dutch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

⁹ *Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.*] Such harsh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easily supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loose on such slight occasions. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*Boy, let me see the writing.* *York* uses these words a little lower. MALONE.

¹ —*'gainst the triumph day.*] See Vol. II. p. 442, n. 4: MALONE.

Aum.

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer !

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle. — Poor boy, thou art
amaz'd : —

Hence, villain ; never more come in my sight. — [*to the serv.*

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?
Have we more sons ! or are we like to have ?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name ?
Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Dutch. He shall be none ;
We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

York. Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son :
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

[*Exit.*

Dutch. After, Aumerle ; mount thee upon his horse ;
Spur, post ; and get before him to the king.
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away ;
 Begone.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Windfor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King ; PERCY, and other lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?
 'Tis full three months, since I did see him last :—
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
 I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
 Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there²,
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions ;
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
 While he³, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince ;
 And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews ;
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove⁴,

² *Enquire at London, &c.]* This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare seldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400.—He scarcely frequented taverns or stews at so early an age. MALONE.

³ *While he,—]* All the old copies read—Which *he*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ *—pluck a glove,]* So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, Lamia, the strumpet, says,

“ Who loves me once is lymed to my heart :

“ My colours some, and some shall wear my *glove*.”

Again, in the *Shoemaker's Holyday, or Gentle Craft*, 1600:

“ Or shall I undertake some martial sport,

“ Wearing your *glove* at turney or at tilt,

“ And tell how many gallants I unhors'd ?” STEEVENS.

And

94 KING RICHARD II.

And wear it as a favour ; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate : yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope⁵,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
If but⁶ the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,]
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*Aumerle locks the door.*

York. [*within.*] My liege, beware ; look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king :
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke opens the door.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle, speak ;

⁵ I see some sparkles of a better hope,] The folio reads :—sparks of better hope. The quarto 1615 :—sparkles of better hope. STEEVENS.
The first quarto has—sparkles of better hope. The article was inserted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁶ If but —] Old copies—If on. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.
Recover

Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past :
I do repent me ; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !—
O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain ⁷,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ⁸ ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son ⁹.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutch. [*within.*] What ho, my liege ! for God's sake,
let me in.

⁷ *Thou sheer, immaculate, &c.*] *Sheer* is pellucid, transparent. The modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 2 :

“ Who having viewed in a fountain *sphere* &c.

Transparent muslin is still called *sheer* muslin. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;*] The overflow of good in thee is turned to bad in thy son ; and that same abundant goodness in thee shall excuse his transgression. TYRWHITT.

⁹ — *digressing son.*] To *digress* is to deviate from what is right or regular. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 325, n. 5. MALONE.

Boling.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*¹.—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here²?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege.
[*kneeling.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

¹ — *The Beggar and the King.*] *The King and Beggar* seems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

The King and Beggar was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a song. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there intitled, *King Copethua and the Beggar Maid*; and is printed from Rich. Johnson's *Crown Garland of Goul-den Roses*, 1612, 12^o; where it is intitled simply, *A song of a Beggar and a King*. This interlude or ballad is mentioned in *Cintbia's Revenge*, 1613:

“Provoke thy sharp Melpomene to sing

“The story of a Beggar and the King. STEEVENS.

² — *what dost thou make here?*] See Vol. I. p. 275, n. 1. MALONE.

Aum.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;

We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say—stand up;

But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy*³.

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my four husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That set'st the word itself against the word!—

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;

The chopping French⁴ we do not understand.

³ — *pardonnez moy*.] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

⁴ The chopping French—] *Chopping*, I suppose, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Englishmen; or perhaps it may mean,—the French, who *clip* and *mutilate* their words. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping* logick; and our author in *Romeo and Juliet* has the same phrase:

“How now! how now! *chop* logick?” MALONE.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again ;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him *.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law⁵,—and the
abbot⁶,

With all the rest of that consoorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where-e'er these traitors are :
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell—and cousin too, adieu⁷ :
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son ;—I pray God make thee new:

Exeunt.

* *With all my heart*

I pardon him.] The old copies read—I pardon him with all my heart. The transposition was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ *But for our trusty brother-in-law—*] John duke of Exeter, and earl of Huntingdon, who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

⁶ *— the abbot—*] i. e. the Abbot of Westminster. THEOBALD.

⁷ *— cousin, too, adieu :*] *Too*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Theobald, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice, And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;

As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart;

Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:

And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,

I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;

My soul, the father: and these two beget

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,

And these same thoughts people this little world⁸;

In humours, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better sort,—

⁸ — *people this little world* ;] i. e. his own frame ;—" the state of man ;" which in our author's *Julius Cæsar* is said to be " like to a little kingdom." So also in his *Lover's Complaint* :

" Storming my *world* with Sorrow's wind and rain."

Again, in *King Lear* :

" Strives in this *little world* of man to out-run

" The too-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain." MALONE.

As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself⁹

Against the word:

As thus,—*Come, little ones*; and then again,—

It is as hard to come, as for a camel

To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs

Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls;

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last; Like silly beggars,

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame,—

That many have, and others must sit there:

And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortune on the back

Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person¹, many people,

And none contented: Sometimes am I king;

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am: Then crushing penury

Persuades me I was better when a king;

Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,

And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd

With being nothing.—Musick do I hear? [*Musick.*

Ha, ha! keep time:—How four sweet musick is,

When time is broke, and no proportion kept?

⁹ ——— *the word itself*

Against the word:] By the word I suppose is meant the *holy word*.
The folio reads:

——— *the faith itself*

Against the faith. STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the first quarto, 1597. MALONE.

¹ — *in one person,*] Thus the first quarto, 1597. All the subsequent old copies have—*prison*. MALONE.

So is it in the musick of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check² time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock³:
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar⁴
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears:
 Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, times, and hours: —but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock⁵.

² To check—] Thus the first quarto, 1597. The folio reads—*To bear*. Of this play the first quarto copy is much more valuable than that of the folio. MALONE.

³ For now bath time made me his numb'ring clock: &c.] There appears to me no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) *minute drops*: his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performing the office of the dial's point:—his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

In *K. Henry IV. P. II.* tears are used in a similar manner:

“But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

“By number, into hours of happiness.” HENLEY.

⁴ —with sighs they jar] To jar is, I believe, to make that noise which is called *ticking*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind, &c.”

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“—the minutes jarring, the clock striking.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —his Jack o' the clock.] That is, I strike for him. One of these automaton is alluded to in *King Richard III. Act. IV. sc. iii.*

“Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke,

“Between thy begging and my meditation.” STEEVENS.

This musick mads me, let it sound no more⁶;
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits⁷,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard⁸
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world⁹.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog^{*}
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my sometimes * royal master's face.

⁶ *This musick mads me, let it sound no more;*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“The little birds that tune their morning throats,

“Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.” MALONE.

⁷ *For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,*] The allusion is, perhaps, to the persons bit by the tarantula, who are said to be cured by musick. MALONE.

In what degree musick was supposed to be useful in curing madness, the reader may receive information from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; Part II. Sect. 2. REED.

⁸ — and love to Richard

Is a strange brooch in this all-hating word.] i. e. as strange and uncommon as a brooch, which is now no longer worn. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*: “Virginitie, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now.” MALONE.

⁹ — in this all-hating world.] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.

^{*} — but that sad dog] It should be remembered that the word *sad* was in the time of our author used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain*. So, in Holinshed, p. 730: “With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a sad man and an honest, &c.” STEEVENS.

^{*} — sometimes—] was used for *formerly*, as well as *sometime*, which the modern editors have substituted. So in Speed's *History of Great Brittain*, 1611:—“A catalogue of the religious houses, &c. sometimes in England and Wales.” MALONE.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dres'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke².

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keeper. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[*to the groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say. [*Exit.*

Keeper. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*beats the keeper.*

Keeper. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude
assault?

² — by jauncing Bolingbroke.] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words. B. Jonson uses *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub*:

"I would I had a few more *geances* of it:

"And you say the word, send me to Jericho." STEEVENS.

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another; then EXTON strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person. Thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Windfor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with lords
and attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent³:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. [*presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

³ — of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:] So the folio. The first quarto reads—of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent. It appears from the histories of this reign that the reading of the folio is right. MALONE.

The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely ;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience. and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife ;
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on fullen black incontinent ;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—
 March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
 In weeping after this untimely bier⁴. [Exeunt.

4 This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinshed*, in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes ; particularly a speech of the bishop of Carlisle in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his *Catiline and Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspeare, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspeare had more of his own than Jonson, and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, shewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised ; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

(The notion that Shakspeare revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful ; or, to speak more plainly, I do not believe it.) See further on this subject in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

K I N G H E N R Y I V.

P A R T I.

Persons Represented.

King Henry *the Fourth*.

Henry, *Prince of Wales*, } *Sons to the king.*
Prince John of Lancaster. }

Earl of Westmoreland, } *Friends to the king.*
Sir Walter Blunt. }

Thomas Percy, *Earl of Worcester*.

Henry Percy, *Earl of Northumberland* :

Henry Percy, *surnamed Hotspur, his son*.

Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of March*.

Scroop, *Archbishop of York*.

Archibald, *Earl of Douglas*.

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Poins.

Gadshill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer*.

Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to
Mortimer*.

Mrs. Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*.

*Lords, Officers, Sheriff, vintner, chamberlain, drawers,
two carriers, travellers, and attendants, &c.*

S C E N E, England.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir Walter BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils¹
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.

¹ The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July, (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old plays on which Shakspeare founded* &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEV.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1597. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays, Vol. I.* MALONE.

Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatick histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

² *Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,*

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils] That is, let us soften peace to rest awhile without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

No

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood';

No

3 *No more the thirsty entrance of this soil*

Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;] I would read—the thirsty *entrants* of this soil; i. e. those who set foot on this kingdom through the thirst of power or conquest.

Whoever is accustomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words *consequents*, *occurents*, *ingredients*, spelt consequence, occurrence, ingredience; and thus, perhaps, the French word *entrants*, anglicized by Shakspeare, might have been corrupted into *entrance*, which affords no very apparent meaning. STEEVENS.

This is an extremely difficult passage. An anonymous writer seems to think all difficulty to be done away, by understanding “the thirsty entrance of this soil” in the sense of “the face of the earth parch'd and crack'd, as it is always in a dry summer.” If we take the words in their natural order, the meaning then will be,—No more shall the thirsty crack'd face of this soil daub *her* lips &c. This surely is a strange kind of phraseology.

If there be no corruption in the text, I believe Shakspeare meant, however licentious, to say, *No more shall this soil have the lips of her thirsty entrance, or mouth, daubed with the blood of her own children.*

Mr. Steevens's conjecture formerly appeared to me so likely to be true, that I had no doubt about the propriety of admitting it into the text.

It should be observed, that, supposing these copies to have been made out by the ear, (which there is great reason to believe was the case,) the transcriber might easily have been deceived; for *entrance* and *entrants* have nearly the same sound, and he would naturally write a familiar instead of an unusual word.

A similar mistake has happened in the first scene of *King Henry V.* where we have (in the first folio)

“With such a heady *currance* scowring faults—”

instead of—“With such a heady *current* &c.”

Again, in *Macbeth*, p. 135, edit. 1623:

“Commends the *ingredience* of our poison'd chalice

“To our own lips.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, p. 290, edit. 1623:—“three pound of sugar, five pound of *currance*,” &c.

I do not know that the word *entrant* is found elsewhere; but Shakspeare has many of a similar formation. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

“Here enter'd Pucelle, and her *praelisants*.”

Again, *ibid*:

But when my angry *guardant* stood alone—.”

Again, in *K. Lear*:

“Than twenty silly ducking *observants*—.”

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“The bravest *questant* shrinks.”

Sir

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
 Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well beseeming ranks,
 March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulcher of Christ⁴,

Whose

Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, uses *comedient* for a writer of comedies. See also Shelton's translation of DON QUIXOTE, Vol. I. p. 296, edit. 1612 : "The audients of her sad storie felt, &c."

Mr. Mason's objection however to this reading has, I confess, somewhat diminished my confidence in it : "It cannot, (he observes) be right, because the king does not allude to ravages committed by any foreign invaders, but to the blood shed by the English themselves."—It is, however, possible, that in enumerating the blessings of peace, he might mention a cessation of foreign hostility as well as of domestick broils, though the latter was the primary object of consideration.

Her lips, in my apprehension, refers to *soil* in the preceding line, and not to *peace*, as has been suggested. Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors. In the second of these lines he considers the soil or earth of England as a person ; (So in *K. Richard II.*

Tells them, he does bestride a bleeding land,

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke.)

and yet in the first line the soil must be understood in its ordinary material sense, as also in a subsequent line in which its *fields* are said to be channelled with war. Of this kind of incongruity our author's plays furnish innumerable instances.

Daub, the reading of the earliest copy, is confirmed by a passage in *K. Richard II.* where we again meet with the image presented here :

"For that our kingdom's *earth* shall not be *soil'd*

"With that dear *blood* which it hath fostered."

The same kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry VI.* P. III :

"Thy brother's *blood* the *thirsty earth* hath drunk." MALONE.

⁴ *As far as to the sepulcher* &c. The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed ; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion,

and

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impress'd and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy⁵;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now⁶:—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience⁷.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits⁸ of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,

and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *shall we levy*;] The first quarto in 1598 has *leavy*, which was changed, in the second, to the word now in the text.

Though “to levy a power, as far as to the sepulcher of Christ,” be, as Mr. Steevens observes, a singular expression, I have no doubt the text is right. Our author is not always sufficiently careful to make the end of his sentences agree in construction with the beginning. MALONE.

⁶ *Therefore we meet not now*:] i. e. not on that account do we now meet;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition. MALONE.

⁷ — *expedience*.] for *expedition*. WARBURTON.

See p. 25, n. 7. MALONE.

⁸ *And many limits*] *Limits*, as the author of the Revisal observes, may mean, *out-lines, rough sketches or calculations*. STEEVENS.

Limits may mean the regulated and appointed times for the conduct of the business in hand. So, in *Measure for Measure*:—“between the time of the contract and *limit* of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea.” Again, in *Macbeth*:

“—— I'll make so bold to call,

“For 'tis my *limited* service.” MALONE.

Leading

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butcher'd:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done⁹ as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy⁸, and brave Archibald²,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each foil³
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this feat of ours;

⁹ By those Welshwomen done—] Thus Holinshed, p. 528: "—such shameful villanie executed upon the carcasses of the dead men by the Welshwomen; as the like (I doo believe) hath never or seldom been practised." STEEVENS.

¹ ——— the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy,] Holinshed's *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 249, says, "This Harry Percy was surnamed, for his often pricking, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad." TOLLET.

² — Archibald,] Archibald Douglas, earl Douglas. STEEVENS.

³ Stain'd with the variation of each foil] No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner: "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to stand stained with travel." HENLEY.

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood⁴, did sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas⁵; and the earl of Athol,

⁴ Balk'd in their own blood,—] I should suppose, that the author might have written either *batb'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encrusted over with blood dried upon them. A passage in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, may countenance the latter of these conjectures:

“Troilus—lieth *embak'd*

“In his cold blood”—.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“——horridly trick'd

“With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,

“*Bak'd* and impasted &c.”

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*:

“——*bak'd* in blood and dust.” STEEVENS.

Balk is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner of expression: “Ten thousand bloody carcasses piled up together in a long heap.”—“A ridge of dead bodies piled up in blood.” T. WARTON.

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe, means, lay'd in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. Blithe's *England's Improvement*, p. 118. observes: “The mole raiseth *balks* in meads and pastures.” In Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. V. p. 16. and 118. vol. VII. p. 10. a *balk* signifies a *bank* or *bill*. Mr. Pope, in the *Iliad*, has the same thought:

“On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,

“And thick'ning round them rise the *bills* of dead.” TOLLET.

⁵ *Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son*

To beaten Douglas;] Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *son of Earl Douglas*, through a mistake into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage of Holinshed from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners. It stands thus in the historian: “—and of prisoners, Mordacke earl of Fife, son to the gouvernour Archembald earle Dowglas, &c.” The want of a comma after *gouvernour*, makes these words appear to be the description of one and the same person, and so the poet understood them; but by putting the stop in the proper place, it will then be manifest that in this list Mordake, who was son to the gouvernour of Scotland, was the first prisoner, and that Archibald earl of Douglas was the second, and so on. STEEVENS.

The word *earl* is here used as a disyllable. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, reads—“*the earl*,” in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith⁶.

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, it is⁷ a conquest for a prince
To boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin,

In envy that my lord Northumberland

Should be the father of so blest a son:

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;

Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant;

Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners⁸,

Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,

To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,

⁶ — and Menteith.] This is a mistake of Holinshed in his *English History*, for in that of *Scotland*, p. 259, 262, and 419, he speaks of the earl of Fife and Menteith as one and the same person. STEEVENS.

⁷ In faith, it is—] These words are in the first 4to. 1598, by the inaccuracy of the transcriber, placed at the end of the preceding speech, but at a considerable distance from the last word of it. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—'Faith 'tis &c. MALONE.

⁸ — the prisoners,] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from *Camden's Brit.* that Pounouny-castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterburne by an ancestor of the present earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife to the king; for being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the duke of Albany, brother to king Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STEEVENS.

I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester, Malevolent to you in all aspects⁹; Which makes him prune himself¹, and bristle up The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this; And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords: But come yourself with speed to us again; For more is to be said, and to be done, Than out of anger can be uttered².

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to de-

⁹ *Malevolent to you in all aspects;*] An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. HENLEY.

¹ *Which makes him prune himself,*] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his choice of the reading. So in Green's *Metamorphosis*, 1613:

“Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so.

But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In the *Booke of Haukyng &c.* (commonly called the *Booke of St. Albans*) is the following account of it: “The hauke *proineth* when she fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie foule and casteth them from her.” STEEVENS.

² *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, “More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine.” JOHNSON.

mand that truly which thou would'st truly know³. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*⁴. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty⁵; let us be—
Diana's

3 — *to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.*] The prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the night what was the time of day. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the prince; for presently after, the prince himself says: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poinc replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakspeare makes the Prince wish Poinc a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night. STEEVENS.

4 Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair.*] Falstaff starts the idea of Phœbus, i. e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to El Donzel del Febo, the *knight of the sun*, in a Spanish romance translated (under the title of the *Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.) during the age of Shakspeare. This illustrious personage was "most excellently faire," and a great *wanderer*, as those who travel after him through three thick volumes in quarto, will discover. Perhaps the words "that wandering knight so fair" are part of some forgotten ballad, the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures. In Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, Com. 1595, Eumenedes, *the wandering knight*, is a character. STEEVENS.

5 — *let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty;*] I believe our poet by the expression, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us, who are body squires to the night*, i. e. adorn the night, *be called a disgrace to the day*. To take away

Diana's foresters⁶, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea: being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by⁷; and spent with crying—bring in⁸: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench⁹?

P. Hen.

the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to disgrace it. A *squire of the body* signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*; and is so used in the second part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630. Again in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a *procuress*: "Here comes the *squire* of her mistress's *body*." Falstaff, however, puns upon the word *knight*. See *Curialia* of Samuel Pegge Esqr. Part I. p. 100. STEEVENS.

⁶ —Diana's *foresters*,—] We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*. MALONE.

⁷ —*swearing—lay by*;] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. WARB.

⁸ —*and spent with crying, bring in*:] i. e. more wine. MALONE.

⁹ —*And is not mine hostess of the tavern &c.*] We meet with the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in the *Messellaria* of Plautus, Act. I. sc. ii.

"Jampridem ecastor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,

"Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear esse defæcatam.

Sca. "Eventus rebus omnibus, velut harno messis magna fuit.

Pbi. "Quid ea messis attinet ad meam lavationem?

Sca. "Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad messim."

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the prince's question. STEEVENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In the *Gallathea* of Lilly, *Phyllida* says, "It is a pittie that nature framed you not a woman.

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle¹. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance²?

Fal.

a woman. "*Gall.* There is a tree in Tylos, &c. "*Pbill.* What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose, &c." Ben Jonson calls it *a game at vapours*. FARMER.

¹ *As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.*] Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play, in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet.—*Old lad* is a familiar compellation to be found in some of our most ancient dramatick pieces. So, in the *Trial of Treasure*, 1567: "What, Inclination, *old lad* art thou there?" In the dedication to *Gabriel Harwey's Hunt is up* &c. by T. Nash, 1598, *old Dick of the castle* is mentioned. Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Ass*, 1593: "—and here's a lusty ladd of the castell, that will binde beares, and ride golden asses to death." STEEVENS.

Old lad of the castle, is the same with *Old lad of Castile*, a *Castilian*.—Meres reckons *Oliver of the castle* amongst his romances; and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the castell* with their rapping babble:—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for Falstaff's appearing first under the name of *Oldcastle*. There is however a passage in a play called *Amends for Ladies*, by Field the player, 1618, which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded the different performances:

"—————" Did you never see

"The play where the fat night, hight *Oldcastle*,

"Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?" FARMER.

Mr. Rowe mentions a tradition that "this part of Falstaff was originally written under the name of *Oldcastle*, and that some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff." From whom he received this tradition, he does not say; nor had he, I am persuaded, any other authority for it, than a misunderstood passage in a book of the last age, quoted below. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton believed this story, and concurred in thinking that the passage before us alluded to the old name of this character. "When Shakspeare changed the name, (says the latter editor) he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it."—I shall not insert their notes, because I believe them to be wholly unfounded.

From the following passage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle was represented on the stage as a very fat man (certainly not in the play printed with that title in 1600):—"Now, signiors, how like you mine host? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too? and if you chaunce to talke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his great grand-

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen.

father, and not much unlike him in *paunch*."—The host, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says: "Nay gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beefe."—*Signor Kickshawe* replies: "Let's have it, let's taste on it, mine host, my noble *fat ailor*."

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff, (to which I do not give the smallest credit,) seems to have been this. Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589,) in which Henry prince of Wales is a principal character. He is accompanied in his revels and his robberies by Sir John Oldcastle, ("a pamp'rd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age,) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from *The Meeting of Gallants, &c.* To this character undoubtedly it is that Fuller alludes in his *Church History*, 1656, when he says, "Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot." Speed in his *History*, which was first published in 1611, alludes both to this "boon companion" of the anonymous *K. Henry V.* and to the Sir John Oldcastle exhibited in a play of the same name, which was printed in 1600: "The author of the *Three Conversions* hath made Oldcastle a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority taken from the *stage players*." Oldcastle is represented as a *rebel* in the play last mentioned alone; in the former play as "a ruffian and a robber."

Shakspeare probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham, in any respect; but thought proper to make Falstaff, in imitation of his proto-type, the Oldcastle of the old *King Henry V. a mad round knave* also. From the first appearance of our author's *King Henry IV.* the old play in which Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited, (which was printed in 1598,) was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, "Sir John Falstaff has relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspeare changed the name of his character.

A passage in his *Worthies*, folio, 1662, p. 253, shews his meaning still more clearly; and will serve at the same time to point out the source of the mistakes on this subject.—"Sir John Fastolfe, knight, was a native of this county [Norfolk]. To avouch him by many arguments valiant, is to maintain that the sun is bright; though, since, the

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal.

the stage has been over-bold with his memory, making him a Thra-sonical puff, and emblem of mock valour.—True it is, Sir John *Oldcastle* did *first* bear the brunt of the one, being made the makesport in *all plays* for a coward. It is easily known out of what purse this black penny came. The papists railing on him for a heretick; and therefore he must be also a coward: though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any of his age.

“Now as I am glad that Sir *John Oldcastle* is *put out*, so I am sorry that Sir *John Fastolfe* is *put in*, to relieve his memory in this base service; to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon. Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John *Falstafe*, (and making him the property and pleasure of King Henry V. to abuse,) seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight.”

Here we see the assertion is, not that Sir John *Oldcastle* did *first* bear the brunt in *Shakspeare's* play, but in *all plays*, that is, on the stage in general, before *Shakspeare's* character had appeared; owing to the malevolence of *papists*, of which religion it is plain Fuller supposed the writers of those plays in which *Oldcastle* was exhibited, to have been; nor does he complain of *Shakspeare's* altering the name of his character from *Oldcastle* to *Falstaf*, but of the metathesis of *Fastolfe* to *Falstaf*. Yet I have no doubt that the words above cited, “put out” and “put in,” and “by some alteration of his name,” that these words alone, misunderstood, gave rise to the misapprehension that has prevailed since the time of Mr. Rowe, relative to this matter. For what is the plain meaning of Fuller's words? “Sir John *Fastolfe* was in truth a very brave man, though he is now represented on the stage as a cowardly braggart. Before *he* was thus ridiculed, Sir John *Oldcastle*, being hated by the papists, was exhibited by *papist writers*, in all plays, as a coward. Since the new character of *Falstaf* has appeared, *Oldcastle* has no longer borne the brunt, has no longer been the object of ridicule: but, as on the one hand I am glad that “his memory has been relieved,” that the plays in which he was represented have been expelled from the scene, so on the other, I am sorry that so respectable a character as Sir John *Fastolfe* has been brought on it, and “substituted buffoon in his place”; for however our comick poet [*Shakspeare*] may have hoped to escape censure by altering the name from *Fastolfe* to *Falstaf*, he is certainly culpable, since some imputation must necessarily fall on the brave knight of Norfolk from the similitude of the sounds.”

Falstaf thus having grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, (the *Oldcastle* of the old *K. Henry V.*) having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly, as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake, or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England

sequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant-appellation for Falstaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have been prefixed inadvertently, in some play-house copy, to one of the speeches in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

If the verses be examined, in which the name of Falstaff occurs, it will be found, that Oldcastle could not have stood in those places. The only answer that can be given to this, is, that Shakspeare new-wrote each verse in which Falstaff's name occurred;—a labour which those only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's history and works, can suppose him to have undergone.—A passage in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* rightly understood, appears to me strongly to confirm what has been now suggested. See the note there.

MALONE.

² — *And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?*] To understand the propriety of the prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the prince asks in return, whether *it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench*. JOHNSON.

The following passage, from the old play of *Ram-Alley*, may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's observation:

“Look, I have certain goblins in buff jerkins,

“Lye ambuscado.”——

[Enter Serjeants.

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV:

“A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

“A fellow all in buff.”

In *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, I meet with a passage which leads me to believe that a *robe* or *suit of durance* was some kind of lasting stuff, such as we call at present, *everlasting*. A debtor, cajoling the officer who had just taken him up, says: “Where did'st thou buy this buff?” Let me not live but I will give thee a *good suit of durance*. Wilt thou take my bond? &c.” Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: “Varlet of *velvet*, my *moccado* villain, old heart of *durance*, my strip'd *canvas* shoulders, and my *perpetuana* pander.”

STEEVENS.

when

when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge³.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits⁴?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat⁵, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute⁶.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

³ — *I'll be a brave judge*] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of *Henry V.*

⁴ *Hen.* 5. Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do shall be to put my lord chief justice out of office; and thou shalt be my lord chief justice of England.

⁵ *Ned.* Shall I be lord chief justice? By gogs wounds, I'll be the bravest lord chief justice that ever was in England." STEEVENS.

⁶ *For obtaining of suits*] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a petition; used with respect to the hangman, means the cloaths of the offender. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 90. n. 6. The same quibble occurs in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631: "A poor maiden, mistress, has a *suit* to you; and 'tis a good *suit*,—very good apparel." MALONE.

⁵ — *a gib cat*,] A gib cat means, I know not why, an old cat.

JOHNSON.

A gib cat is the common term in Northamptonshire, and all adjacent counties, to express a *be cat*. PERCY.

"As melancholy as a gib'd cat" is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's *Collection*. So in Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy madness have attempted the same, not without success, although they have remained somewhat *melancholy, like gib'd cats*." STEEVENS.

Sherwood's *English Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave's *French* one says, "*Gibbe* is an old *be cat*." Aged animals are not so playful as those which are young. TOLLET.

⁶ — *or a lover's lute*.] See Vol. II. p. 254, n. 6. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare⁷, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch⁸?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes^{*}; and art, indeed, the most comparative⁹, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration¹; and art, indeed,

⁷ — a bare,] A bare may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612, may prove the best explanation:

“ ———like your melancholy bare,

“ Feed after midnight.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — the melancholy of Moor-ditch?] It appears from *Stowe's Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water? STEEVENS.

So in Taylor's *Penniless Pilgrimage*, quarto, 1618: “ —my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, Moore-ditch melancholy. MALONE.

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass, and consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields which were remarkably pleasant, and the fashionable places of resort. T. WARTON.

^{*} — similes;] Old Copies—smiles. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁹ — the most comparative,] *Quick at comparisons*, or *fruitful in similes*. JOHNSON.

This epithet is used again, in Act III. sc. ii. of this play, and apparently in the same sense:

“ ———stand the push

“ Of every beardless vain comparative.”

And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ult. Rosaline tells Biron that he is a man “ Full of comparisons and wounding flouts.” STEEVENS.

¹ O, thou hast &c.] In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively

indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me².

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation³. Poins!—Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match⁴. O, if men were

abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, *thou hast damnable iteration*, or, a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts. This, I think, is the meaning. JOHNSON.

Iteration is right, for it also signified simply citation or recitation. So in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, 1631:

"Here take this book and peruse it well,

"The iterating of these lines brings gold."

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean pronouncing, reciting. Again in Camden's *Remaines*, 1614: "King Edward I. disliking the iteration of FITZ," &c. MALONE.

² — and baffle me.] See Mr. Tollet's note on *K. Richard II.* p. 9.

STEEVENS.

³ — to labour in his vocation.] This (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) is undoubtedly a sneer on Agremont Radcliffe's *Politique Discourses*, 1578. From the beginning to the end of the book the word *vocation* occurs in almost every paragraph. Thus chap. i. "That the *vocation* of men had been a thing unknown unto philosophers, and others that have treated of Politique Government; of the commoditie that cometh by the knowledge thereof; and the etymology and definition of this word, *vocation*."—Again, chap. 25. "*Whether a man being disorderly and unduely entered into any vocation, may lawfully brooke and abide in the same*; and whether the administration in the meane while done by him that is unduely entered, ought to holde, or be of force." STEEV.

⁴ — have set a match.] Thus the quarto. So, in B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "Peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you

eaves-

were to he sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar^s? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

eaves-dropping, now they are *setting their match*." There it seems to mean making an appointment.—The folio reads:—*set a watch*. MALONE.

⁵ *Sir John Sack-and-Sugar*.] Much inquiry has been made about Falstaff's sack, and great surprise has been expressed that he should have mixed sugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the first time in this play, it may not be improper to observe that it is probable that Falstaff's wine was Sherry, a Spanish wine, originally made at Xeres. He frequently himself calls it *Sberriis-sack*. Nor will his mixing sugar with sack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put sugar into *all* wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (says Fynes Moryson) only use large drinking of beere or ale,—but gentlemen garrawse only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose. And because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the wines in taverns (for I speak not of merchantes' or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant." IRIN. 1617. P. III. p. 152. See also Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol IV, p. 308: "Among the orders of the royal household in 1604 is the following: [Mss. Harl. 293, fol. 162.] 'And whereas in tymes past, *Spanish* wines, called *Sacke*, were little or no whitt used in our courte,—we now understanding that it is now used in common drink, &c.'" *Sack* was, I believe, often mulled in our author's time. See a note, *post*, on the words, "If sack and sugar be a sin, &c." See also Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHY: "*Mulled Sack*, (*Vinum mollium*) because softened and made mild by burning, and a mixture of sugar. MALONE.

Hentzner, p. 88, edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, "*in potum copiosi immittunt saccharum*," they put a great deal of sugar in their drink. REED.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Pal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dar'est not stand for ten shillings⁶.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pry'thee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go,

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in East-cheap.

⁶ — *if thou dar'est not stand &c.*] The reading, *cry stand*, may perhaps be right; but I think it necessary to remark, that all the old editions read:—*if thou dar'est not stand for ten shillings.* JOHNSON.

Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preserved. *Cry, stand*, will not support it. STEEVENS.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring⁷! farewell All-hallown summer⁸! [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto⁹, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah*, I have cases of buckram for the nonce¹, to immask our noted outward garments.

⁷ — thou latter spring!] Old Copies—the latter. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁸ — All-hallown summer!] *All-ballows* is *All hallown-tide*, or *All-saints'* day, which is the first of November. We have still a church in London which is absurdly stiled *St. All-ballows*, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. Shakspeare's allusion is design'd to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play: "—the *Martelmas*, your master." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *Bardolph, Peto*,] In the old copies, instead of these persons, the names of two actors, Harvey and Rossel, have by the carelessness of the transcriber crept into the text. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* — sirrah,] *Sirrah* in our author's time, as appears from this and many other passages, was not a word of disrespect. MALONE.

¹ — for the nonce,] That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came for the *nunc*, and so for the nonce; just as from *ad-nunc* came a-non. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*. TYRWHITT.

This phrase is used at this day in Hampshire. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof² of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night³ in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [Exit POINS.]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the fun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds⁴
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holydays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come⁵,

And

² — reproof—] is *confutation*. JOHNSON.

³ — to-morrow night—] I think we should read—to-night. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery, which was to be committed at *four in the morning*; and they would come too late if the prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a second instance to prove that Shakspeare could forget in the end of a scene what he had said in the beginning. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Who doth permit the base contagious clouds &c.*] So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:

“ Full many a glorious morning have I seen
“ Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,—
“ Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
“ With ugly rack on his celestial face.” MALONE.

⁵ *If all the year were playing holydays,*

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,] So, in our author's 52d Sonnet:

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes⁶;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir Walter BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,

“ Therefore are *feasts* so solemn and so rare,
 “ Since *seldom coming*, in the long year set,
 “ Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 “ Or captain jewels in the carcanet.” MALONE.

⁶ — *shall I falsify men's hopes* ;] To *falsify hope* is to exceed hope, to give much where men hoped for little.—This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake. JOHNSON.

Hopes is used simply for *expectations*, as *success* is for the event, whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland counties.

FARMER.

The following passage in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* fully supports Dr. Farmer's interpretation. The Prince is there, as in the passage before us, the speaker:

“ My father is gone wild into his grave,—
 “ And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 “ To mock the *expectations* of the world;
 “ To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 “ Rotten opinion, who hath written down
 “ After my seeming.” MALONE.

And

And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition⁷;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
 O, fir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier⁸ of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit* WORCESTER.

You were about to speak.

[*to* NORTH.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd

⁷ *I will from henceforth rather be myself,*

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition ;] i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare uses *condition* very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this sense the vulgar still say a *good* or *ill-conditioned* man. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry V.* Act V : " Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth." Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in *The New Inn*, Act I. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

So also all the contemporary writers. See Vol. III. p. 16, n. 2, and p. 136, n. 6. MALONE.

⁸ *The moody frontier*—] *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595 : " Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth crested round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces, &c." STEEVENS.

As is deliver'd to your majesty :
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home ⁹ :
 He was perfumed like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box ¹, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff ² :—and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holyday and lady terms ³
 He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay ⁴,

Out

⁹ — at harvest-home :] *A chin new shaven* is compared to a stubble-land at harvest-home, because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

¹ *A pouncet-box*,—] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion : the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name ; from *poinçonner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Q. Elizabeth, the marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, " three gilt bowls *pounded*, with a cover." STEEVENS.

² *Took it in snuff* :] *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 531, n. 8. MALONE.

³ *With many holyday and lady terms* :] So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :—" he speaks holiday." STEEVENS.

⁴ *I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,*

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,] But in the beginning of the speech

Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
 He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was *parmacity*, for an inward bruise⁵;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,

speech he represents himself at this time not as *cold* but *hot*, and inflamed with rage and labour. I am persuaded therefore that Shakespeare wrote *gall'd*. WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might say of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *smart*, and not before. If any alteration were necessary, I should transpose the lines:

*I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 Out of my grief, and my impatience,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Answer'd neglectingly.*

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

The same transposition had been proposed by Mr. Edwards. From the following passage in the *Northern Lass*, 1633, it should seem that a *popinjay* and a *parrot* were distinct birds: "Is this a *parrot*, or a *popinjay*?"—In the ancient poem called *The Parliament of Birds*, bl. l. this bird is called "the *popynge jay* of *paradyse*." STEEVENS.

It appears from Mintheu that Dr. Johnson is right. See his *Dict.* 1617, in *v. Parrot*. MALONE.

The old reading may be supported by the following passage in Barnes's *Hist. of Edw. III.* p. 786: "The esquire fought still, untill the wounds began with loss of blood to *cool* and *smart*." TOLLET.

⁵ —*parmacity* for an inward bruise;] So in Sir T. Overbury's *Characters*, 1616: [An Ordinary Fencer.] "His wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an inward bruise lambstones and sweete-breads are his only *fermaceti*." BOWLE.

Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach⁵;
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, should ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer⁶;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears⁷,

When

⁵ *To do him wrong, or any way impeach; &c.*] Let what he then said never rise to impeach him, so he unsay it now. JOHNSON.

⁶ *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;*] Shakspeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law*. In Act II. lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third act, he calls lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund earl of March*, nephew to lady Percy, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *sir Edmund Mortimer*, uncle to the former, and *brother* to lady Percy. Shakspeare confounds the two persons. STEEVENS.

Another cause also may be assigned for this confusion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of our old historians married Eleanor, the sister of Roger Earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund Earl of March that appears in the present play. But this Edmund had a sister likewise named *Eleanor*. Shakspeare might therefore have at different times confounded these two Eleanors. MALONE.

⁷ — *and indent with fears,*] To *indent* is to sign an indenture or compact. Dr. Johnson would read—with *peers*. MALONE.

Fears

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war⁸;—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds⁹, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink¹,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted² with their bloody looks,

Ran

Fears may be used in an active sense for *terrors*. So, in the second part of this play :

“ ———all those bold *fears*

"Thou feest with peril I have answered." STEEVENS.

3 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But by the chance of war ;] The meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power but by the chance of war. The king charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have already mistaken it. **JOHNS.**

⁹ — those mouthed wounds,—] So in *Julius Cæsar*:

"—there were an Anthony,

“ Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

"In every wound of Cæsar," &c. MALONE.

— *three times did they drink,*] It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst. The poet therefore hath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip Sydney; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier. HENLEY.

² *Wb then, affrighted &c.*] This passage has been censured as
K 4 founding

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head ³ in the hollow bank
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did bare and rotten policy ⁴
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him.
 He never did encounter with Glendower ;
 I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not asham'd ? But, firrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son :—

sounding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is not here the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

³ — *bis crisp bead*] *Crisp* is curled. So, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:

“ ————O beauteous Tiber,

“ Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver curls,” &c.

Perhaps Shakspeare has bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. The following passage, however, in the sixth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, may seem to justify its propriety :

“ Your corse were dissolv'd into that crystal stream ;

“ Your curls to curled waves, which plainly still appear

“ The same in *water* now that once in *locks* they were.”

B. and Fletcher have the same image with Shakspeare in the *Loyal Subject* :

“ ————the Volga trembled at his terror,

“ And hid his seven curl'd beads.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Never did bare and rotten policy*] All the quartos which I have seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and all the subsequent editions, have *bafe*. I believe *bare* is right : “ Never did policy lying open to detection so colour its workings.” JOHNSON.

The first quarto, 1598, reads—*bare* ; which means so *thinly covered by art as to be easily seen through*. So in *Timon of Athens* :

“ What *bare* excuses mak'st thou to be gone !” MALONE.

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt K. HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them :—I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause a while ;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him : and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death^s,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor.

^s — *an eye of death,*] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590 :

“ And wrapt in silence of his angry soul,

“ Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death,

“ And in his eyes the furies of his heart.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens seem to think that Hotspur meant to describe the king as trembling not with fear but rage ; but surely they are mistaken. The king had no reason to be enraged at Mortimer, who had been taken prisoner in fighting against his enemy ; but he had much reason to fear the man who had a better title to the crown than himself, which had been proclaimed by Richard II ; and accordingly when Hotspur is informed of that circumstance, he says,

“ Nay then, I cannot blame his cousin king.

“ That wifed him on the barren mountain starv'd.”

And Worcester in the very next line says, “ He cannot blame him for
trembling

Wor. I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown⁶ ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man ;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo ;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—

As

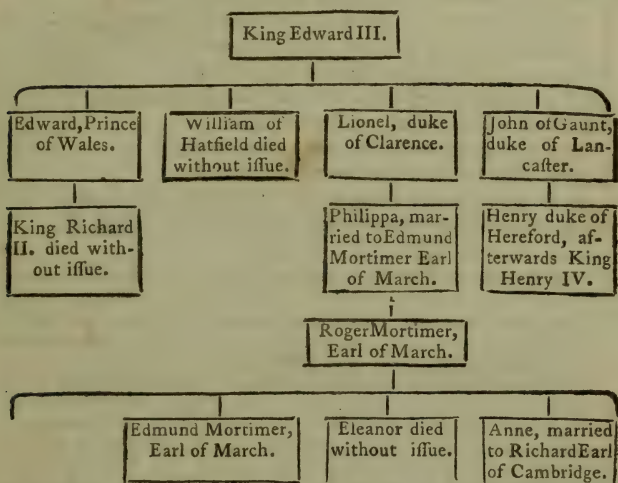
trembling at the name of Mortimer, since Richard had proclaimed him next of blood." MASON.

Mr. Mason's remark is, I think, in general just ; but the king, as appears from this scene, had some reason to be *enraged* also at Mortimer, because he thought that Mortimer had not been taken prisoner by the efforts of his enemies, but had himself *revolted*. MALONE.

⁶ *Heir to the crown ?*] Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard, as appears from the following table ; in which the three younger children of king Edward V. are not included, as being immaterial to the subject before us :

King

As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?⁷
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shoök off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd⁸ contempt,



Sandford in his *Genealogical History* says, that the last mentioned Edmund Earl of March, (the Mortimer of this play,) was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund Earl of Stafford. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower; and the subsequent historians copied him; but this is a very doubtful point, for the Welsh writers make no mention of it. Sandford says that this Earl of March was confined by the jealous Henry in the castle of Trim in Ireland, and that he died there, after an imprisonment of twenty years, on the 19th of January, 1424. MALONE.

⁷ — *this canker, Bolingbroke?*] The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynobaton. STEVENS.

⁸ — *disdain'd*] for disdainful. JOHNSON.

Of

Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear⁹.

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim¹ :—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple ;—O ! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon² ;

Or

⁹ *On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.*] That is, of a spear laid across.
WARBURTON.

¹ —*sink or swim* :—] This is a very ancient proverbial expression.

STEEVENS.

² *By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,*

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;] Though I am very far from condemning this speech with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to display. This folly of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated, as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment ; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more ; as the hasty motion of turbulent desire ; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.

JOHNSON.

I have not preserved Dr. Warburton's note, because it appears to me, like many others of that commentator, to extort a meaning from these words that probably Shakspeare was wholly unconscious of. The passage from Euripides, which he has put into the mouth of Eteocles, is this : “ I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts ; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom.” MALONE.

IN

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship³!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here⁴,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:

In the *Knight of the burning Pestle*, B. and Fletcher have put this speech into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts to *tear a cat in*. I suppose a ridicule on Hotspur was designed. STEEVENS.

3 *But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!*] Dr. Johnson supposes our author was thinking of a coat *faced* with somewhat more splendid than itself; and that "*half-fac'd fellowship* means partnership half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the shew of dignities and honours."

I doubt whether the allusion was to dress. *Half-fac'd* seems to have meant *paltry*. The expression, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its rise from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was represented. So, in *K. John*:

"With that *half face* he would have all my land,—

"A *half-fac'd* groat, five hundred pound a year!"

But then, it will be said, "what becomes of *fellowship*? Where is the *fellowship* in a *single face* in profile? The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited."—This squaring of our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the source of endless mistakes. See p. 147, n. 5. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's "corrival" and himself, and I think to nothing more.

I find the epithet here applied to it, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593:—"with all other odd ends of your *half-faced* English." MALONE.

4 — *a world of figures here*,] *Figure* is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape. JOHNSON.

"Figures (says Mr. Edwards) mean shapes created by Hotspur's imagination; but not the form of what he should attend, viz. of what his uncle had to propose." MALONE.

I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer:
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear ye, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy⁵,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales⁶,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale⁷.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool⁸

5

Art

⁵ — *I solemnly defy,*] One of the ancient senses of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuse*. See Vol. II. p. 69, n. 4. STEEVENS.

⁶ *And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,*] A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *poison'd with a pot of ale.*] Dr. Grey supposes this to be said in allusion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (see Caxton's *Fruetus Temporum*, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool*] The quarto, 1598, reads—*wasp-stung*; and surely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads—*wasp-tongued*. That Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth may be learned from the following passage in the *Winter's Tale*, Act. I. sc. ii: "—is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps." STEEVENS.

The first quarto copies of several of these plays are in many respects much preferable to the folio, and in general I have paid the utmost attention to them. In the present instance, however, I think the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that the true reading is that of the
second

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ?

Hot.

second quarto, 1599, *wasp-tongue*, which I have adopted, not on the authority of that copy, (for it has none,) but because I believe it to have been the word used by the author. The folio was apparently printed from a later quarto; and the editor from ignorance of our author's phraseology changed *wasp-tongue* to *wasp-tongued*. There are other instances of the same unwarrantable alterations even in that valuable copy of our author's plays. The change, I say, was made from ignorance of Shakspeare's phraseology; for in *K. Richard III.* we have—his *venom-tooth*, not *venom'd-tooth*; his *widow-dolour*, not *widow'd-dolour*; and in another play,—parted with *sugar-breath*, not *sugar'd-breath*; and many more instances of the same kind may be found.

Shakspeare certainly knew, as Mr. Steevens has observed, that the sting of a wasp lay in his tail; nor is there in my apprehension any thing couched under the epithet *wasp-tongue*, inconsistent with that knowledge. It means only, having a tongue as peevish and mischievous (if such terms may be applied to that instrument of the mind) as a wasp. Thus, in *As you like it*, *waspsish* is used without any particular reference to any action of a wasp, but merely as synonymous to *peevish* or *fretful*:

“ By the stern brow and *waspsish* action

“ Which she did use as she was writing of it,

“ It bears an *angry* tenour.”

In the *Tempest*, when Iris speaking of Venus, says,

“ Her *waspsish-beaded* son has broke his arrows,”

the meaning is perfectly clear; yet the objection that Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was in his tail, not in his *head*, might, I conceive, be made with equal force, there, as on the present occasion.

Though this note has run out to an unreasonable length, I must add a passage in the *Taming of the Shrew*; which, while it shews that our author knew the sting of a wasp was really situated in its *tail*, proves at the same time that he thought it might with propriety be applied metaphorically to the *tongue*:

Pet. Come, come, you *wasp*; i'faith you are too angry.

Cath. If I be *waspsish*, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Cath. Ay, if the fool could find where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his *sting* ?

In his tail.

Cath. In his *tongue*.

Pet. Whose tongue ?

Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails, &c.

This passage appears to me fully to justify the reading that I have chosen. Independent however of all authority, or reference to other passages, it is supported by the context here. A person stung by a wasp
would

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?

A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;

His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy?

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age*¹,—

And,—*gentle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind cousin*,—

O, the devil take such cozeners²!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

would not be very likely to claim all *the talk* to himself, as Hotspur is described to do, but rather in the agony of pain to implore the assistance of those about him; whereas “the wasp-tongue fool” may well be supposed to “break into a woman's mood,” and to listen “to no tongue but his own.”

Mr. Mason thinks that the words afterwards used by Hotspur are decisively in favour of *wasp-stung*,—“Nettled and stung with pismires;” but Hotspur uses that expression to mark the poignancy of his own *feelings*; Northumberland uses the term *wasp-tongue* to denote the irritability of his son's *temper* and the petulance of his *language*. MALONE.

9 — *what a candy deal of courtesy*] i. e. what a deal of candy courtesy. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read *candy'd*, without necessity. See the last note. MALONE.

¹ — *infant fortune came to age*,—] Alluding to what passed in *King Richard, II.* Act II. sc. iii. JOHNSON.

² — *the devil take such cozeners!*—] So, in *Two Tragedies in One, &c.* 1601:

“Come pretty cousin, cozened by grim death.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“To see my cousin cozen'd in this sort.” STEEVENS.

Deliver

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean
 For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,
 Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
 Will easily be granted.—You, my lord, — [to North.
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
 Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
 The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
 I speak not this in estimation³,
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip⁴.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
 And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
 To save our heads by raising of a head⁵:
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
 The king will always think him in our debt⁶;
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
 And see already, how he doth begin

³ *I speak not this in estimation,*] *Estimation* for conjecture.

WARBURTON.

⁴ — *let'st slip.*] *To let slip*, is to loose the greyhound. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *by raising of a head:*] *A head* is a body of forces. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The king will always &c.*] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligation too great to be satisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty was predicted by king Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin⁷, farewell:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,

(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother: We shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rochester. *An Inn-yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll
be hang'd: Charles' wain⁸ is over the new chimney,
and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle⁹, put a
few flocks in the point; the poor jade is rung in the wi-
thers out of all cefs¹.

Enter

⁷ *Cousin,*—] This was a common address in our author's time to
nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. See Holinshed's *Chronicle*, passim.
Hotspur was Worcester's nephew. MALONE.

⁸ — Charles' wain] Charles's wain, says an anonymous authour,
“is the vulgar appellation given to the constellation called the bear. It
is a corruption of the *Charles* or *Churls* wain, Sax. *Ceopla* a countryman.”
The same etymology had before been noticed (as Mr. Reed observes)
in Thoresby's *Leeds*, p. 268. MALONE.

⁹ — Cut's saddle,] Cut is the name of a horse in the *Witches of Lan-*
cashire, 1634, and I suppose was a common one. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 43, n. 1. MALONE.

¹ — out of all cefs.] i. e. out of all measure: the phrase being taken
from a cefs, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate
rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said
to be out of all cefs. WARBURTON.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank ² here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots ³: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

1. *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench ⁴.

1. *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2. *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach ⁵.

I *Car.*

² — as dank] i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

³ — bots:] are worms in the stomach of a horse. JOHNSON.

A bots light upon you, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* as well as in many other old pieces.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *I am stung like a tench.*] Why like a *tench*? I know not, unless the similitude consists in the spots of the *tench*, and those made by the bite of vermin. MALONE.

⁵ — breeds fleas, like a loach.] The loach is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolific that it is seldom found without spawn in it; and it was formerly a practice of the young gallants to swallow loaches in wine, because they were considered as invigorating, and as apt to communicate their prolific quality. The carrier therefore means to say that “your chamber-lie breeds fleas as fast as a loach” breeds, not fleas, but loaches.

In *As you like it*, Jaques says that he “can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs;” but he does not mean that a weasel sucks eggs “out of a song.”—And in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Nestor says that Therites is

“A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,”

he means, that his gall coined slanders as fast as a mint coins money.

MASON.

I entirely agree with Mr. Mason in his explanation of this passage, and, before I had seen his *COMMENTS*, had in the same manner interpreted a passage in *As you like it*. See Vol. III. p. 168, n. 2. One principal source of error in the interpretation of many passages in our author's plays has been the supposing that his similes were intended to correspond exactly on both sides.

The author, however, of *Remarks &c.* on the text and notes of the

1. *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger⁶, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-cross.

1. *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved⁷.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADS-HILL*⁸.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1. *Car.* I think it be two o'clock⁹.

Last edition of Shakspeare, very gravely assures Mr. Steevens, "that in the course of his extensive researches he may one day find that a loach either has or was formerly supposed to have, when dead, the quality of producing fleas in abundance!!" MALONE.

⁶ — and two razes of ginger,] A *race* of ginger signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it.

THEOBALD.

—and two razes of ginger,] So, in the old anonymous play of *Henry V*: "—he hath taken the great *raze* of ginger, that bouncing Bess, &c. was to have had." A *dainty race* of ginger is mentioned in Ben Jonson's masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*. STEEVENS.

Dr. Grew speaks, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, of a *single root* of ginger weighing fourteen ounces, as uncommonly large. I doubt therefore concerning the truth of Mr. Warner's assertion, (in support of which he quotes Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his *Hist. of Jamaica*, that "a single root or *race* of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in small pieces, as at present, would have been sufficient to load a pack-horse." Theobald's explanation seems equally disputable. MALONE.

⁷ — the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.] Here is a slight anachronism. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of King Henry VIII. MALONE.

⁸ — *Gads-hill*.] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victories of Henry V*: "And I know thee for a taking fellow upon *Gads-hill* in Kent." In the year 1558 a ballad entitled "The Robbery at *Gads-hill*," was entered on the books of the Stationers' company. STEEVENS.

⁹ I think it be two o'clock.] The carrier, who suspected *Gads-hill*, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was *four o'clock*. STEEVENS.

Gads.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2. *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth-a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse¹.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varie'st no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how*.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin²

¹ *At hand, quoth pick-purse.*] This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nashe, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. STEEVENS.

This proverbial saying probably arose from the pick-purse always seizing upon the prey nearest to him: his maxim being that of Pope's man of gallantry,—“The thing *at hand* is of all things the best.” MALONE.

* *That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: &c.*] So, in the *Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsby*, 1605: “—he dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house to learn which way they rode in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence; for he knew he should partake of their fortunes, if he sped.” STEEVENS.

² —*franklin*.] is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson has said more accurately, in a note on *Cymbeline*, that a franklin is a *freeholder*. MALONE.

“Fortescue,” says the editor of the *Canterbury Tales*, Vol. IV. p. 202, “(de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) describes a *franklain* to be *pater familias—magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed *with* (but after) the *miles* and *armiger*, and is distinguished from the *libere tenentes* and *vassalli*, though, as it should seem, the only distinction between him and other freeholders consisted in the largeness of his estate.” REED.

in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter³: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks⁴, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pry'thee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old fir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans⁵ that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers⁶, no long-

³ — and call for eggs and butter:] It appears from the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that *butter'd eggs* was the usual breakfast of my lord and lady, during the season of Lent. STEEV.

⁴ — *saint Nicholas' clerks*,—] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks*. WARBURTON.

So in Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633: "I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingston, a couple of Saint Nicholas's clerks." Again in the *Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640:—"to wit, dicer's books, and St. Nicholas's clerks." STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 153, n. 8. where an account is given of the origin of this expression as applied to scholars. Mr. Whalley thinks it took its rise from the parish clerks of London, who were incorporated into a fraternity or guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. Dr. W's account of the application of the term to robbers, is undoubtedly just. MALONE.

⁵ — *other Trojans*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this." Trojan in both these instances had a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a thief. So again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "—unless you play the bonest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away." STEEVENS.

⁶ *I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, &c.*] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No *long-staff*. *six-penny strikers*,—no fellows that infest the road with long staves and knock men down for six-pence. None of these mad, mustachio, purple-bued malt-worms,—none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

staff, six-penny strikers⁷; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms⁸: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers⁹; such as can hold

7 — *six-penny strikers*;] A *striker* had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. So in an old Ms. play entitled *A second Maiden's Tragedy*:

“ — one that robs the mind,

“ Twenty times worse than any highway-*striker*.” STEEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592, under the table of *Cant Expressions used by Thieves*, “the cutting a pocket or picking a purse,” is called *striking*. COLLINS.

See also the *London Prodigal*, 1605: “Nay, now I have had such a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a *sixpenny-purse* escape me.” MALONE.

8 — *malt-worms*:] This cant term for a tippler I find in *The life and death of Jack Strawe*, 1593, and in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. STEEV.

9 — *burgomasters, and great oneyers*;] The reading which I have substituted [*moneyers*] I owe to the friendship of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge Esq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for bankers, or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context. THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeservedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is necessary: Gads-hill tells the Chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burgomasters and great ones*, or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great oneyers*, or *great one-éers*, as we say, *privateer, auctioneer, circuiter*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote — *onyers*, that is, *publick accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state. — It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciaments, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur, nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *perawaile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the king.

To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer, to *ony*; and from hence Shakspeare perhaps formed the word *onyers*. — The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, “a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what.” This emendation may derive some support from what Gads-hill says in the next scene: “There's money of the king's

hold in ; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray¹ : And yet I lie ; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth ; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her².

coming down the hill ; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer." The first quarto has—*oneyres*, which the second and all the subsequent copies made *oneyers*. The original reading gives great probability to Hanmer's conjecture. MALONE.

¹ —*such as will strike sooner than speak ; and speak sooner than drink ; and drink sooner than pray :*] According to the specimen given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think *they were less ready to drink than speak*. Besides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *speaking*, *drinking*, and *praying* to do with one another ? We should certainly read *think* in both places instead of *drink* ; and then we have a very regular and humorous climax. *They will strike sooner than speak ; and speak sooner than think ; and think sooner than pray*. By which last words is meant, that, " though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them." WARB.

Such as can hold in, may mean, *such as can curb old-father antic the law*, or *such as will not blab*. STEEVENS.

I think a gradation was intended, as Dr. Warburton supposes. To *hold in*, I believe meant to " keep their fellows' counsel and their own ;" not to discover their rogueries by talking about them. So in *Twelfth Night* : " —that you will not extort from me what I am willing to *keep in*." *Gads-hill* therefore, I suppose, means to say, that he keeps company with steady robbers ; such as will not impeach their comrades, or make any discovery by talking of what they have done ; men that will strike the traveller sooner than talk to him ; that yet would sooner speak to him than drink, which might intoxicate them, and put them off their guard ; and, notwithstanding, would prefer drinking, however dangerous, to prayer, which is the last thing they would think of.—The words however will admit a different interpretation. We have often in these plays, " it were as good a deed as to drink." Perhaps therefore the meaning may be, Men who will knock the traveller down sooner than speak to him ; who yet will speak to him and bid him stand, sooner than drink ; (to which they are sufficiently well inclined ;) and lastly, who will drink sooner than pray. Here indeed the climax is not regular. But perhaps our author did not intend it should be preserved. MALONE.

² *She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her.*] A satire on chicane in courts of justice ; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

We

We steal as in a castle³, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed⁴, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase⁵, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men⁶.— Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Fare-wel, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.]

³ — as in a castle,] This was once a proverbial phrase. So, in the *Little French Lawyer* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“That noble courage we have seen, and we

“Shall fight as in a castle.”

Perhaps Shakspeare means, we steal with as much security as the ancient inhabitants of *castles*, who had those strong holds to fly to for protection and defence against the laws. So, in *King Henry VI.* Act. III. P. I. sc. i:

“Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,

“And useth it to patronage his theft.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — we have the receipt of fern-seed,] *Fern* is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that *fern* was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern-seed* many strange properties, some of which the rustick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

So in B. Jonson's *New Inn*:

“No medecine, sir, to go invisible,

“No fern-seed in my pocket.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — in our purchase,] *Purchase* was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. So, in *Henry V.* Act III: “They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase*.” So, Chaucer:

“And robbery is holde *purchase*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Homo* is a common name &c.] Gads-hill had promised as he was a true man; the Chamberlain wills him to promise rather as a false thief; to which Gads-hill answers, that though he might have reason to change the word *true*, he might have spared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves, JOHNSON.

This is a quotation from the *Accidence*, and I believe is not the only one from that book, which therefore Mr. Capell should have added to his *Shaksperiana*. L - - -

See Vol. II. p. 254, n. 8; p. 268, n. 1; and Vol. III. p. 263, n. 1.

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Road by Gads-hill.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet⁷.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. *[pretends to seek Poins.]*

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire⁸ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him⁹, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further¹. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd

⁷ —like a gumm'd velvet.] This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

⁸ —four foot by the squire] i. e. four feet by a foot rule. JOHNSON. See Vol. II. p. 417, n. 1. MALONE.

The same phrase occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: "—not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire." STEEVENS.

⁹ —medicines to make me love him,] Alluding to the vulgar notion of love-powder. JOHNSON.

¹ —rob a foot further.] I will not go a foot further to rob. STEEV. with

with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three-score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt² me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters³! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison⁴: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADS-HILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

² —to colt] is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*. JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used by Nashe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "His master fretting and chaffing to be thus colted of both of them, &c." STEEVENS.

³ —heir-apparent garters!] "He may hang himself in his own garters," is a proverb in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

⁴ An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:] So in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Shall have thy trespasses cited up in rhimes,

"And sung by children in succeeding times."

Again in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

"——saucy lictors

"Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhimers

"Ballad us out of tune." MALONE.

Poins. O, 'tis our fetter : I know his voice.

Bard. What news⁵ ?

Gads. Case ye, case ye ; on with your visors ; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned Poins and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds ! will they not rob us ?

P. Hen. What, a coward, fir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge ; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by ; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole⁶, say I ; every man to his business.

⁵ Bardolph. *What news ?*—] In all the copies that I have seen Poins is made to speak upon the entrance of Gads-hill thus :

O, 'tis our fetter ; I know his voice.—Bardolph, *what news ?* This is absurd ; he knows Gads-hill to be the *fetter*, and asks Bardolph *what news*. To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gads-hill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gads-hill alone, and we find that Falstaff, who knew their stations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horse, but not to Gads-hill, who was posted at a distance. We should therefore read :

Poins. O, 'tis our fetter, &c.

Bard. *What news ?*

Gads. *Case ye, &c.* JOHNSON.

⁶ — *happy man be his dole,*] See Vol. I. p. 264, n. 5. and Vol. II. p. 262, n. 8. MALONE.

The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Enter

Enter Travellers.

1. *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu blefs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1. *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves⁷; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs⁸; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Falstaff &c. driving the travellers out.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men⁹: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week¹, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant

7 — *gorbellied*—] i. e. fat and corpulent. See the Glossary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*. This word is used by Sir T. North in his translation of Plutarch, by Nash and others. STEEVENS.

8 — *ye fat chuffs*;] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects its prey on the sea shore. STEEVENS.

9 — *the true men*:] In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 90, n. 6. MALONE.

1 — *argument for a week*,—] *Argument* here means the subject of discourse or merriment. So Pedro says to Benedick in *Much ado about Nothing*, [Vol. II. p. 217,] "Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable *argument*." MASON.

cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

[*rusthing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter*².

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. —He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous*,—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord our plot is a good plot as

² *Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland. Mr. EDWARDS'S MS. Notes.

ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York³ commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan⁴. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate⁵? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady.

3 — *my lord of York*] Richard Scroop, archbishop of York. STEEV.

4 *I could brain him with his lady's fan.*] Mr. Edwards observes, in his *Canons of Criticism*, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers. See the wooden cut in a note on a passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. ii. and the figure of *Marguerite de France Duchesse de Savoie*, in the fifth Vol. of Montfaucon's *Monarchie de France*, Plate XI. STEEVENS.

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several weapons*, Act V.

"Were't not better

"Your head were broke *with the handle of a fan.*" WHALLEY.

This passage ought to be a memento to all commentators, not to be too positive about the customs of former ages. Mr Edwards has laughed unmercifully at Dr. Warburton for supposing that Hotspur meant to brain the earl of March with the *handle* of his lady's fan, instead of the feathers of it. The lines quoted by Mr. Whalley shew that the supposition was not so wild a one as Mr. Edwards supposed. MALONE.

5 *How now, Kate?*] Shakspeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*,) or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of

Lady P. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
 And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
 And given my treasures⁷, and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, *Courage!*—*to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
 Of fallies, and retires⁸; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers⁹, parapets;

Katbarine and *Petruchio*, and the courtship between king *Henry V.* and the *French Princesses*. The wife of *Hotspur* was the lady *Elizabeth Mortimer*, sister to *Roger earl of March*, and aunt to *Edmund earl of March*, who is introduced in this play by the name of lord *Mortimer*.

STEEVENS.

The sister of *Roger Earl of March*, according to *Hall*, was called *Eleanor*: "This *Edmonde* was sonne to *Erle Roger*,—which *Edmonde* at *King Richarde's* going into *Ireland* was proclaimed heire apparent to the crowne and realme; whose aunt, called *Elinor*, this lord *Henry Percy* had married." *Chron.* fol. 20. So also *Holinshed*. MALONE.

6 —thy golden sleep?] So, in *Hall's Chronicle*, *Richard III*: "—he needed now no more once for that cause eyther to wake, or breake his golden sleep." HENDERSON.

7 And given my treasures,—] So in *Otello*:

"To pour our treasures into foreign laps." MALONE.

8 —and retires;] *Retires* are *retreats*. So in *Holinshed*, p. 960: "—the Frenchmen's flight, for many so termed their sudden retire."

STEEVENS.

9 —frontiers,] *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along, or near those limits. In *Ives's Practice of Fortification*, printed in 1589, p. 1. it is said, "A forte not placed where it were needful, might scantily be accounted for frontier." Again, p. 21: "In the frontiers made by the late emperor *Charles the Fifth*, divers of their walles having given way," &c.

STEEVENS.

So in *Notes from Blackfryers*, by *H. Fitz-geoffery*, 1617:

"He'll tell of basilisks, trenches and retires,

"Of palisadoes, parapets, frontiers." MALONE.

Of basilisks¹, of cannon, culverin;
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the 'currents² of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat³ have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance* *!

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Serv.*]

Lady P. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady P. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse,

My love, my horse.

Lady P. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are tofs'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

¹ *Of basilisks,*] A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind. STEEV.

² *And all the 'currents—*] i. e. the occurrences. In old language *occurrent* was used instead of *occurrence*. MALONE.

³ *That beads of sweat—*] So in *Julius Cæsar*:

" ———mine eyes,

" Seeing those *beads* of sorrow stand in thine,

" Began to water." MALONE.

* —*esperance*!] "This was the motto of the Percy family. MALONE.

To line his enterprize : But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry ⁴,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trisler !—Love?— I love thee not ⁵,

I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world,

To play with mamnets ⁶, and to tilt with lips :

⁴ *I'll break thy little finger, Harry,*] This piece of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Geffray Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579: "Whereupon, I think, no sort of kysses or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor pinching by the little finger." AMNER.

⁵ *Away,*

Away, you trisler !—love?—I love thee not,] This, I think, would be better thus :

Hot. *Away, you trisler !*

Lady. *Love !*

Hot. *I love thee not.*

This is no world &c. JOHNSON.

The alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson seems unnecessary. The passage, as now regulated, appears to me perfectly clear.—The first *love* is not a substantive, but a verb :

—————love [*thee ?*] —I love thee not.

Hotspur's mind being intent on other things, his answers are irregular. He has been musing, and now replies to what lady Percy had said *some time before* :

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

"And I must know it,—*else he loves me not.*"

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the prince of Wales, in his description of a conversation between Hotspur and lady Percy : "*O my sweet Harry, (says she) how many hast thou kill'd to-day ? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he, and answers—*some fourteen,*—AN HOUR AFTER." MALONE.

⁶ —*mamnets,*] Puppets. JOHNSON:

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies dress in the fashion, says : "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mamnets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together."

Mammet is perhaps a corruption of *Mabomet*. Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 108, speaks "of *marwmets* and idols." This conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he saw the *puppets* dallying." STEEVENS.

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns⁷,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know⁸;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ — *crack'd crowns,*] signifies at once *crack'd money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its sense is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal reception. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;*] This line is borrowed from a proverbial sentence: "A woman conceals what she knows not." See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's head tavern*.*

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheds. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack¹, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian², a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in East-cheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering³, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou

* *Eastcheap. A room in the Boar's head tavern.*] In the old anonymous play of *King Henry V. Eastcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet: "*Henry 5.* You know the old tavern in *Eastcheap*; there is good wine." Shakspeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the *Boar's head* tavern was very near Black-friars play-house. See Stowe's *SURVEY*, 4to. 1618, p. 686. MALONE.

¹ — *I am no proud Jack,*] See Vol. I. p. 217, note *; and Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

² — *Corinthian,*] A wench. JOHNSON.

This cant expression is common in old plays. So Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

" ———let him wench,

" Buy me all *Corinth* for him."

Non cuius homini contingit adire *Corinthum*. STEEVENS.

³ — *and when you breathe &c.*] A certain maxim of health attributed to the school of Salerno, may prove the best comment on this passage.

STEEVENS.

hast

hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar⁴, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker⁵; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

*Enter Francis*⁶.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

⁴ — *this pennyworth of sugar,*] It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

“ ——— but do you hear?

“ Bring sugar in white paper, not in brown.”

Shakspeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Decker in the *Guls Horn Book*, 1609: “Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the city fashion) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name sweetened in two pitiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apologie cram'd into the mouth of a drawer,” &c. STEEVENS.

See p. 126, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ — *under-skinker* ;] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at a table. JOHNSON.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*. STEEV.

⁶ *Enter Francis.*] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin⁷, chrystal-button⁸, nott-pated⁹, agat-ring, puke-stocking¹, cad-dice-garter², smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

⁷ *Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, &c.*] The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *chrystal-button,*] A leather jerkin with chrystal buttons was the habit of a pawn-broker. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *nott-pated,*] A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round; Ray says, the word is still used in Essex, for *polled* or *sporn*. Vid. Ray. Coll. p. 108. Morell's Chaucer, 8vo, p. 11. vid. Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, to *notte* the hair is the same as to cut it. STEEVENS.

Fran.

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard³ is your only

¹ — *puke-stocking*,] In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

Again in Drant's translation of the eighth satire of *Horace*, 1567:

“ — *nigra succinctam vadere palla.*

“ *ytuckde in pukishe frocke.*”

In the time of Shakspeare the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted-stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the epithet referred to the dark colour. Black stockings are now worn, as they probably were in Shakspeare's time, by persons of inferior condition, on a principle of æconomy. MALONE.

² — *caddice-garter*,] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse *ferret*. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

“ — doſt hear,

“ My honeſt *caddis-garters*? ”

This is an address to a servant. STEEVENS.

“ At this day [about the year 1625] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, men of mean rank wear *garters* and shoe-roses of more than *five pound price*.” In a note on *Twelfth Night*, Mr. Steevens observes that very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee; and quotes the following lines from Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, B. ix. c. 47, which may throw a light on the present passage:

“ Then wore they

“ *Garters of liſtes*; but now of ſilk, ſome edged deep with gold,”

MALONE.

³ — *brown bastard*—] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away.

JOHNSON.

Maison Rustique, translated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, says, “ — such wines are called *mungrrell* or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, nor manifest astringency, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities.” TOLLET.

Barrett, however, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, says, that “ *bastarde* is muscadell, sweet wine.” STEEVENS.

So also in Stowe's *Annals*, 867: “ When an argosie came with Greek and Spanish wines, viz. muscadell, malmsey, sack, and *bastard*, &c.” MALONE.

drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will fully: in Barbary, fir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, fir?

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old fir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind⁴,

⁴ *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have shewed themselves humours;—I am not yet of Percy's mind—*; that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier. JOHNSON.

the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle. a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*⁵, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADS-HILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks⁶, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son⁷! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal.

⁵ *Rivo*,] This was perhaps the cant of English taverns. JOHNSON. This conjecture Dr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

“If thou art sad at others' fate,

“*Rivo*, drink deep, give care the mate.”

I find the same word used in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:—*cry rivo, ho, laugh and be fat,*” &c. Again in Marston's *What you will*, 1607: “—that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries, *rivo*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —*nether stocks*,] *Nether stocks* are stockings. See *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

See also Vol. IV. p. 14, n. 5. MALONE.

⁷ —*pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son!*] I have here followed the reading of the original copy in 1598, rejecting only the double genitive, for it reads—*of the son's.* *Sun*, which is the reading of the folio, derives no authority from its being found in that copy; for the change was made arbitrarily in the quarto 1604, and adopted of course in that of 1608 and 1613, from the latter of which the folio was printed; in consequence of which the accumulated errors of the five preceding editions were incorporated in the folio copy of this play.

Mr. Theobald reads—“pitiful-hearted *butter*, that melted at the sweet

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too : There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man^e :

Yet

sweet tale of the *sun* ;” which is not so absurd as “ pitiful-hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet tale of the *sun*,” but yet very exceptionable ; for what is the meaning of butter melting at a *tale* ? or what idea does the *tail of the sun* here convey ? Dr. Warburton, who, with Mr. Theobald, reads—*sun*, has extracted some sense from the passage by placing the words—“ pitiful-hearted *Titan*” in a parenthesis, and referring the word *that* to *butter* ; but then, besides that his interpretation of *pitiful-bearded*, which he says means *vmorous*, is unauthorized and inadmissible, the same objection will lie to the sentence when thus regulated, that has already been made to the reading introduced by Mr. Theobald.

The prince undoubtedly, as Mr. Theobald observes, by the words “ Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of butter ?” alludes to *Falstaff*’s entering in a great heat, “ his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the sun.” Our author here, as in many other places, having started an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very slight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter melted by *Titan*, or the *Sun*, suggests to him the idea of *Titan*’s being melted or softened by the tale of his son, *Phaëton* : a tale, which undoubtedly *Shakspeare* had read in the third book of *Golding’s Translation of Ovid*, having, in his description of Winter in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, imitated a passage that is found in the same page in which the story of *Phaëton* is related. I should add that the explanation now given was suggested by the following note.—I would, however, wish to read—*thy* son. In the old copies, *the*, *thee*, and *thy* are frequently confounded. MALONE.

The same thought, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, is found among *Turberville’s Epitaphs*, p. 142 :

“ It melts as butter doth against the sun.”

The author might have written *pitiful-bearded Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of his son*, i. e. *Phaëton*, who by a plausible story won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. STEEVENS.

“ — here’s lime in this sack too : There’s nothing to be found but roguery in villainous man :—” Sir Richard Hawkins, one of queen Elizabeth’s sea-captains, in his *Voyages*, p. 397, says : “ Since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns, which for conservation are mingled with lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two millions of crowns of our substance by conveyance into foreign countries.” I think lord Clarendon in his *Apology*, tells us, “ That sweet wines before the Restoration were so much to the English taste, that we engrossed the whole product of the Canaries ; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe.”

But

Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing⁹; A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath¹, and drive all thy subjects

But the banish'd cavaliers brought home with them the gout for French wines, which has continued ever since. **WARBURTON.**

Eliot in his *Orthoepeia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the *gouttes*." **FARMER.**

9 — *I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms &c.*] Thus the quarto. The editors of the folio, 1623, to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. changed the text here, as they did in many other places from the same motive, and printed—"I could sing *all manner of songs*." **MALONE.**

In the persecutions of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. **WARBURTON.**

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts. *Weavers* are mentioned as lovers of musick in the *Merchant of Venice*. [*Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV p. 36, n. 9.] Perhaps to "sing like a weaver" might be proverbial. **JOHNSON.**

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the following passage. Ben Jonson, in *the Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers." **STEEVENS.**

The protestants who fled from the persecution of the duke d'Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton observes) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony. **Sir J. HAWKINS.**

¹ — *a dagger of lath*,] i. e. such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"In

jects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds * ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain? thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I! [He drinks.]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet;

“ In a trice, like to the old *Vice*,

“ Your need to sustain:

“ Who with *dagger of lath*

“ In his rage and his wrath &c.”

In the second part of this play, Falstaff calls Shallow a “*Vice's dagger*.” STEEVENS.

* Poins. 'Zounds &c.] Thus the first quarto and the three subsequent copies. In the quarto of 1613, *Prince* being prefixed to this speech by the carelessness of the printer, the error, with many others, was adopted in the folio; the quarto of 1613 being evidently the copy from which the folio was printed. MALONE.

four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through²; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew³.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd⁴; two rogues in

² — *my buckler cut through and through*;] It appears from the old comedy of *The two angry Women of Abington*, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakspeare's time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:

"I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

³ — *an Ebrew Jew*,] So, in the *Two Gent. of Verona*: "—thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian." STEEVENS.

Jews in Shakspeare's time were supposed to be peculiarly hard-hearted. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting." MALONE.

⁴ — *I have pay'd*;] i. e. drubbed, beaten. So, in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, printed at Middleburgh (without date):

"Thou

in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram ⁵.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose ⁶.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

“Thou cozenest boys of sleep, and dost betray them

“To pedants, that with cruel lashes pay them.” MALONE.

⁵ *In buckram.*] I believe these words belong to the prince's speech: “—there were but four even now,—in buckram.” Poins concurs with the Prince: “Ay, four, in buckram suits;” and Falstaff perseveres in the number of seven. As the speeches are at present regulated, Falstaff seems to assent to the prince's assertion, that there were but *four*, if the prince will but grant that they were in *buckram*; and then immediately afterwards asserts that the number of his assailants was seven. The regulation proposed renders the whole consistent. MALONE.

⁶ *Their points being broken,—Down fell their hose.*] To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was to *unstraps a point*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 17, n. *. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green⁷, came at my back, and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts ; thou knotty-pated fool ; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech⁸,—

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth, the truth ?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand ; come, tell us your reason, What say'st thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion !

7 *In Kendal green,*] “ *Kendal*, a towne so highly renowned for her commodious cloathing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind.” *Camd. in Brit. Barnabees Journal.* BOWLER.

Kendal green was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntington and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of *Robin Hood*. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601. Again, in the *Playe of Robyn Hood* *verye proper to be played in May Games*, bl. l. no date :

“ Here be a sort of ragged knaves come in,

“ Clothed all in *Kendale grene*.” STEEVENS.

See also Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. p. 6. MALONE.

8 —*greasy tallow-keech,*] The old copies read *tallow-catch*, which Mr. Warton thinks right, understanding by that word a receptacle for *tallow*. The emendation now adopted, which appears to me more likely to be the true reading, was suggested by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Steevens's note is a strong confirmation of it. MALONE.

Tallow-keech is undoubtedly right. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow loaf* in Suffex, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakspeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech* in the second part of this play. STEEVENS.

if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin⁹, you dry'd neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them¹, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and

⁹ — *you starveling, you elf-skin,*] For *elf-skin* sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little fairy*: for though the Bastard in *King John* compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man. JOHNSON.

In these comparisons Shakspeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin*, to whose shapeless uniformity of length an "*eel-skin stuff'd*" (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *tailor's yard*, the *tuck*, or small sword set upright, &c. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and dry'd *neat's tongue*, allude to the leanness of the prince. The reading—*eel-skin* is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from *K. John*, and by Falstaff's description of the *lean Shallow* in the second part of *K. Henry IV.*

Shakspeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince of Wales. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small," &c.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *you bound them,*] The old copies read—and bound them. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

then

then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince². Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostefs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostefs.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostefs? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man³, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal.

² — *the lion will not touch the true prince.*] So in the *Mad Lover*, by B. and Fletcher:

“Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over;

“If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion

“Will do her reverence, else he'll tear her,” &c. STEEVENS.

³ — *there is a nobleman—Give him as much as will make him a royal man,*] I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a noble was, in cant language, called a nobleman: in this sense the prince

Fal. What manner of man is he ?

Hosf. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight ?—
Shall I give him his answer ?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

P. Hen. Now, sirs ; by'r-lady, you fought fair ;—so did you, Peto ;—so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince ; no,—fie !

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd ?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger ; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight ; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grafs⁴, to make them bleed ; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men⁵. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner⁶, and ever since

catches the word, and bids the landlady give him as much as will make him a royal man, that is, a real or royal man, and send him away. JOHNS.

The royal went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. and 8d. TYRWHITT.

This seems to allude to a jest of queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower in a sermon before her majesty, first said, "My royal queen," and a little after, "My noble queen." Upon which says the queen, "What, am I ten groats worse than I was ?" This is to be found in Hearne's *Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford* ; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. TOLLET.

4 — to tickle our noses with spear-grafs, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth* : "Every day when I went into the field, I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose, and make my nose bleed," &c. STEEVENS.

5 — the blood of true men.—] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of honest men, opposed to thieves. JOHNSON.

6 — taken with the manner,] See Vol. II. p. 316, n. 8. MALONE.

thou.

thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword⁷ on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses⁸.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter⁹.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast¹? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring²: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's

⁷ — *Thou hadst fire and sword &c.*] The fire was in his face. A red face is termed a fiery face. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Hot livers, and cold purses.*] That is, drunkenness and poverty. To drink was, in the language of those times, to beat the liver. JOHNS.

⁹ *Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.*

No, if rightly taken, halter.] The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the similarity of sound between collar and choler. STEEVENS.

¹ — *bombast?*] is the stuffing of cloaths. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, observes, that in his time "the doublettes were so hard quilted, stuffed, bombasted, and sewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." And again, in the same chapter, he adds, that they were "stuffed with foure, five, or fixe pounce of bombast at least." Bombast is cotton. Gerard calls the cotton plant "the bombast tree." STEEVENS.

² *I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:*] Aristophanes has the same thought:

Διὰ δακτύλου μὲν ἔν ἐμέ γ' ἂν διελκυσάις. *Plutus*, v. 1037.

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

An Alderman's thumb-ring is mentioned by Broom in the *Antipodes*, 1636, and in *Wit in a Constable*, 1640. The custom of wearing a ring on the thumb is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is said of the rider of the brazen horse who advanced into the hall of Cambuscan, that

"—upon his thombe he had of gold a ring." STEEVENS.

villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook³,—What, a plague call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horse-back up a hill perpendicular:

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol⁴ kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too,

3 — upon the cross of a Welsh hook,] I believe the *Welsh book* and the brown bill are no more than varieties of the *securis falcata*, or probably a weapon of the same kind with the *Lochabar axe*, which was used in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with such a one at the battle of Prestonpans. STEEVENS.

Minshew in his Dict. 1617, explains a *Welsh book* thus: "*Armorum genus est ære in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longissimæ præfixo.*" Cotgrave calls it "a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partizan." See in Vol. II. p. 258, several ancient bills. Either the second or the fourth, there represented, sufficiently corresponds with Minshew's description. MALONE.

4 — pistol—] Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol*. JOHNSON.

B. and Fletcher are still more inexcusable. In the *Humourous Lieutenant*, they have equipped one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great, with the same weapon. STEEVENS.

and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps ⁵ more : Worcester is stolen away to-night ; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news ⁶ ; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel ⁷.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true ; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid ? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith ; I lack some of thy infirmity.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life ⁸.

⁵ —blue caps—] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets. JOHNSON.

There is an old ballad called *Blew cap for me*; or

“ A Scottish lass her resolute choosing,

“ She'll have bonny *blew cap*, all other refusing.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news ;] I think Montaigne mentions a person condemned to death, whose hair turned grey in one night. TOLLET.

Nashe, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596, says : “ —look and you shall find a grey haire for everie line I have writ against him ; and you shall have all his beard white too, by the time he hath read over this booke.” The reader may find more examples of this phenomenon in Grimestone's translation of Goulart's *Memorable Histories*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —you may buy land &c.] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw a change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

Fal. Shall I? content :—This chair shall be my state⁸, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown¹.

P. Hen. Thy state² is taken for a joint stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyfes' vein³.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg⁴.

Fal. And here is my speech :—Stand aside, nobility.

⁸ *Dot thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life,*] In the old anonymous play of *Henry V.* the same strain of humour is discoverable :—"Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shall sit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit thee a box on the ear," &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *This chair shall be my state,*] See Vol. IV. p. 53, n. *. MALONE.

This, as well as a following passage, was perhaps designed to ridicule the mock majesty of *Cambyfes*, the hero of a play which appears from Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, to have been exhibited with some degree of theatrical pomp. Decker is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who sat or stood on the stage; "on the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce, yea and under the *state of Cambyfes himselfe*." STEEVENS.

¹ —*this cushion my crown.*] Dr. Letherland in a Ms. note, observes that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions. STEEVENS.

² *Thy state* &c.] This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock royalty.

JOHNSON.

This is an *apostrophe* of the prince to his absent father, not an *answer* to Falstaff. FARMER.

³ —*king Cambyfes' vein.*] The banter here is upon a play—called *A lamentable tragedie*, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of *Cambises* king of Persia. By Thomas Preston. [1570.] THEOBALD.

I question if Shakspeare had ever seen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of measure, which, when he professed to speak in *king Cambyfes' vein*, he would hardly have missed, if he had known it. JOHNSON.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of *King Cambises*, "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the measure is not preserved. FARMER.

⁴ —*my leg.*] That is, my obeisance to my father. JOHNSON.

Hof. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen⁵,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes⁶.

Hof. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players⁷, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain⁸.
—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile⁹, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of

⁵ — my tristful queen.] Old Copies—*trustful*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The word *tristful* is again used in *Hamlet*. MALONE.

⁶ — the flood-gates of her eyes.] This passage is probably a burlesque on the following in *Preston's Cambyfes*:

“Queen. These words to hear makes stilling teares issue from chry-stall eyes.”

Perhaps, says Dr. Farmer, we should read—do ope the flood-gates &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ — harlotry players,] This word is used in the *Plowman's Tale*: “Soche barlotre men” &c. Again, in *P. P.* fol. 27. “I had lever here an harlotry, or a somer's game.” Junius explains the word by “*inhonesta paupertinæ fortis fœditas*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — tickle-brain.] This appears to have been the nick name of some strong liquor. So, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

“A cup of Nipfitate brisk and neat,

“The drawers call it tickle-brain.”

In the *Antipodes*, 1638, *settle-brain* is mentioned as another potation. STEEVENS.

⁹ — though the camomile, &c.] This whole speech is supremely comick. The simile of camomile used to illustrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an observation of a late writer of some merit, whom the desire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young soldiers, he remarks, that “though Bedlam be in the road to Hogsdon, it is out of the way to promotion.” JOHNSON.

The style immediately ridiculed, is that of Lilly in his *Euphues*: “Though the camomile the more it is trodden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth,” &c. FARMER.

thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven¹ prove a micher², and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile³; so doth the company thou keep'st: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree⁴, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in
that

¹ *Shall the blessed sun of heaven—*] Thus the first quarto. In the second quarto 1599, the word *sun* was changed to *son*, which consequently is the reading of the subsequent quartos and the folio: and so I suspect the author wrote. The orthography of these two words was formerly so unsettled, that it is often from the context alone one can determine which is meant. MALONE.

² — *a micher,*] i. e. truant; to *mich*, is to lurk out of sight, a hedge creeper. WARBURTON.

The allusion is to a truant boy, who, unwilling to go to school, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

³ — *this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile;*] Alluding to an old ballad, beginning,

“Who toucheth *pitch*, must be *defil'd*.” STEEVENS.

Or perhaps to Lilly's *Euphues*:

“He that toucheth *pitch* shall be defiled.” T. H. W.

⁴ *If then the tree &c.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—If then the fruit may
be

that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker⁵, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch⁶ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropnies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that

be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, &c. and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. The old reading is, I think, well supported by Mr. Heath, who observes, that "Virtue is considered as the fruit, the man as the tree; consequently the old reading must be right. If then the *tree* may be known by the *fruit*, as the *fruit* by the *tree*,—that is. If I can judge of the man by the virtue I see in his looks, he must be a virtuous man." MALONE.

I am afraid here is a profane allusion to the 33d verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *rabbit-sucker*,] is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbit*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNS.

Dr. Johnson is right: for in the account of the serjeant's feast, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridicales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbit-suckers*. A *poulterer* was formerly written—a *poulter*, and so the old copies of this play. Thus in *Pierce Penniless's his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "We must have our tables furnish'd like *poulters'* stalls." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *bolting-hutch*—] is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *boltd*. STEEVENS.

roasted

roasted Manningtree-ox with the pudding in his belly⁷, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years⁸? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning⁹, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you¹; Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

⁷ — that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly,] *Manningtree* in Essex appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Diuel's Carrier*, by Tho. Decker, 1606: "—— you shall have a slave eat more at a meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitfun-ale." STEEVENS.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, that *Manningtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage-plays yearly. See also *The Choosung of Valentines*, a poem, by Thomas Nashe, MS. in the Library of the Inner Temple, No. 538, Vol. 43:

"—— or see a play of strange moralitie,

"Shewen by bachelric of *Manning-tree*,

"Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale swarme."

Again, in Decker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1607: "Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morals* at *Manningtree*." In this season of festivity, we may presume it was customary to roast an ox whole. "Huge volumes, (says Osborne in his *Advice to his Son*) like the ox roasted whole at *Bartbolemew Fair*, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces."

Again in *A Strappado for the Devil*, by R. Brathwaite, 1615:

"If mother Redcap chance to have an ox

"Roasted all whole, O, how you'll flie to it,

"That for his pennie each may have a bit." MALONE.

⁸ — that reverend vice, that grey iniquity,—that vanity in years?] The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, and *Vanity*, were personages exhibited in the old moralities. MALONE.

⁹ — cunning,] *Cunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning; it signified knowing, or skilful. JOHNSON.

¹ — take me with you;] That is, go no faster than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saying your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault², God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard. Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.*]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

² *If sack and sugar be a fault,*] *Sack with sugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakspeare's time. In a letter describing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo. the writer says, (p. 86.) "sift I no more *sak and suger* than I do Malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz az I doo." And in another place, describing a minstrell, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at last, by sum entreaty and many fair woords, with *sak and suger*, wee sweeten him again." p. 52.

In an old Ms. book of the chamberlain's account belonging to the city of Worcester, I also find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *sack*, [Fr. *sec.*] viz. "—Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. [1592.] Item. For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *seck*, and a pound of *sugar*, geven to sir John Russel, iiij. s." PERCY.

This liquor is likewise mentioned in *Northward Hoe*, 1607. "I use not to be drunk with *sack and sugar*." Again in the *Wildgoose chase* and *Monsieur Thomas* by B. and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick³: What's the matter?

Hof. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad⁴ without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so⁵; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras⁶;—the rest walk

³ —a *fiddle-stick*:] I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in the *Humorous Lieutenant* of B. and Fletcher:

“ ————— for certain, gentlemen,

“ *The fiend rides on a fiddlestick.*” STEEVENS.

⁴ —*mad*] Old copies—*made*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that I understand this speech. Perhaps Falstaff means to say,—We must now look to ourselves; never call that which is real danger, fictitious or imaginary. If you do, you are a madman, though you are not reckoned one. Should you admit the sheriff to enter here, you will deserve that appellation.—The first words, however, “Never call &c.” may allude, not to real and imaginary danger, but to the subsequent words only, *essential* and *seeming* madness. MALONE.

⁵ *I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so;*] An anonymous writer supposes, that “Falstaff here intends a quibble. *Major*, which sheriff brought to his mind, signifies as well one of the parts of a logical proposition, as the principal officer of a corporation.”—To render this supposition probable, it should be proved that the mayor of a corporation was called in Shakspeare's time *ma-jor*. That he was not called so at an earlier period, appears from several old books, among others from *The History of Edward V.* annexed to Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543, where we find the old spelling was *maire*:—“he beeyng at the haveryng at the bower, sent for the *maire* and aldermen of London.” Fol. 307. b.—If it shall be objected, that afterwards the pronunciation was changed to *ma-jor*, the following couplet in Jordan's *Poems* (no date, but printed about 1661) may serve to shew that it is very unlikely that should have been the case, the pronunciation being at the Restoration the same as it is now:

“ ————— and the *major*

“ Shall juffle zealous Isaac from the *chaire*.” MALONE.

⁶ —*hide thee behind the arras;*] The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet sacrifices something

walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and POINS.*]

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A grofs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here⁷; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal : And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord : There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

something to the scenery. If Falstaff had not been hidden, he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched. JOHNSON.

In old houses, there were always large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Such are those which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio says, "I whipp'd me behind the arras." Polonius is killed through the arras. See likewise Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 594. See also my note on the second scene of the first act of *K. Richard II.* STEEVENS.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "Pyrrhus, to terrifie Fabius, commanded his guard to place an elephant behind the arras."

MALONE.

⁷ *The man, I do assure you, is not here;*] Every reader must regret that Shakspere would not give himself the trouble to furnish prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse, without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance, STEEVENS.

He

He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think, it is good morrow ; Is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.
Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff⁸!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark how hard he fetches breath : Search his pockets. [*Poins searches.*] What hast thou found ?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be : read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d⁹.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

⁸ *Poins.* *Falstaff &c.*] This speech, in the old copies, is given to *Peto*. It has been transferred to *Poins* on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson. *Peto* is again printed elsewhere for *Poins* in this play, probably from a P. only being used in the Ms. "What had *Peto* done, (Dr. Johnson observes,) to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff ? *Poins* has the prince's confidence, and is a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty ; they all retired but *Poins*, who, with the prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himself from the travellers." MALONE.

⁹ *Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.*] It appears from Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, that sack was not many years after Shakspeare's death, about two shillings a quart. If therefore our author had followed his usual practice of attributing to former ages the modes of his own, the charge would have been here 16s. Perhaps he set down the price at random. He has however, as a learned friend observes to me, fallen into an anachronism, in furnishing his tavern in Eastcheap with sack in the time of K. Henry IV. "The *wintners* sold no other sacks, muscadels, malmseys, bastards, alicants, nor any other wines but white and claret, till the 33d year of K. Henry VIII. 1543, and then was old Parr 60 years of age. All those sweet wines were sold till that time at the apothecary's, for no other use but for medicines." Taylor's *Life of Thomas Parr*, 4to. Lond. 1635. "If therefore Falstaff got drunk with sack 140 years before the above date, it could not have been at Mrs Quickly's."

For this information I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Stock, the accurate and learned editor of Demosthenes. MALONE.

Item,

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score¹. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and
GLENOWER.

Mor. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction² full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!

¹ — *his death will be a march of twelve-score.*] That is, it will kill him to march so far as twelve-score foot. POPE.

Ben Jonson uses the same expression in his *Sejanus*:

“That look'd for salutations *twelve-score* off.”

Again in *Westward Hoe*, 1706:

“I'll get me *twelve-score* off, and give aim.” STEEVENS.

The Prince quibbles on the word *foot*, which signifies a measure and the infantry of an army. I cannot conceive why Dr. Johnson supposes that he means *twelve-score yards*; he might as well extend it to *twelve-score miles*. MASON.

² — *induction*—] That is, entrance; beginning. JOHNSON.

An *induction* was anciently something introductory to a play. Such is the business of the Tinker, previous to the performance of the *Taming of the Shrew*. Shakspeare often uses the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiarised to his conception. Thus, in *K. Richard III.*:

“Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous.” STEEVENS.

I have

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell as oft as he hears

Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity³,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning creffets⁴; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

3 — at my nativity, &c.] Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakspeare. Holinshed says only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." STEEVENS.

In the year 1402, a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Shakspeare had probably read an account of this star in some chronicle, and transferred its appearance to the time of Owen's nativity. MALONE.

4 Of burning creffets;] A *creffet* was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower: from the French word, *croissette*, or little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them.

HANMER.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinshed says, "The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveyed by *creffet*-light, and torch-light to sir T. Gresham's house in Bishopsgate street."—The *creffet*-lights were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross, like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen them represented in an ancient print from Van Velde. STEEVENS.

Diseased

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions⁵: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth⁶, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields⁷.

⁵ *Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth, &c.*] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrarioufness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb, which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth,—*] So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
“Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
“Which with cold terrours doth men's minds confound.”

MALONE.

Beldame is not used here as a term of contempt, but in the sense of ancient mother. *Belle age*, Fr. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grand-mother. So, in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“To shew the *beldame* daughters of her daughter.” STEEV.

⁷ *The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.*] Shakspeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phænomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature. A writer in the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 207, describing an earthquake in Catanea, near Mount Ætna, by which eighteen persons were destroyed, mentions one of the circumstances that are here said to have marked the birth of Glendower: “There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; the cattle in the fields ran crying.”

MALONE.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
 And all the courses of my life do shew,
 I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,
 That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
 Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
 And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
 And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh :—
 I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :

But will they come, when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
 The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
 By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
 And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
 No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
 Against my power : thrice, from the banks of Wye,
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
 Booteless^s home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too !
 How 'scapes he agues in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map ; Shall we divide our
 right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
 Into three limits, very equally :

^s *Booteless*—] Thus one of the old editions ; and without reading
booteless (i. e. making the word a trissyllable) the metre will be defective.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope transferred the word *bim* from the former line to this : and
 perhaps he was right. MALONE.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto⁹,
 By south and east, is to my part assign'd :
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
 And all the fertile land within that bound,
 To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn :
 Which being sealed interchangeably,
 (A business that this night may execute,)
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
 And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
 To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
 Within that space, [*to Glen.*] you may have drawn together
 Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
 From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;
 For there will be a world of water shed,
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety¹, north from Burton here,
 In quantity equals not one of yours :
 See, how this river comes me cranking in²,
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out³.
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
 And here the snug and silver Trent shall run,

In

⁹ — hitherto,] i. e. to this spot, (pointing to the map.) MALONE.

¹ *Methinks, my moiety,*] The division is here into three parts.—
 A moiety was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age, as a
 portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a
 note on *K. Lear*, A & I. sc. iv. MALONE.

² — cranking in,] Perhaps we should read—*crankling*. So Drayton
 in his *Polyolbion*, song 7 :

“ Hath not so many turns, nor *crankling* nooks as she.” STEEV.
 Mr. Pope reads—*crankling*. MALONE.

³ — cantle out.] A cantle is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the
 same sense that Horace uses *angulus* :

In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark,

How he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court⁴:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue⁵ a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot.

“ O si angulus ille

“ Proximus aridet !”

Canton, Fr. *canto*. Ital. signify a corner. STEEVENS.

Canton in heraldry signifies a corner. *Cant* of cheese is now used in
Pembrokeshire. L——.

⁴ For I was train'd up in the English court:] The real name of Owen
Glendower was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barrister of the Mid-
dle Temple. STEEVENS.

He afterwards became esquire of the body to King Richard II. with
whom he was in attendance at Flint Castle, when Richard was
taken prisoner by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards king Henry IV.
Owen Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in the Year 1402,
and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the English.
He died in great distress in 1415. MALONE.

⁵ — the tongue—] The English language. JOHNSON.

He

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd⁶,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer,⁷ and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant⁸,

Of

He may mean, as an anonymous writer has observed, that "he graced his own tongue with the art of singing." But I think Dr. Johnson's explanation the true one. MALONE.

⁶ — *a brazen canstick turn'd,*] The word *canstick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written—*canstick* in the quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it might have been pronounced. Heywood and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canstick* is one of the spirits mentioned by *Reginald Scott*, 1584. STEEVENS.

"Coll under *canstick*, he can play with both hands," is one of Howell's proverbial sentences. DICT. 1660. MALONE.

⁷ — *the writer,*] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

I suppose, to complete the measure, we should read: *I'll in and haste the writer*; for he goes out immediately. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *of the moldwarp and the ant,*] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against king Henry. See Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. POPE.

So Holinshed, for he was Shakspeare's authority: "This [the division

Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;
 And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
 A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 He held me last night at least nine hours,
 In reckoning up the several devils' names⁹,
 That were his lackeys : I cry'd, humph !—and well,—
 go to,—

But mark'd him not a word, O, he's as tedious
 As a tired horse, a railing wife ;
 Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live
 With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
 Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange concealments¹ ; valiant as a lion,
 And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
 He holds your temper in a high respect,
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
 When you do cross his humour ; 'faith he does :
 I warrant you, that man is not alive,
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof ;

vision of the realm between Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy,] was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophetic, as though king Henry was the *mouldwarpe*, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, whiche should deuide this realm between them." MALONE.

The *mould-warpe* is the *mole*, so called because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raises. STEEVENS.

⁹ In reckoning up the several devils' names,] See Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 377, where the reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hotspur, and on the same occasion. Shakspeare must certainly have seen this book. STEEVENS.

¹ ————— profited

In strange concealments ;] Skilled in wonderful secrets.

JOHNSON.

But

But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame²;
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion³, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,
She'll be a foldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt
Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and
she answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd har-
lotry,
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a party would I answer thee. [*Lady M. speaks.*]

² — *too wilful-blame*;] This is a mode of speech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—*too wilful-blunt*, or *too wilful-bent*; or thus:

Indeed, my lord, you are much to blame, too wilful. JOHNSON.

³ — *opinion*,] means here *self-opinion*, or conceit. MASON.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
 And that's a feeling disputation:
 But I will never be a truant, love,
 Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower⁴,
 With ravishing division, to her lute⁵.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[Lady M. speaks again.]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this⁶.

Glend. She bids you,
 Upon the wanton rushes lay you down⁷,
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
 And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep⁸,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;

Making

⁴ *Sung by a fair queen &c.*] Our author perhaps here intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who was a performer on the lute and the virginals. See Sir James Melvil's curious account. *Memoirs*. folio, p. 50. MALONE.

⁵ *With ravishing division, to her lute.*] This verse may serve for a translation of a line in Horace.

“ — grataque fœminis

“ Imbelli cithara carmina divides.”

It is to no purpose that you (*Paris*) please the women by singing “with ravishing division” to the harp. See the Commentators, and Vossius on Catullus, p. 239. S. W.

⁶ *O, I am ignorance itself in this.*] Massinger uses the same expression in *The Unnatural Combat*, 1639:

“ ——— in this you speak, sir,

“ I am ignorance itself.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,*] It was the custom in this country, for many ages, to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

⁸ *And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,*] The same image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in *Philastr*:

“ ——— who shall take up his lute,

“ And touch it till he crown a silent sleep

“ Upon my eye-lid.” STEEVENS.

The image is certainly a strange one; but I do not suspect any corruption of the text. The god of sleep is not only to sit on Mortimer's eye-lids, but to sit *crowned*, that is, with sovereign dominion. So in *Twelfth Night*:

“ Him

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep⁹,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnes'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll fit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book¹, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here²; fit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

*Glendower speaks some Welsh words,
and then the musick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for,
you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still, ye
thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

"Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

"Where he sits crowned in his master's spight." MALONE.

⁹ *Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,*] She will lull you
by her song into soft tranquility, in which you shall be so near to sleep
as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible
of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight
of night and day. JOHNSON.

¹ *—our book,—*] Our paper of conditions. JOHNSON.

² *And those musicians that shall play to you,*

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;

And straight they shall be here:] Glendower had before boasted that
he could call spirits from the vasty deep; he now pretends to equal
power over the spirits of the air. Sit, says he to Mortimer, and, by my
power, you shall have heavenly musick. The musicians that shall play
to you, now hang in the air a thousand miles from the earth: I will
summon them, and they shall straight be here. "*And straight*" is the
reading of the most authentick copies, the quarto 1598, and the folio
1623, and indeed of all the other ancient editions. Mr. Rowe first intro-
duced the reading—*Yet straight*, which all the subsequent editors have
adopted; but the change does not seem absolutely necessary. MALONE.

Hot.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish,

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault³.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh Song sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me: and, As sure as day:

And giv'it such farcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than *Finbury*⁴.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread⁵,

To

³ *Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.*] *It is a woman's fault*, is spoken ironically. FARMER.

This is a proverbial expression. I find it in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ 'Tis a woman's fault: p—— of this bashfulness.”

Again:

“ *A woman's fault*, we are subject to it, sir.”

I believe the meaning is this: Hotspur having declared his resolution neither to have his head broken, nor to sit still, slyly adds, that such is the usual fault of women; i. e. never to do what they are bid or desired to do. STEEVENS.

The whole tenor of Hotspur's conversation in this scene shews, that the stillness which he here imputes to women as a fault, was something very different from silence; and that an idea was couched under these words, which may be better understood than explained.—He is still in the Welsh lady's bed-chamber. WHITE.

⁴ — *Finbury*,] Open walks and fields near Chiswell street, London Wall, by Moorgate; the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *such protest of pepper ginger-bread*,] i. e. protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread.

To velvet-guards⁶, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher⁷. An the indentures be drawn, I'll
away

bread. What we now call *spice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *To velvet-guards,*] To such as have their cloaths adorned with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNS.

Velvet guards appear to have been a city fashion. So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

“Nay, I myself will wear the courtly grace:

“Out on these *velvet guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves,

“These simp'ring fashions simply followed!” STEEVENS.

To *velvet guards* means, I believe, to the higher rank of female citizens, the wives of either merchants or wealthy shopkeepers. It appears from the following passage in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the best dress of a city lady in the time of our author:

“*Frances.* But Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married?

“*Civet.* No, Franke, [i. e. Frances,] I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a *garded gown*, and a French hood.”

Fynes Morison is still more express to the same point, and furnishes us with the best comment on the words before us. Describing the dress of various orders of people in England, he says, “At publick meetings the aldermen of London weere skarlet gownes, and their wives a close gown of skarlet, with *gardes* of black velvet.” ITIN. fol. 1617. P. III. p. 179. *Gards* have been already explained. See Vol. II. p. 66, n. 9.

MALONE.

⁷ 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher.] I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore he excuses his lady. JOHNSON.

The next way is the nearest way. Tailors seem to have been as remarkable for singing as weavers, of whose musical turn Shakspeare has more than once made mention. B. and Fletcher, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, speak of this quality in the former: “Never trust a taylor that does not sing at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching.” STEEVENS.

One instance may suffice, to shew that *next* has been rightly interpreted: “—and when mattens was done, the erles and the lordes went the next way to the deane's place to breckfast.” Ives's *Select Papers*, 4to, 1773, p. 165.

This passage has been interpreted as if the latter member of the sentence were explanatory of the former; but surely they are entirely distinct. The plain meaning is, that he who makes a common practice

of

away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this, our book is drawn³; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales
and I,

Must have some private conference: But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service⁹ I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life¹,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts²,
Such

of singing, reduces himself to the condition *either* of a tailor, or a teacher of musick to birds. That *tailors* were remarkable for *singing* in our author's time, he has himself informed us elsewhere. "Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, (says Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*), that ye squeak out your coziers' catches, without any mitigation or remorse of voice?" See Vol. IV. p. 38, n. 7. MALONE.

⁸ —our book is drawn;] i. e. our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book*, on the registers of ancient publication. STEEVENS.

⁹ For some displeasing service—] Service for action, simply. WARB.

¹ —in thy passages of life,] i. e. in the passages of thy life.

STEEVENS.

² —such lewd, such mean attempts,] Mean attempts, are mean, unworthy

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg³,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks⁴ and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost⁵,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man

worthy undertakings. Lewd does not in this place barely signify wanton, but licentious. STEEVENS.

The word is thus used in many of our ancient statutes. MALONE.

³ *Yet such extenuation let me beg, &c.*] The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that, upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true. I should read *on reproof*, instead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakespeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—pick-thanks—*] i. e. officious parasites. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,*] The prince was removed from being president of the council, immediately after he struck the judge. STEEVENS.

Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of an anachronism. The prince's removal from council in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury (1603). His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed President of the Council in his room, and he was not created a duke till the 13th year of K. Henry IV. (1411.) MALONE.

Prophe-

Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession⁶;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
 That men would tell their children, *This is he*;
 Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven⁷,

And

⁶ —loyal to possession;] True to him that had then possession of the crown. JOHNSON.

⁷ And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,] This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole fire from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, so with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were supposed jealous in appropriating *reason* to themselves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courtesy* from thence, by which power is best procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquisitely great and beautiful. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of this passage appears to me very questionable. The poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courtesy* (even understanding it to signify *affability*) the characteristic attribute of those deities.—The meaning, I apprehend, is,—*I was so affable and popular, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus defrauded Heaven of its worshippers.*

Courtesy may be here used for the respect and obeisance paid by an inferior to a superior. So, in this play:

“To dog his heels and *court'sy* at his frowns.”

In Act V. it is used for a respectful salute, in which sense it was applied formerly to *men* as well as *women*:

“I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,

“That he shall shrink under my *courtesy*.”

Again, in the Hist. of Edward IV. annexed to Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543:—“which thyng if I could have forfene,—I would never have wonne the *courtisies* of men's knees with the loss of so many heades.”

This interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines, which contain a kindred thought:

“And dress'd myself in such humility,

“That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.”

And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts⁸,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at⁹: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits¹,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state²;

Henry, I think, means to say, that he robbed *heaven* of its *worship*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his subjects. MALONE.

⁸ *That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,*] Apparently copied from Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593:

"The Pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,

"And pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts."

In another place in the same play, we meet with the phrase used here:

"—— Then here upon my knees

"I pluck allegiance from her." MALONE.

⁹ *My presence, like a robe pontifical,*

Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at:] So in our author's 52d Sonnet:

"Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,

"To make some special instant special-blest,

"By new unfolding his imprison'd pride." MALONE.

¹ — *rash bavin wits,*] *Rash* is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. JOHNSON.

Rash is, I believe, *fierce, violent*. So, in *K. Richard II.*

"His *rash* fierce blaze of riot cannot last."

In Shakspeare's time *bavin* was used for *kindling* fires. See Florio's SECOND FRUTES, quarto, 1591, ch. I: "There is no fire.—Make a little blaze with a *bavin*." MALONE.

² — *carded his state;*] Dr. Warburton supposes that *carded*, or *'scarded*, (for so he would read,) means *discarded*, threw it off. Mr. Steevens thinks the king means, that Richard mingled and carded together his royal state with, &c. "the metaphor being" (as he supposes) "taken from mixing *coarse* wool with *fine*, and carding them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished." But to *card* does not mean to mix coarse wool with fine, as Mr. Mason has justly observed, but simply to work wool with a card or teazel, so as to prepare it for spinning. I should mention, however, that Mr. S. has produced an instance in which to *card* seems to be used for to mix. "You *card* your beer, (if you see your guests begin to be drunk) half small, half strong." Greene's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620.

I am unable to throw any light on this difficult passage. MALONE.
Mingled

Mingled his royalty with capering fools³;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
 And gave his countenance, against his name⁴,
 To laugh at gibing boys⁵, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative⁶:

³ — *with capering fools*;] Thus the first quarto, 1598. In the second, printed in 1599, *capering* was changed into *carping*, and that word was transmitted through all the subsequent quartos. Hence, it is also the reading of the folio, which appears to have been printed from the quarto of 1613. Had all the quartos read *capering*, and the folio *carping*, the latter reading might derive some strength from the authority of that copy; but the change having been made arbitrarily, or by chance, in 1599, it has no pretensions of that kind. Mr. Steevens agrees with me in thinking the original, the true reading.

It may be further observed, that "*capering fools*" were very proper companions for a "*skipping king*;" and that Falstaff in the second part of this play, boasts of his being able to *caper*, as a proof of his youth. "To approve my *youth* further I will not; the truth is, I am old in judgment and understanding; and he that will *caper* with me for a thousand marks," &c.

Carping undoubtedly might also have been used with propriety; having had in our author's time the same signification as at present; though it has been doubted. Minshieu explains it in his *Dict.* 1617, thus. "To taunt, to find fault with, or bite with words." MALONE.

⁴ *And gave his countenance, against his name,*] Made his presence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

Against his name, is, I think, parenthetical. He gave his countenance, (to the diminution of his name or character,) to laugh, &c. In plain English, he honoured gibing boys with his company, and dishonoured himself by joining in their mirth. MALONE.

⁵ *To laugh at gibing boys,—*] i. e. at the *jest*s of gibing boys.

MALONE.

⁶ *Of every beardless vain comparative:*] Of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the king's.

When Lewis XIV. was asked, why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery, he answered, that he who practised raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Conversation.* JOHNSON.

I believe comparative means here, one who affects wit, a *dealer in comparisons*: what Shakspeare calls, somewhere else, if I remember right, a *simile-monger*. "The most *comparative* prince" has already occurred in the play before us, and the following passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, is yet more apposite in support of this interpretation:

"—The world's large tongue

"Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

"Full of *comparisons*, and wounding flouts." MALONE.

Grew

Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity⁷:
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes⁸,
 They surfeited with honey; and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation; not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tendernefs.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,

⁷ Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:] Gave himself up absolutely and entirely to popularity. A *feoffment* was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England were granted in fee-simple for several ages, till the conveyance of Lease and Release was invented by Sergeant Moor, about the year 1630. Every deed of feoffment was accompanied with *livery of seisin*, that is with the delivery of corporal possession of the land or tenement granted in fee. MALONE.

⁸ That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,—] Nearly the same expression occurs in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

"The people's eyes have fed them with my sight." MALONE.

He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession⁹:
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
 Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate¹ against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest² enemy?
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—

⁹ *He hath more worthy interest to the state,*

Than thou, the shadow of succession:] This is obscure. I believe the meaning is—Hotspur hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who hast only the *shadowy right of lineal succession*, while he has real and solid power. JOHNSON.

¹ *Capitulate*—] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles. STEEVENS.

To *capitulate*, Minshieu explains thus: “—*per capita seu articulos pacisci*,” and nearly in this sense, I believe, it is used here. The Percies, we are told by Walsingham, sent about letters containing three *articles*, or principal grievances, on which their rising was founded: and to this perhaps our author alludes. MALONE.

² —*dearest*—] *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous. JOHNSON.

To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To shew how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask³,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:

³ *And stain my favours in a bloody mask,*] Favours are features.

JOHNSON.

I am not certain that *favours*, in this place, means *features*, or that the plural number of *favour* in that sense is ever used. I believe *favours* mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. So, in this play:

"Then let my *favours* hide thy bloody face:"
where the prince must have meant his scarf.

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1626:

"Aruns, these crimson *favours*, for thy sake,

"I'll wear upon my forehead *mask'd with blood*." STEEVENS.

The word *garments* in the preceding line seems to confirm Mr. Steevens's explanation. MASON.

The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this ;—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of⁴.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word⁵,—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;
 With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
 For this advertisement is five days old :—
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set

⁴ *So hath the business that I come to speak of.]* So also the business that I come to speak of, hath *speed* ; i. e. requires immediate attention and dispatch. Mr. Pope changed *hath* to *is*, and the alteration has been adopted, in my opinion unnecessarily, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

⁵ *Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,]* There was no such person as *lord Mortimer of Scotland* ; but there was a *lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the king.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the king's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being the earl of March in England, the other earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer*, instead of *March*.

Forward ; on Thursday, we ourselves will march :
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
 Advantage feeds him⁶ fat, while men delay. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

East-cheap. *A Room in the Boar's-head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown⁷ ; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking^{*} ; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse⁸ ; the inside of a church⁹ : Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard.

⁶ feeds him —] i. e. himself. MALONE.

⁷ —my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ;] Pope has in the *Dunciad* availed himself of this idea :

“ In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin.” MALONE.

^{*} —while I am in some liking ;] While I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *good-liking* in the same sense in a former play. MALONE.

⁸ —a brewer's horse ;—] I suppose a *brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A *brewer's horse* is, however, mentioned in *Aristippus*, or *The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630 : “ — to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a sin as to call Pegasus a *brewer's horse*.” STEEVENS.

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary some striking *dissimilitude*. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse* ; just as in Act II. sc. iv. he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as a *rogue*—a *Jew*—an *Ebrew Jew*—a *bunch of raddish*—a *horse*. TYRW.

⁹ I am a pepper corn, a brewer's horse ; the inside of a church :]

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp¹.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as

The latter words (*the inside of a church*) were, I suspect, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Falstaff is here mentioning (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed) things to which he is very unlike; things remarkably small and thin. How can the *inside of a church* come under that description?

Perhaps, however, the allusion may be to the pious uses to which churches are appropriated.—“*I am as thin as a brewer's horse; I am as holy as the inside of a church.*” Or Falstaff may be here only repeating his former words—*The inside of a church!*—without any connexion with the words immediately preceding. My first conjecture appears to me the most probable. MALONE.

As the inside of a church consists of a vacant choir, there is humour in Falstaff's comparison of himself, who is *all filled up with guts and midriff*, to such an empty building. STEEVENS.

It should however be remembered, that churches are not always empty, though the congregations in them are often thin; and that there is nothing in the text to shew that Falstaff means an *empty church*. MALONE.

¹ —*the knight of the burning lamp.*] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom. JOHNSON.

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. STEEVENS.

many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori* : I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be, By this fire² : but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph³, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches⁴, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap⁵, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years ; Heaven reward me for it !

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

² — *By this fire :*] Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add :—*that's God's Angel.* STEEVENS.

The first quarto, 1598, reads—By *that* fire, that's God's angel.

MALONE.

³ *O, thou art a perpetual triumph,*] See Vol. II. p. 442, n. 4.

MALONE.

⁴ — *Thou hast saved me a thousand marks, &c.*] This passage stands in need of no explanation ; but I cannot help seizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakspeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps,) *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. In *Pierce Pennyles's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595 : "It is said that you went up and down London, crying like a *lantern and candle man*." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *good cheap*—] *Cheap* is market, and *good cheap* therefore is a *bon marché*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599 :

"If this weather hold, we shall have hay *good cheap*."

Cheap (as Dr. Johnson has observed) is undoubtedly an old word for market. From this word *East-cheap*, *Chep-stow*, *Cheap-side*, &c. are derived. STEEVENS.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet⁶ the hen? have you enquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by drinkings and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich?⁷ let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me⁸? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I

⁶ — dame Partlet —] Dame Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of the *Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called dame Pertelote. STEEVENS.

⁷ — What call you rich? —] A face set with carbuncles is called a rich face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* JOHNSON.

⁸ — a younker of me? —] A younker is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull'd. STEEVENS.

shall

shall have my pocket pick'd⁹? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Hof. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack¹, a sneak-cup; and,

9 — *shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd?*] There is a peculiar force in these words. To take mine ease in mine *inne*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's house is his castle;" for *inne* originally signified a house or habitation. [Sax. *inne*, *domus*, *domicilium*.] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify a house of entertainment, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakspeare: or perhaps Falstaff here humourously puns upon the word *inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

In John Heywood's *Works*, 1598, quarto, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. 6. is the following:

"Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,

"To let the world wag, and take my ease in mine *inne*."

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Ease in an Inne*.]

"Thou takest thine ease in thine *inne* so nye thee,

"That no man in his *inne* can take ease by thee."

Otherwise:

"Thou takest thine ease in thine *inne*, but I see,

"Thine *inne* taketh neither ease nor profit by thee."

Now in the first of these distichs the word *inne* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *inne* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present. PERCY.

Gabriel Hervey, in a MS. note to Speght's *Chaucer*, says, "Some of Heywood's epigrams are supposed to be the conceits and devices of pleasant sir Thomas More."

Inne, for a habitation, or recess, is frequently used by Spenser and other ancient writers. Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "The beggar Irus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would take his ease in his *inne* as well as the peeres of Ithaca." STEEVENS.

I believe *inns* differed from castles, in not being of so much consequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified.—So *Inns* of court, and in the universities before the endowment of colleges. Thus Trinity College, Cambridge, was made out of, and built on the site of, several inns. L——.

¹ — *the prince is a Jack*,] This term of contempt occurs frequently in our authour. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, Catharine calls her musick-master, in derision, a twangling *Jack*. See Vol. I. p. 217, n. *, and Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion².

Hof. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grand-father's.

P. Hen. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Hof. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune³; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox;

² — *Newgate-fashion.*] As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. JOHNSON.

So in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "Why then, come; we'll walk arm in arm, as though we were leading one another to Newgate." REED.

³ — *There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; &c.*] The propriety of these similes I am not sure that I fully understand.

A stew'd

fox⁴; and for woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee⁵. Go, you thing, go.
Hof.

A *stew'd prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taste. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox *often bunted*; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for pursuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* suit better to the *prune*. These are very slender disquisitions, but such is the task of a commentator. JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse*, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a *dish of stew'd prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing in her shop."

In *Measure for Measure*, act II. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying, "that she came in great with child, and longing for *stew'd prunes*, which stood in a dish," &c.

Slender, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a *dish of stew'd prunes*.

In *The Knave of Harts*, a collection of satyrical poems, 1612, a wanton knave is mentioned, as taking

"Burnt wine, *stew'd prunes*, a punk to solace him."

Again, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640: "—to be drunk with cream and *stewed prunes*!—Pox on't, bawdy-house fare."

The passages already quoted are sufficient to shew that a *dish of stew'd prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

From *A Treatise on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of his majesty's surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for those persons already infected; and that both *stew'd prunes* and roasted apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *stew'd prunes*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of *stew'd prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called *Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance*, 1595, we have—"A stock of wenches, set up with their *stew'd prunes*, nine for a tester." FARMER.

⁴ —a *drawn fox*;] A *drawn fox* is a fox drawn over the ground to exercise the hounds. I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xviii. cap. 39: "Insiper fingit

Hof. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hof. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, fir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh⁶; a man knows not where to have her.

Hof. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hof. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

finger se mortuam," &c. This particular and many others relative to the subtilty of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers. STEEVENS.

Mr. Heath observes, that "a fox drawn over the ground to leave a scent, and exercise the hounds, may be said to have no truth in it, because it deceives the hounds, who run with the same eagerness as if they were in pursuit of a real fox." MALONE.

5 — *maid Marian may be, &c.*] *Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris. JOHNSON.

In the ancient songs of *Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. PERCY.

It appears from the old play of the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name assumed by *Martilda* the daughter of *Robert Lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a state of outlawry. This lady was afterwards poisoned by king John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity. Drayton has written her Legend.

Shakspeare speaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown. See Figure 2 in the plate at the end of this play, with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEV.

⁶ — *neither fish nor flesh*;] So, the proverb; "*Neither fish nor flesh*, nor good red herring." STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Hof. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack⁷, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break⁸!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, firrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imbois'd rascal⁹, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of fugar-candy to

7 — *he call'd you Jack,*] See p. 217, n. 1. MALONE.

⁸ *I pray God my girdle break!*] This wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter. MALONE.

— *my girdle break,*] Alluding to the old adage, “ungirt, unblest.” Thus in the *Phantastick Age*, bl. l. an ancient ballad:

“Ungirt, unblest, the proverbe says,

“And they, to prove it right,

“Have got a fashion now a days,

“That's odious to the sight;

“Like Frenchmen, all on points they stand,

“No girdles now they wear,” &c.

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in *'Tis Merry when Gossips meet*, a poem, quarto, 1609:

“How say'st thou, Bessie? shall it be so, girle? speake:

“If I make one, pray God *my girdle break!*” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *imbois'd rascal,*—] *Imbois'd* is *swoln*, puffy. JOHNSON.

make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these¹, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong²: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

P. Hen. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too³.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two

¹ — if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, &c.] As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phrase, I suppose, the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—injuries. STEEVENS.

² — you will not pocket up wrong:—] Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose Falstaff in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution *not to pocket up wrongs or injuries*, to which the Prince alludes. JOHNSON.

³ — do it with unwash'd hands too.] i. e. Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.—Perhaps, however, Falstaff alludes to the ancient adage: "*Illotis manibus tractare sacra.*" I find the same expression in *Acolastus* a comedy, 1540: "Why be these holy thynges to be medled with with unwashed hands?" STEEVENS.

and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.— Go, Poins, to horse⁴, to horse; for thou, and I, Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.—

Jack, meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARD.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth, In this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas⁵ have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp

⁴ *Go, Poins, to horse,—*] I cannot but think that Peto is again put for Poins. I suppose the copy had only a P—. We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but lieutenant to Falstaff.

JOHNSON.

The old copies read, *Go, Peto, to horse*. In further support of Dr. Johnson's emendation, it may be observed, that Poins suits the metre of the line, which would be destroyed by a word of two syllables. MALONE.

⁵ — the *Douglas*—] This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of the Douglas family. STEEVENS.

Should

Should go so general current through the world.
 By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy
 The tongues of fooners ; but a braver place
 In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself :
 Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
 But I will beard him ⁶.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well :—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord ; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick,
 In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?

Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord ⁷.

⁶ *But I will beard him.*] To *beard* is to oppose face to face in a hostile or daring manner. So in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— met them dareful, beard to beard.”

This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *bead* a man was to cut off his head, and to *beard* him signify'd to cut off his beard ; a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 4 :

“ And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,

“ Made of the beards of kings.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.*] The earliest quarto, 1598, reads—not I my *mind* ;—the compositor having inadvertently repeated the word *mind*, which had occurred immediately before ; an error which often happens at the press. The printer of the third quarto, in 1604, not seeing how the mistake had arisen, in order to obtain some sense, changed *my* to *bis*, reading, “ not I *bis* mind,” which was followed in all the subsequent ancient editions. The present correction, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Capell. In two of the other speeches spoken by the messenger, he uses the same language, nor is it likely that he should address Hotspur, without this mark of respect. In his first speech the messenger is interrupted by the impetuosity of the person whom he addresses, to whom, it may be supposed, he would otherwise have there also given his title. MALONE.

Wor.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited ;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—*
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn ; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd³, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us :
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now⁹ ;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it :—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good : for therein should we read¹

The

* —that inward sickness—] A line, probably, has here been lost.

MALONE.

³ On any soul remov'd,—] On any less near to himself : on any whose interest is remote. JOHNSON. See Vol. II. p. 18, n. 4. MALONE.

⁹ —no quailing now ;] To quail is to languish, to sink into dejection. STEEVENS.

¹ —for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope ;

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.] I once wished to read—tread, instead of read ; but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To read a bound is certainly a very harsh phrase, but not more so than many others of Shak-

The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains ² a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement ³ lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt ⁴

Brook

spere. At the same time that *the bottom* of their fortunes should be displayed, its *circumference* or boundary would be necessarily exposed to view. *Sight* being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakespeare's licentious language, for *to see*.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *K. Henry VI.* strongly confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

"Which sees into the bottom of my grief?"

And this in *Measure for Measure*:

"—— and it concerns me

"To look into the bottom of my place."

One of the phrases in the text is found in *Twelfth Night*: "She is the list of my voyage." The other [the *soul* of hope] occurs frequently in our authour's plays, as well as in those of his contemporaries. Thus, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, we find—"the soul of counsel;" and in *Troilus and Cressida*—"the soul of love." So also, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:

"—— Your desperate arm

"Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope." MALONE.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"—— we then should see the bottom

"Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

² Where now remains —] *Where* is, I think, used here for *whereas*. It is often used with that signification by our authour and his contemporaries. MALONE.

³ A comfort of retirement—] A support to which we may have recourse. JOHNSON.

⁴ The quality and hair of our attempt] The hair seems to be the complexion, the character. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our authour's time. We still say, something is against the hair, as against the grain, that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

Brooks no division : It will be thought
 By some, that know not why he is away,
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
 And think, how such an apprehension
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,
 And breed a kind of question in our cause :
 For, well you know, we of the offering side ⁵
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
 And stop all fight-holes, every loop, from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain ⁶,
 That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use ;
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprize,
 Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom ; with his help,

In an old comedy call'd *The Family of Love*, I meet with an expression which very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation : " They say, I am of the right *bair*, and indeed they may stand to't." STEEVENS.

This word is used in the same sense in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1660 :

" But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *baire*." MALONE.

⁵ — *we of the offering side*] The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers* ; increases its numbers only by *promises*. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment ; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage : and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight.

The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition to the *defendant* ; and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *This absence of your father's draws a curtain,*] i. e. draws it open. So, in a stage-direction in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. (quarto 1600) : " Then the curtaines being drawne, duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed."

MALONE.

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales ?
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind⁸;

Bated

⁷ *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakspeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the Prince : “ He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-buck, or doe, in a large park.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind ;*] This is one of those passages, in which, in my apprehension, there can be no doubt that there is some corruption, either by the omission of an entire line, or by one word being printed instead of another. The first quarto, which is followed by all the other ancient copies, reads :

All plum'd like estridges, that *with* the wind,
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.

From the Context it appears to me evident that two distinct comparisons were here intended, that two objects were mentioned, to *each* of which the prince's troops were compared ; and that our author could never mean to compare *estridges* to *eagles*, a construction which the word *with* forces us to. In each of the subsequent lines a distinct image is given.—Besides, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, “ What is the meaning of *estridges that bated with the wind like eagles* ? for the relative *that* in the usual construction must relate to estridges.”

Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in thinking the old text corrupt. I have

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd^o;
Glittering in golden coats, like images¹;

As

have therefore adopted the slight alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson—that *wing* the wind; which gives an easy sense.—The *spirit* and *ardour* of the troops are marked by their being compared to eagles in the next line; but the *estruges* appear to be introduced here, as in the passage quoted below from Drayton, by Mr. Steevens, solely on account of the soldiers' *plumes*; and the manner in which those birds are said to move, sufficiently explains the meaning of the words—that *wing* the wind. If this emendation be not just, and *with* be the true reading, a line must have been lost, in which the particular movement of the *estrige* was described. The concurrence of the copies (mentioned by Mr. Steevens in a subsequent note) militates but little in my mind against the probability of such an omission; for in general, I have observed, that whenever there is a corruption in one copy, it is continued in every subsequent one. Omission is one of the most frequent errors of the press, and we have undoubted proofs that some lines were omitted in the early editions of these plays. See Vol. II. p. 4, n. 4; Vol. V. p. 36, n. 5; and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. iv. See also *King Henry VI.* P. II. Act III. sc. iv. where the following line is omitted in the folio, 1623:

“Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?”

There is still another objection to the old reading, that I had nearly forgotten. Supposing the expression—“that *with* the wind bated like eagles”—was defensible, and that these *estruges* were intended to be compared to eagles, why should the comparison be in the *past* time? Would it not be more natural to say, The troops were all plumed like *estruges*, that, like eagles, *bate* with the wind, &c.

On the whole, I think it most probable that a line in which the motion of *estruges* was described, was inadvertently passed over by the transcriber or compositor, when the earliest copy was printed; an error which has indisputably happened in other places in these plays. It is observable, that in this passage, as it stands in the old copy, there is no verb: nothing is predicated concerning the troops. In the lost line it was probably said, that they were then *advancing*. Rather, however, than print the passage with asterisks as imperfect, I have, as the lesser evil, adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation. I shall subjoin Mr. Steevens's notes, because they perfectly explain the text as now regulated; but it is proper at the same time to add, that he is of opinion the reading of the old copy is intelligible. MALONE.

I believe *estruges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. I should have suspected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the same reading.

In the 22d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the same thought:

Q3

“Prince

As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on²,

“ Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been :

“ The Mountfords *all in plumes, like estridges*, were seen.” STEEVENS

I have little doubt that instead of *with*, some verb ought to be substituted here. Perhaps it should be *whisk*. The word is used by a writer of Shakspeare's age. *England's Helcon*, sign. 2 :

“ This said, he *whisk'd* his particoloured wings.” TYRWHITT.

All plum'd like *estridges*,] All dressed like the prince himself, the *strick-feather* being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. GREY.

⁹ Bated like eagles *bawing* lately bath'd:] Bated is, I believe, here used for *bating*, the passive for the active participle; a licence which our author often takes. So, in *Othello* :

“ If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack.”

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors* :

“ And careful hours, with time's *deformed* hand.”

To *bate*, as appears from Mintheu's *Dict.* 1617, was originally applied to birds of prey, when they swoop upon their quarry. *S'abbatre, se devaller*. Fr. Hence it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, to flutter, “ a Gal. *batre*, (says Mintheu,) i. e. to beat, because she [the hawk] beats herself with unquiet fluttering.” MALONE.

To *bate* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat* the wing, from the French, *battre*; that is, to flutter in preparation for flight. JOHNSON

Writers on falconry often mention the *bating* of hawks and eagles, as highly necessary for their health and spirits.—All birds after bathing, (which almost all birds are fond of,) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them, in order to dry themselves. This in the falconer's language is called *bating*.—It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits as immediately after bathing. STEEVENS.

¹ *Glittering in golden coats, like images* ;] This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. STEEV.

² *I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,*] The face being partly covered by the beaver, Dr. Warburton, instead of *on*, reads *up*. He seems not to have observed, that Vernon only says, he saw “ young Harry,” not that he saw his *face*. MALONE.

There is no need of change; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down. JOHNSON.

Bever and *visiere* were two different parts of the helmet. The former part let down to enable the wearer to drink; the latter was raised up to enable him to see. L——.

Shakspeare however confounded them; for, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says, that he saw the old king's face, because “ he wore his *beaver* up.”

MALONE.

His

His cuisses on his thighs³, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted⁴ with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world⁵ with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:

³ His cuisses] *Cuisses*, French, armour for the thighs. POPE.

The reason why his *cuisses* are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised, and the *cuisses* are that part of armour which most hinders a horseman's activity. JOHNSON.

⁴ And vaulted—] The context requires *vault*, but a word of one syllable will not suit the metre. Perhaps our author wrote *vault it*, a mode of phraseology of which there are some examples in these plays.

MALONE.

⁵ And witch—] For bewitch, charm. POPE.

Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

A publick road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto⁶ meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a fouced gurnet⁷. I have mis-used the king's pelfs damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pelfs me none but good householders, yeomen's sons : enquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans ; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck⁸.

⁶ —*lieutenant Peto* —] This passage proves that Peto did not go with the prince. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*fouced gurnet.*] is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

A gurnet is a fish very nearly resembling a piper. MALONE.

⁸ —*worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild duck.*] Thus the first quarto, 1598. In a subsequent copy (1608) the word *fowl* being erroneously printed *fool*, that error was adopted in the quarto 1613, and consequently in the folio, which was printed from it. MALONE.

Fowl seems to have been the word designed by the poet, who might have thought an opposition between *fowl*, i. e. domestick birds, and *wild-fowl*, sufficient on this occasion. He has almost the same expression in *Much Ado about Nothing* : " Alas, poor hurt fowl ! now will he creep into sedges." STEEVENS.

I pelfs'd

I prefs'd me none but such toasts and butter⁹, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers¹, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace²; ten times more dishonourable ragged, than an old faced ancient³: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow

⁹ — *such toasts and butter,*—] This term of contempt is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*: "They love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell fuckers." STEEVENS.

"Londiners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproch called cocknies, and eaters of buttered tostes." Moryson's *ITIN.* 1617. MALONE.

³ — *younger sons to younger brothers,*] Raleigh, in his *Discourse on War*, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the discourse. JOHNSON.

Perhaps O. Cromwell was indebted to this speech, for the sarcasm which he threw out on the soldiers commanded by Hambden: "Your troops are most of them *old decayed servingmen and tapsters*, &c.

STEEVENS.

² — *cankers of a calm word, and a long peace;*] So, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the devil*, 1592: "—all the canker-wormes that breed on the rust of peace." STEEVENS.

³ — *ten times more dishonourable ragged, than an old faced ancient:*] How is an old-faced ancient or ensign, dishonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is esteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. WARBURTON.

I know not whether the licentiousness of our author's diction may not allow us to suppose that he meant to represent his soldiers, as *more ragged*, though less honourably ragged, than an old ancient. JOHNSON.

An *old, fac'd ancient*, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are distinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim* it; an expression at present in use. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. So, in this play:

"To

fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on⁴; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half⁵ in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY, and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

“To face the garment of rebellion

“With some fine colour.” STEEVENS.

So in *the Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:—“full of holes, like a shot ancient.”—The modern editors, instead of *dis honourable* read *dis honourably*; but the change is unnecessary, for our author frequently uses adjectives adverbially. So again in this play:

“And since this business to fair is done.”

Again, in *K. Henry VIII*: “He is equal ravenous as he is subtle.” Again, in *Hamlet*: “I am myself indifferent honest.” Again, in *the Taming of the Shrew*:

“Her only fault—

“Is that she is intolerable curst.”

See also Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2. MALONE.

⁴ —gyves on;] i. e. shackles. POPE.

⁵ There's but a shirt and a half—] The old copies read—There's not a shirt, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. In *the Merchant of Venice*, printed by J. Roberts, 4to. 1600, but has taken the place of not:

“Repent but you that you shall lose your friend.” MALONE.

P. Hen,

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to tofs⁶; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and
VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

⁶ —good enough to tofs;] That is, to tofs upon a pike. JOHNS.

Ver.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas : by my life,
 (And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
 If well-respected honour bid me on,
 I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
 As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives :—
 Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
 Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
 Being men of such great leading⁷ as you are,
 That you foresee not what impediments
 Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
 That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
 In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
 The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpets sound a parley.*]

Enter Sir Walter BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
 If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt ; And would to God,
 You were of our determination !
 Some of us love you well : and even those some
 Envy your great deservings, and good name ;
 Because you are not of our quality⁸,
 But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt.

⁷ — *such great leading*—] Such conduct, such experience in martial business. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *of our quality*,] *Quality* in our author's time was frequently used in the sense of *fellowship*, or *occupation*. So, in *the Tempest* : " Task
 Arist

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,
 So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
 You stand against anointed majesty!
 But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefs⁹; and whereupon
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
 Audacious cruelty: If that the king
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
 He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
 You shall have your desires, with interest;
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
 Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same royalty he wears:
 And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
 My father gave him welcome to the shore:
 And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery¹, and beg his peace;

With

Ariel and all his *quality*." i. e. all those who were employed with Ariel in similar services or occupations; his fellows. Again, in *Hamlet*:—"give me a taste of your *quality*." MALONE.

⁹ —of your griefs;] That is, *grievances*. So in *A Declaration of the Treasons of the late Earle of Essex, &c.* 1601: "The Lord Keeper required the Earle of Essex, that if he would not declare his *griefs* openly, yet that then he would impart them privately." See Vol. IV. p. 50, n. 3. MALONE.

¹ To sue his livery,] During the existence of the feudal tenures, on the death of any of the king's tenants, an inquest of office, called *inquisitio post mortem*, was held, to inquire of what lands he died seized, who was his heir, of what age he was, &c. and in those cases where the heir was a minor, he became the ward of the crown; the land was seized by its officers, and continued in its possession, or that of the person to whom the crown granted it, till the heir came of age, and sued out his livery, or *ousterlemaine*, that is, the delivery of the land out

With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less² came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs; as pages followed him³,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh⁴;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;

of his guardian's hands. To regulate these inquiries, which were greatly abused, many persons being compelled to sue out livery from the crown, who were by no means tenants thereunto, the *Court of Wards and Liveries* was erected by Stat. 32 Hen. VIII. c. 46. See Blackstone's COMM. II. 61. III. 258. MALONE.

² *The more and less—*] i. e. the greater and the less. STEEVENS.

³ *Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,*] Perhaps we ought to point differently:

Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him, &c. MALONE.

⁴ *Upon the naked shore &c.*] In this whole speech he alludes again to some passages in *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

And, in the neck of that *, task'd the whole state ⁵:
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales ⁶,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited;
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
 And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety ⁷; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall mine uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief ⁸,
 With winged haste, to the lord marshal ⁹;

* *And in the neck of that, &c.]* So, in the *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566:
 "Great mischiefs succedying one in another's neck. HENDERSON.

⁵ — *task'd the whole state:]* *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*: it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. So in Holinshed, p. 422: "There was a new and strange subsidie or *taske* granted to be levied for the king's use." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *incag'd in Wales,]* The old copies have *engag'd*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁷ *This head of safety;]* This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *sealed brief,]* A *brief* is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *to the lord marshal;]* Thomas Lord Mowbray. MALONE.

This

This to my cousin Scroop ; and all the rest
To whom they are directed : if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste :

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.

To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch : For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry : and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion ¹,)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew too ²,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear ;
There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry
Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester ; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is : but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together ;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed :
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king

¹ — in the first proportion,)] Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.

² — a rated sinew too,] A rated sinew signifies a strength on which we reckoned ; a help of which we made account. JOHNSON.

Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
 Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
 To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V³. SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir Walter BLUNT, and Sir John FALSTAFF⁴.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon busky hill⁵! the day looks pale
 At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes⁶;
 And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
 Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER, and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well
 That you and I should meet upon such terms

³ *Act V.*] It seems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into acts. The division which was made by the players in the first folio, seems commodious enough, but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himself able to make a better. JOHNSON.

⁴ In the old and modern editions the Earl of Westmoreland is made to enter here with the king; but it appears from a passage in the next scene that he was left as a hostage in Hotspur's camp, till Worcester should return from treating with Henry. See p. 247, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ — *busky bill!*] *Busky* is woody. (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *to his purposes*;) That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. JOHNSON.

As now we meet : You have deceiv'd our trust ;
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to't ? will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?
 And move in that obedient orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and naturall light ;
 And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :

For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours ; for I do protest,
 I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not fought it ! how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace⁷.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
 Of favour, from myself, and all our house ;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends :
 For you, my staff of office⁸ did I break

⁷ *Peace, chewet, peace.*] A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noisy chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jest. THEOBALD.

In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which from their ingredients seem to have been fat greasy puddings ; and to these it is highly probable that the prince alludes. Both the quartos and folio spell the word as it now stands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* " As for *chuet*s, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk," &c. It appears from a receipt in the *Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, by the Master Cook of King Richard II.* and published by Mr. Pegge, 8vo. 1780, that these *chewets* were fried in oil. See p. 83 of that work. Cotgrave's *Dictionary* explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie resembling our *chuet*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *my staff of office*—] See *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time ; You swore to us,—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The feat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
 To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
 What with the injuries of a wanton time⁹ :
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand :
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird¹,
 Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
 Whereby we stand opposed² by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;

⁹ — *the injuries of a wanton time :*] i. e. the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. MUSGRAVE.

¹ *As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,*] The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. JOHNSON.

² — *we stand opposed—*] We stand in opposition to you. JOHNSON.

By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Hen. These things, indeed you have articulated³,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour⁴, that may please the eye
Offickle changelings, and poor discontents⁵,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation :
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time⁶
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
This present enterprize set off his head⁷,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more-valiant-young⁸,

³ —articulated,] i. e. exhibited in articles. So in the *Spanish Tragedy* :

“ To end those things articulated here.” STEEVENS.

⁴ To face the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour,] This is an allusion to our ancient fantastic habits, which were usually faced or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date :

“ His hosen shall be freshly garded

“ Wyth colours two or thre. STEEVENS.

⁵ —poor discontents,] Poor discontents are poor discontented people, as we now say—malecontents. So in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604 :

“ What, play I well the free-breath'd discontent ?” MALONE.

⁶ —starving for a time—] i. e. impatiently expecting a time, &c. So, in the *Comedy of Errors* :

“ And now again clean starved for a look.” MALONE.

⁷ —set off his head,—] i. e. taken from his account. MUSGRAVE.

⁸ More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,] The same kind of gingle is in Sydney's *Asiropbel and Stella* :

“ —young-wife, wise-valiant.” STEEVENS.

More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are mis-led upon your cousin's part:
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER, and VERNON.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:
 And God besfriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and Prince John.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and be-
 stride me⁹, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

⁹ — and bestride me,] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when
 king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester.
 STEEVENS.

So again, in *the Comedy of Errors*:¹

“When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took

“Deep scars, to save thy life.” MALONE.

P. Hen. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [Exit.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon¹, and so ends my catechism.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER, and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard, The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes²:

¹ —honour is a mere scutcheon,] A *scutcheon*, is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions: and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour is but a name. *WARBURTON.*

² *Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:*] The same image of *suspicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster. *JOHNSON.*

All the old copies read—*supposition.* *STEEVENS.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *MALONE.*

For treason is but trusted like the fox;
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks;
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespasss may be well forgot,
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
 And an adopted name of privilege,—
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur³, govern'd by a spleen:
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's;—we did train him on;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR, *and* DOUGLAS; *and* Officers *and*
Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd;—Deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland⁴.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland⁵.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you⁶ and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

³ — *an adopted name of privilege,*

A bare-brain'd Hotspur,] The name of Hotspur will privilege him from censure. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *Deliver up*

My lord of Westmoreland,] He was "impawned as a surety for the safe return" of Worcester. See Act IV. sc. last. MALONE.

⁵ *Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland,]* This line, as well as the next, (as has been observed by one of the modern editors,) probably belongs to Hotspur, whose impatience would scarcely suffer any one to anticipate him on such an occasion. MALONE.

⁶ *Lord Douglas, go you &c,]* Douglas is here used as a trisyllable. MALONE.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd⁷, did bear it ;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking⁸ ? seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you⁹:

And,

⁷ *And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,*] *Engag'd* is delivered as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

⁸ *How shew'd his tasking ?*] Thus the quarto, 1598. The others, with the folio read—*talking*. STEEVENS.

I know not whether *tasking* is not here used for *taxing* ; i. e. his satirical representation. So, in *As you like it* :

“ — my *taxing*, like a wild goose, flies.”

See p. 239, n. 5. *Tasking*, however, is sufficiently intelligible in its more usual acceptance. We yet say, “ he took him to *task*.” MALONE.

⁹ *By still dispraising praise, valued with you.*] Why this line should be censured by Dr. Warburton as nonsense, I know not. To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise ; and there seems to be

And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 He made a blushing cital¹ of himself;
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he master'd there² a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
 There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
 If he out-live the envy of this day,
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
 On his follies; never did I hear *
 Of any prince, so wild, at liberty³:—
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
 Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,

no reason why Vernon should magnify the prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakspeare forget the foregoing scene? or are some lines lost from the prince's speech? JOHNSON.

I do not suspect any omission. Our author in repeating letters and speeches of former scenes in his plays, seldom attends minutely to what he had written. I believe, in these cases he always trusted to memory. See Vol. IV. p. 35, n. 6. MALONE.

¹ *He made a blushing cital—*] *Cital* for taxation. POPE.

Mr. Pope observes that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather think it means *recital*. The verb is used in that sense in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. sc. i:

“ ——— for we *cite* our faults,

“ That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives.”

Again, in *K. Henry V.* Act V. sc. ii:

“ Whose want gives growth to the imperfections

“ Which you have *cited*,” &c. COLLINS.

² — *be master'd—*] i. e. was master of. STEEVENS.

* — *did I hear*] The latter word is used as a dissyllable. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, reads—*Upon* his follies, &c. which was unnecessarily adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

³ *Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:*] Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—*so wild* a libertie. Perhaps the author wrote—*so wild* a libertine. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ *Tye up* the libertine in the field of feasts.” STEEVENS.

Our author uses the expression in the text again, in *K. Richard III.*:

“ My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

“ And so doth mine. I muse, why *she's at liberty*.” MALONE.

Better

FIRST PART OF

Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance*⁴!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musick let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth⁵, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

⁴ Now—*Esperance*!—] This was the word of battle on Percy's side. See Hall's *Cronicle*, folio 22. POPE.

Esperance, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance en Dieu* is the present motto of the duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. Sometimes it was expressed *Esperance ma Comforte*, which is still legible at Alnwick castle over the great gate. PERCY.

Our author found this word of battle in Holinshed. He seems to have used *Esperance* as a word of four syllables. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“And *Honi soit qui mal y pensé*, write.” MALONE.

⁵ For, heaven to earth,] i. e. One might wager heaven to earth.

WARBURTON.
SCENE

SCENE III.

*Plain near Shrewsbury.**Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle.
Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle* thus
Thou cross'est me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the
king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know, this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably⁶ furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!⁷

A borrow'd

* —in the battle—] *The*, which is not in the old copies, was added, for the sake of the measure, by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

⁶ Semblably—] i. e. in resemblance, alike. STEEVENS.

⁷ A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes! The old copies read: *Ah, fool, go with thy soul, &c.* but this appears to be nonsense. I have ventured to omit a single letter, as well as to change the punctuation, on the authority of the following passage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“ With

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London⁸,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the
pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's
honour for you: Here's no vanity⁹!—I am as hot as
molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of
me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I
have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd:
there's but three of my hundred and fifty¹ left alive;
and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But
who comes here?

“ With one fool's head I came to woo,

“ But I go away with two.”

Again, more appositely in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“ Go, and a knave with thee.”

See a note on *Timon*, Act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*shot-free at London*,] A play upon *shot*, as it means the part
of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *Here's no vanity!*] In our author's time the negative, in common
speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. Thus Ben
Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says:

“ O here's no foppery!

“ 'Death, I can endure the stocks better.”

Meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And
so in many other places. WARBURTON.

Again, in our author's *Taming of the Shrew*: “ Here's no knavery!”

STEEVENS.

See also Vol. III. p. 38, n. 9. MALONE.

¹ *There's but three of my hundred and fifty—*] All the old copies
have—*There's not three*, &c. They are evidently erroneous. The
same mistake has already happened in this play, where it has been
rightly corrected. See p. 234, n. 5. So again, in *Coriolanus*, 1623:

“ *Cor.* Ay, but mine own desire.

“ *I Cit.* How, not your own desire?” MALONE.

Enter

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms², as I have done this day. I have paid Percy³, I have made him sure⁴.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city⁵. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack*⁶.

P. Hen.

² *Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,*] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious frier surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, hath made this Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. WARBURTON.

³ *I have paid Percy,*] See p. 173, n. 4. MALONE.

⁴ *I have made him sure.*] *Sure* has two significations; *certainly disposed of*, and *safe*. Falstaff uses it in the former sense, the Prince replies to it in the latter. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*sack a city.*] A quibble on the word *sack*. JOHNSON.

The same quibble may be found in *Aristippus*, or the *Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: "—it may justly seem to have taken the name of *sack* from the *sacking* of cities." STEEVENS.

⁶ —*a bottle of sack.*] The same comic circumstance occurs in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, (written long before the time of Shakespeare) bl. l. no date:

"*Gluttony.* We shall have a warfare it ys told me.

"*Man.* Ye; where is thy harnes?

"*Gluttony.* Mary, here may ye se,

"Here ys harnes inow.

"*Wrath.* Why hast thou none other harnes but thys?

"*Gluttony.* What the devyll harnes should I mys,

"Without

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him⁷. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado⁸ of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much⁹:—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

“Without it be a bottell?”

“Another botell I wyll go purvey,

“Lest that drynk be scarce in the way,

“Or happely none to sell.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.*] I take the conceit to be this. To pierce a vessel is to tap it. Falstaff takes up his bottle which the prince had tossed at his head, and being about to animate himself with a draught, cries, *if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*, and so draws the cork. I do not propose this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same quibble in his *New Inn*, Act III:

“Sir *Pierce* anon will pierce us a new hogshead.”

I believe Falstaff makes this boast that the Prince may hear it; and continues the rest of the speech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakspeare has the same play on words in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. ii. Vol. II. p. 370, n. *. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *a carbonado*—] A carbonado is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *thou bleed'st too much*:] History says, the Prince was wounded in the eye by an arrow. STEEVENS.

All the Chronicles that I have seen, only say, that the prince was wounded in the face. It is not indeed very easy to conceive how he could continue fighting after being wounded in the eye. MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. I will do so :—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help :
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this ;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

P. John. We breathe too long :—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt P. John, and West.*]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for^s
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all !

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king ! they grow like Hydra's heads :
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

K. Hen. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit ;

^s I saw him bold lord Percy at the point,

With lustier maintenance than I did look for, &c.] So in Holinshed, p. 759 :—" the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged." STEEVENS.

And

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight ; the King being in danger, enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[They fight ; DOUGLAS flies.]

Cheerly, my lord ; How fares your grace ?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile :—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion² :
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven ! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey,
[Exit K. HENRY.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the prince of Wales : and think not, Percy,

² — *thy lost opinion :*] i. e. thy lost character. Mr. Reed, I find, has given the same interpretation, and supports it by the following passage from Shirley's *Gamester*, 1633 ; " I mean, you have the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman ; one that dares fight and maintain your honour against odds." MALONE.

To share with me in glory any more :
 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
 Nor can one England brook a double reign,
 Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
 To end the one of us ; And would to God
 Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee ;
 And all the budding honours on thy crest
 I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you shall
 find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS ; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls
 down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOT-
 SPUR is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth³ :
 I better brook the loss of brittle life,
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
 They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
 flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,
 Must have a stop⁴. O, I could prophesy,

But

³ O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :] Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales ; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinshed says, " The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur." Speed says, Percy was killed by an unknown hand. MALONE.

⁴ — those proud titles thou hast won of me ;

They wound my thoughts, —

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;

And time—must have a stop.—] Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts ; but thought, being dependent on life, must cease with it,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for —

[*dies.*]

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,
great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk⁵!

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound⁶;

But now, two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead⁷,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show⁸ of zeal:—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face⁹;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignomy¹ sleep with thee in the grave,

But

and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the *fool* and sport of *time*; of *time*, which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* itself at last be stopped.

JOHNSON.

Hotspur alludes to the *Fool* in our ancient Moralities. The same allusion occurs in *Measure for Measure* and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

STEEVENS.

The same expression is found in our author's 106th Sonnet:

“Love's not Time's fool.” MALONE.

⁵ *Ill-weav'd ambition, &c.*] A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is loose. JOHNSON.

⁶ *A kingdom for it was too small a bound;*]

“*Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus;*

“*Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit.*” OVID. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*that bears thee dead,*] The most authentick copy, the quarto of 1598, and the folio, have—the dead. The true reading is found in a quarto of no authority or value, 1639; but it is here clearly right.

MALONE.

⁸ —*so dear a show*—] Thus the first and best quarto. All the subsequent copies have—*so great, &c.* MALONE.

⁹ *But let my favours hide thy mangled face;*] He covers his face with a scarf, to hide the ghastliness of death. JOHNSON.

See p. 211, n. 3. MALONE.

¹ *Thy ignomy*—] i. e. ignominy. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“With

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*he sees Falstaff on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy misf of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer² to-day,

Though many dearer³, in this bloody fray:—

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.]

Fal. [*rising slowly.*] Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me⁴, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of

“With scandalous ignomy and slanderous speeches.”

See Vol. II. p. 55. n. 3. MALONE.

² —*so fat a deer*—] There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborn. JOHNSON.

I find the same quibble in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“Life is as dear in dear, as 'tis in men.”

Again, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1632, a com. by Heywood:

“There's no deer so dear to him, but he will kill it.” STEEV.

Fat is the reading of the first quarto 1598, the most authentick impression of this play, and of the folio. The other quartos have—*fair*. MALONE.

So *fat* a deer, seems to be the better reading, for Turberville, in the *Terms of the Ages of all Beasts of Venerie and Chase*, observes, “—You shall say by any deare, a great deare, and not a *sayre* deare, unless it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *sayre* rowe-bucke.”

TOLLET.

³ —*many dearer*,] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*to powder me*,] *To powder* is to salt. JOHNSON.

this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me.—Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*takes Hotspur on his back.*]

Re-enter Prince Henry, and Prince John.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

'Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man^s: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack*. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it

^s — *a double man*:] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double. JOHNSON.

* — *a Jack*,] See p. 217, n. 1. MALONE.

KING HENRY IV. 261

upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh⁶: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt P. Henry and P. John.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince John, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

⁶ *I gave him this wound in the thigh:* The very learned lord Lytton observes, that Shakspeare has applied an action to Falstaff, which William of Malmesbury, tells us was really done by one of the conqueror's knights to the body of king Harold. I do not however believe that lord Lytton supposed Shakspeare to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the English Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. FARMER.

A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour;
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WORCESTER, and VERNON, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath shewn us* how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries⁷,

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,

* *Hath shewn us—*] Thus the quarto, 1598. In that of 1599,
shewn was arbitrarily changed to *taught*, which consequently is the
reading of the folio. The repetition is much in our author's manner.

MALONE.

⁷ Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speech from the quartos:

“*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

“Which I shall give away immediately.”

But Dr. Johnson judiciously supposes it to have been rejected by Shakspeare himself. STEEVENS.

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
 Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
 Meeting the check of such another day:
 And since this business so fair is done⁸,
 Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exeunt.]

⁸ *And since this business so fair is done,*] Fair for fairly. Either that word is here used as a disyllable, or *business* as a trisyllable. MALONE.

Mr. TOLLET's Opinion concerning the MORRIS DANCERS upon his Window.

THE celebration of May-day, which is represented upon my window of painted glass, is a very ancient custom, that has been observed by noble and royal personages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer's *Court of Love*, that early on May-day "furth goth al the court both most and lest, to fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome." Historians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers "rose on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows shooting to the wood." Stowe's *Survey of London* informs us, that "every parish there, or two or three parishes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with diverse warlike shews, with good archers, Morrice Dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long." * Shakspeare says it was "impossible to make the people sleep on May-morning; and that they rose early to observe the rite of May." The court of king James the First, and the populace, long preserved the observance of the day, as Spelman's *Glossary* remarks under the word, *Maluma*.

Better judges may decide, that the institution of this festivity originated from the Roman *Floralia*, or from the Celtic *la Beltine*, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothic ancestors. *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, lib. xv. c. 8. says "that after their long winter from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a custom to welcome the returning splendor of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached." In honour of May-day the Goths and southern Swedes had a mock battle between summer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters. It appears from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, vol. III. p. 314, or in the year 1306, that, before that time, in country towns the young folks chose a summer king and queen for sport to dance about May-poles. There can be no doubt but their majesties had proper attendants, or such as would best divert the spectators; and we may

* Henry VIII. Act V. sc. iii. and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV. sc. i.

presume, that some of the characters varied, as fashions and customs altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition seems to have been made to the diversion by the introduction of the Morris or Moorish dance into it, which, as Mr. Peck in his *Memoirs of Milton* with great probability conjectures, was first brought into England in the time of Edward III. when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist Peter king of Castile, against Henry the Bastard. "This dance," says Mr. Peck, "was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts with ribbands and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd person besides, being a * boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the sport." "Thus," as he observes in the words of † Shakspere, "they made more matter for a May-morning: having, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonson and Drayton, to call some of the representations on my window Morris Dancers, though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Moorish personage; as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandish ‡ swords or staves in their hands, nor are they in their shirts adorned with ribbons. We find in *Olaus Magnus*, that the northern nations danced with brass bells about their knees, and such we have upon several of these figures, who may perhaps be the original English performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diversion of our ancestors in all its principal parts. I shall endeavour to explain some of the characters, and in compliment to the lady I will begin the description with the front rank, in which she is stationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Steevens think with me, that figure 1 may be designed for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the flabbering bib, as Bavon in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary* means a bib for a flabbering child; and this figure has such a bib, and the childish simplicity in his countenance. Mr. Steevens refers to a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that several of the Morris dancers on my window tumbled occasionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aside the May-pole; and I apprehend that jigs, horn-pipes, and the hay, were their chief dances.

* It is evident from several authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one, as I think, of unimpaired reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iv. *And with that ends Well*, Act II. sc. ii.

‡ In the Morisco the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward, says Dr. Johnson's note in *Jenny and Caspar*. Act III. sc. 12. The Greeks did the same in their military dance, says *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xv. c. 23. Bay-docks's translation of *Lomazzo on Painting*, 1598, book ii. p. 34 says: "There are other actions of dancing used, as of those who are ornamented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering skilfully, showing their acumen, after the manner of the Morris with divers actions of meeting, &c." "Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles."

It will certainly be tedious to describe the colours of the dresses, but the task is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian's cap is red, faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hose red, and his shoes black.

Figure 2 is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of summer. The flower seems designed for a red pink, but the pointals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like mistake. *Olaus Magnus* mentions the artificial raising of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the supposition of the like practice * here will account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the season of its natural production in this climate. Her vesture was once fashionable in the highest degree. It was anciently the custom for maiden ladies to wear their hair † dishevelled at their coronations, their nuptials, and perhaps on all splendid solemnities. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, king of Scotland, with the crown upon her head; her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif hanging down behind the whole length of the body.—This single example sufficiently explains the dress of Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her surcoat blue, her cuffs white, the skirts of her robe yellow, the sleeves of a carnation colour, and her stomacher red with a yellow lace in cross bars. In Shakspeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Anne Bullen at her coronation is *in her hair*, or as Holinshed says, "her hair hanged down," but on her head she had a coif with a circle about it full of rich stones.

Figure 3 is a friar in the full clerical tonsure, with the chaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expressive of his professed humility, his eyes are cast upon the ground. His corded girdle and his russet habit denote him to be of the Franciscan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a russet or a brown russet, as Holinshed, 1586, Vol. III. p. 789, observes. The mixture of colours in his habit may be resembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the rising sun, and streaked with black; and such perhaps was Shakspeare's Aurora, or "the morn in russet mantle clad." *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. i. The friar's stockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twist, and with a golden tassel. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of provision, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named walletteers or budget-bearers. It was customary ‡ in former times for the priest and people in procession to go to some adjoining wood on May-day morning, and return in a

* Markham's translation of Hereshatch's Husbandry, 1631, observes, "that gilliflowers, set in pots, and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmth of the place."

† Leland's *Collectanea*. 1770. Vol. IV. p. 219, 293, Vol. V. p. 332, and Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 801. 931; and see Caputi in Spelman's *Glossary*.

‡ See *Mari inducio* in Cowell's *Law Dictionary*. When the parish priests were inhibited by the diocesan to assist in the May games, the Franciscans might give attendance, as being exempted from episcopal jurisdiction.

sort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and such like tokens of the spring; and as the grey friars were held in very great esteem, perhaps on this occasion their attendance was frequently requested. Most of Shakspeare's friars, are Franciscans. Mr. Steevens ingeniously suggests, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood's beloved mistress, and as she was the queen of May, the Morris friar was designed for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Huid, king of May, as Robin Hood is styled in sir David Dalrymple's extracts from the book of the *Universal Kirk* in the year 1576.

Figure 4 has been taken to be Marian's gentleman-usher. Mr. Steevens considers him as Marian's paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her; and it was a custom for betrothed persons to wear some mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the cross-shaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian's hand, denote their espousals or contract. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, April, specifies the flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine, gilliflowers, carnations, and sops in wine. I suppose the flower in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a stock-gilliflower, or the Hesperis, dame's violet or queen's gilliflower; but perhaps it may be designed for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent botanist apprehends the flower upon the man's head to be an Epimedium. Many particulars of this figure resemble Absolon, the parish clerk in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, such as his curled and golden hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hose, and Paul's windows corvin on his shoes, that is, his shoes pinked and cut into holes like the windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhibits upon his right thigh a yellow scrip or pouch, in which he might as treasurer to the company put the collected pence, which he might receive, though the cordelier must by the rules of his order carry no money about him. If this figure should not be allowed to be a parish clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or some juggler attendant upon the master of the hobby-horse, as "faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeciere," in Boyer's French Dictionary, signifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His red stomacher has a yellow lace, and his shoes are yellow. Ben Jonson mentions "Hokos Pokos in a juggler's jerkin," which Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a short kirtle, and such seems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5 is the famous hobby-horse, who was often forgotten or disused in the Morris dance, even after Maid Marian, the friar, and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated in Ben Johnson's *

* Vol. VI. p. 93. of Whalley's edition, 1756:

"Clo. They should be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.

"Coc. No, nor a hobby-horse.

"Clo. Oh, he's often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor friar amongst them, which is the surer mark."

Vol. V. p. 211:

"But see, the hobby-horse is forgot,

"Fool, it must be your lot,

"To supply his want with faces,

"And some other buffoon graces."

masque of the *Metamorphosed Gypsies*, and in his *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*. Our hobby is a spirited horse of paste-board in which the master dances *, and displays tricks of legerdmain, such as the threading of the needle, the mimicking of the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, &c. as Ben Jonson, edit. 1756, vol. I. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains the swords in the man's cheeks. What is stuck in the horse's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its use was to receive the spectators' pecuniary donations. The crimson foot cloth, fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden tassell, and studded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the simplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jesters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only sent for such actors upon great festivals, but out of complaisance to the people was obliged to assist at their plays, though he was averse to publick shews. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horse is a reddish white, like the beautiful blossom of a peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right side of it is yellow, and the left red. Such a particoloured jacket †, and hose in the like manner, were occasionally fashionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonson's, who in Epigram 73, speaks of a "partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn in solemn Cyprus, the other cobweb lawn."

Figure 6 seems to be a clown, peasant, or yeoman ‡, by his brown visage, notted hair, and robust limbs. In Beaumont's and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, a clown is placed next to the Bavarian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him in the file or in the downward line. His bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his sleeves yellow, striped across or rayed with red, the upper part of his hose is like the sleeves, and the lower part is a coarse deep purple, his shoes red.

Figure 7, by the superior neatness of his dress may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple, his doublet red with gathered sleeves, and his yellow stomacher is laced with red. His hose red, striped across or rayed with a whitish brown, and spotted brown. His codpiece is yellow, and so are his shoes.

Figure 8, the May-pole is painted yellow and black in spiral lines.

* Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 434 mentions a dance by a hobby-horse and six others.

† Holinshed, 1586, Vol. III. p. 326, 805, 812, 844, 963. Whalley's edition of Ben Jonson, Vol. VI. p. 248. Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1720, book v. p. 164, 166 Urry's *Chaucer*, p. 198.

‡ So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeoman is thus described:

"A. nott hede had he, with a brown visage."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1610. your hot-headed country gentleman."

Spelman's *Glossary* mentions the custom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakspeare, in the play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. ii. speaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are displayed St. George's red cross or the banner of England, and a white pennon or streamer emblazoned with a red-cross terminating like the blade of a sword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inspection of the window, that the upright line of the cross, which is disunited in the engraving, should be continuous*. Keysser, in p. 78 of his *Northern and Celtic Antiquities*, gives us perhaps the original of May-poles; and that the French used to erect them appears also from Mezeray's *History of their King Henry IV.* and from a passage in Stowe's *Chronicle* in the year 1560. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us that the May-games, and particularly some of the characters in them became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament in April 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the constables and church-wardens, &c. After the Restoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented, but we still on May-day adorn our doors in the country with flowers and the boughs of birch, which tree was especially honoured on the same festival by our Gothick ancestors.

To prove figure 9 to be Tom the piper, Mr. Steeven's has very happily quoted these lines from Drayton's third Eclogue:

" Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
 " Who so bestirs him in the Morris dance
 " For penny wage."

His tabour, tabour-stick, and pipe, attest his profession; the feather in his cap, his sword, and silver tinctured shield, may denote him to be a squire minstrel, or a minstrel of the superior order. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181, says: "Minstrels used a red hat." Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced or turned up with yellow, his doublet blue, the sleeves blue, turned up with yellow, something like red muffetees at his wrists, over his doublet is a red garment like a short cloak with arm holes, and with a yellow cape, his hose red, and garnished across and perpendicularly on the thighs with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming seems to be called gimp-thigh'd in Grey's edition of *Butler's Hudibras*; and something almost similar occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. ii. where the poet mentions, "Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose." His shoes are brown.

Figures 10 and 11 have been thought to be Flemings or Spaniards, and

* St. James was the apostle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the most honourable there; and the ensign that they wore was white, charged with a red cross in the form of a sword. The pennon or streamer upon the May pole seems to contain such a cross. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of Eng and the ensign of Spain upon the May-pole; and perhaps from this circumstance we may infer that the glass was painted during the marriage of king Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the ensign of the knights of St. James, see Ashmole's *Hist. of the Order of the Garter*, and Mariana's *Hist. of Spain*.

the latter a Morisco. The bonnet of figure 10 is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red with red sleeves down the arms, his stomacher white with a red lace, his hose yellow, striped across or rayed with blue, and spotted blue, the under part of his hose blue, his shoes are pinked, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loss to name the pennant-like slips waving from his shoulders, but I will venture to call them side-sleeves or long sleeves, slit into two or three parts. The poet Hocclive or Occleve, about the reign of Richard the Second, or of Henry the Fourth, mentions side-sleeves of pennyless grooms, which swept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the use or fashion of two pair of sleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is asked in the appendix to Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*: "What use is there of any other than arming sleeves, which answer the proportion of the arm?" In *Much ado about Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv. a lady's gown is described with down sleeves, and side-sleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with sleeves down the arms, and with another pair of sleeves, slit open before from the shoulder to the bottom or almost to the bottom, and by this means unsustained by the arms and hanging down by her sides to the ground as low as her gown. If such sleeves were slit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinshed says, "that at a royal mummerly, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered sleeves," and I consider the bipartite or tripartite sleeves of figures 10 and 11 as only a small variation of that fashion. Mr. Steevens thinks the winged sleeves of figures 10 and 11 are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Pilgrim*:

"———That fairy rogue that haunted me

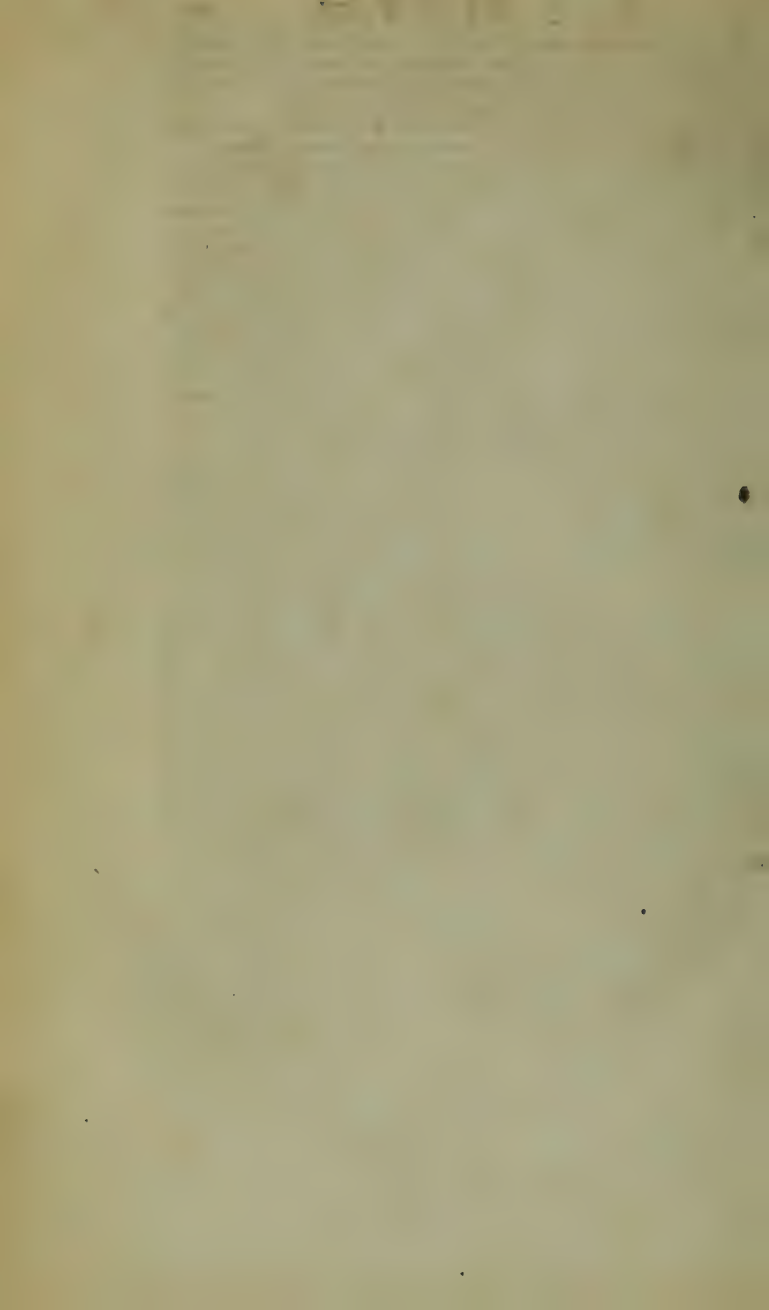
"He has sleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from these perhaps the fluttering streamers of the present Morris dancers in Suffex may be derived. Markham's *Art of Angling*, 1635, orders the angler's apparel to be without hanging sleeves waving loose, like sails."

Figure 11 has upon his head a silver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knob. In my opinion he personates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be represented upon my window. He has a post of honour, or, "a station in the valued file *," which here seems to be the middle row, and which according to my conjecture comprehends the queen, the king, the May-pole, and the nobleman. The golden crown upon the head of the master of the hobby-horse denotes preeminence of rank over figure 11, not only by the greater value of the metal †, but by the superior number of points raised upon it. The shoes are blackish, the hose red, striped across or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his codpiece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow side-sleeves, and red arming sleeves, or down sleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable

* The right hand file is the first in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to count Mansfield's *Directions of War*, 1624.

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets, the dukes and counts wore silvered ones. See Selden's *Titles of Honour for the raised points of Coronets*.

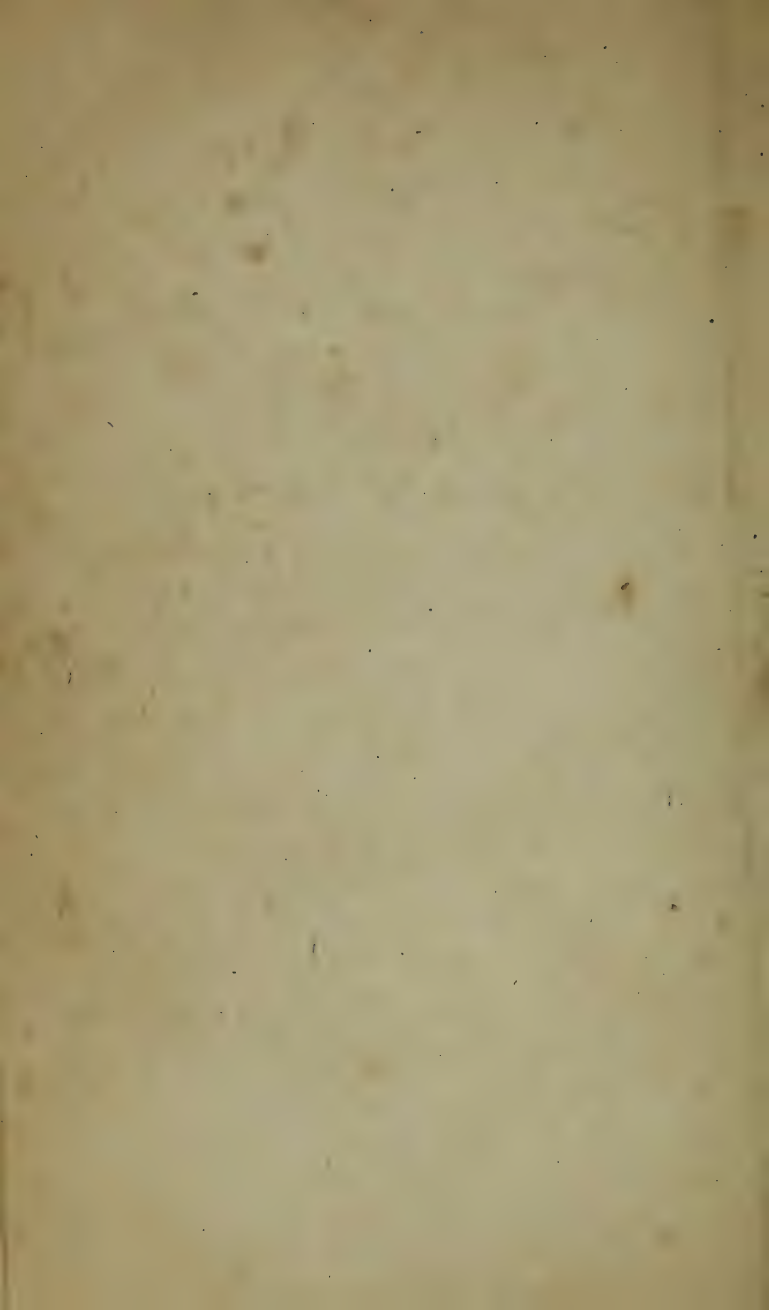




These shown in sculpt.

MORRIS DANCERS.

From an Ancient Window in the House of GEORGE TOLLET Esq^r at RETLEY in STAFFORDSHIRE.



K I N G H E N R Y I V.

P A R T I I.

VOL. V.

T

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Fourth :

Henry, *Prince of Wales*, afterwards K. Henry V. }

Thomas, *Duke of Clarence*. }

Prince John of Lancaster *, afterwards (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Bedford*. } *his sons.*

Prince Humphrey of Gloster, afterwards (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Gloster*. }

Earl of Warwick. Earl of Westmoreland. } *of the king's*
Gower. Harcourt. } *party.*

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

Earl of Northumberland ;

Scroop, *Archbishop of York* ;

Lord Mowbray ; Lord Hastings ;

Lord Bardolph ; Sir John Coleville ;

Travers and Morton ; *domesticks of Northumberland.*

Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Page.

Poins and Peto ; *attendants on Prince Henry.*

Shallow and Silence, *country justices.*

Davy, *servant to Shallow.*

Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf ; *recruits.*

Phang and Snare ; *sheriff's officers.*

Rumour. *A Porter.*

A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Hottels Quickly.

Doll Tear-sheet.

*Lords and other Attendants ; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger,
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.*

S C E N E, England.

* Our author has in one place improperly called this prince, *Duke of Lancaster* ; but in general, throughout the play, he is rightly entitled *Prince John*, or *Lord John*, of *Lancaster*. MALONE.

I N D U C T I O N.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter Rumour*¹, *painted full of tongues*².

Rum. Open your ears ; For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks ?

¹ *Enter Rumour.*—] This speech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoetical, but it is wholly useless, since we are told nothing which the first scene does not clearly and naturally discover. The only end of such prologues is to inform the audience of some facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the persons of the drama. JOHNSON.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.] This the author probably drew from Holinshed's *Description of a Pageant*, exhibited in the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon cost and magnificence: "Then entered a person called *Report*, apparelled in crimson sattin, *full of tooongs*, or chronicles." Vol. III. p. 805. This however might be the common way of representing this personage in masques, which were frequent in his own times. T. WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure*, had long ago exhibited her [*Rumour*] in the same manner:

"A goodly lady, envyroned about

"With *tongues* of fire."—

And so had sir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants :

"*Fame* I am called, mervayle you nothing

"*Thoughe* with *tonges* I am compassed all rounde."

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in *The Booke of Fame*: and by John Higgins, one of the assistants in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, in his *Legend of King Albanaſſe*. FARMER.

In a masque presented on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin-coat *full of winged tongues*.

Rumour is likewise a character in *Sir Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599.

So also in the whole magnificent entertainment given to king James, the queen his wife, &c. &c. 15th March, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: "Directly under her in a cart by herself, *Fame* stood upright: a woman in a watchet roabe, thickly set with *open eyes* and *tongues*, a payre of large golden winges at her backe, a trumpet in her hand, a mantle of sundry coulours traversing her body: all these ensignes displaying but the propertie of her swiftnesse, and aptnes to disperse *Rumours*." STEEVENS.

I, from the orient to the drooping west³,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
 Whilst the big year, swell'n with some other grief,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe⁴
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
 I run before king Harry's victory;
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury

² — *painted full of tongues.*] This direction, which is only to be found in the first edition in quarto of 1600, explains a passage in what follows, otherwise obscure. POPE.

³ — *to the drooping west,*] A passage in *Macbeth* will best shew the force of this epithet:

“ Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,

“ And night's black agents to their preys do rouse.” MALONE.

⁴ *Rumour is a pipe*] Here the poet imagines himself describing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the speaker. JOHNSON.

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone ⁵,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
 [Exit.]

⁵ *And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,*] The old copies read—
 worm-eaten bole. MALONE.

Northumberland had retired and fortified himself in his castle, a
 place of strength in those times, though the building might be impaired
 by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone. THEOBALD.

Theobald is certainly right. So, in *K. Henry VI. P. III*:

"She is hard by with twenty thousand men,

"And therefore fortify your *bold*, my lord." STEEVENS.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The same.

The Porter before the gate; Enter lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

¹ The transactions comprized in this history take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed [1603]; and closes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V. [1412-13.] THEOBALD.

This play was enter'd at Stationers' Hall, August 23, 1600.

STEEVENS.

The Second Part of King Henry IV. I suppose to have been written in 1598. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shews Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatick action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only because they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.

T 4

Enter

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:

The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:—

The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with
you?

Tra. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,

Out-

Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed²,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horse :
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade³
Up to the rowel-head⁴; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way⁵,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha !—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
Of Hotspur, coldspur⁶ ? that rebellion
Had met ill luck ?

Bard.

² —forspent with speed,] To *for spend* is to waste, to exhaust. So, in Sir A. Gorge's translation of *Lucan*, b. vii :

“ ——— crabbed fires *forspent* with age.” STEEVENS.

³ —*poor jade*] *Poor jade* is used not in contempt, but in compassion. *Poor jade* means the horse wearied with his journey.

Jade, however, seems anciently to have signify'd what we now call a *hackney*; a beast employed in drudgery, opposed to a horse kept for show, or to be rid by its master. So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knaves*, 1594 : “ Besides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen *jades*, and now and then meat for you and your *horse*.” This is said by a *farmer* to a *courtier*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, however, (as Mr. Steevens has observed) certainly does not use the word as a term of contempt; for King Richard the Second gives this appellation to his favourite horse Roan Barbary, on which Henry the Fourth rode at his coronation :

“ That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand.” MALONE.

⁴ —*rowel-head* ;] I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike. JOHNSON.

⁵ *He seem'd in running to devour the way*,] So, in *The Book of Job*, chap. xxxix : “ He *swalloweth* the ground in fierceness and rage.

STEEVENS.

So, in one of the Roman poets (I forget which) :

“ — *curfu consumere campum*.” BLACKSTONE.

The line quoted by Sir William Blackstone is in NEMESIAN :

“ — *latumque fuga consumere campum*.” MALONE.

⁶ *Of Hotspur, coldspur ?*] *Hotspur* seems to have been a very common

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what ;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a filken point⁷
I'll give my barony : never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by Tra-
vers,
Give then such instances of loss ?

Bard. Who, he ?
He was some hilding⁸ fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news :

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf⁹,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume :
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone¹,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,

mon term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurst, who
translated four books of *Virgil*, in 1584, renders the following line,

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.

“ To couch not mounting of mayster vanquisher *boatspur*.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *filken point*] A *point* is a string tagged, or lace. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *some hilding*—] For *bilderling*, i. e. base, degenerate. POPE.

Hilderling, degener, vox adhuc agro Devon. familiaris. *Spelman*. REED.

⁹ — *like to a title-leaf*,] It may not be amiss to observe, that in the
time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy as well as every interme-
diate leaf, was totally black. I have several in my possession, written
by Chapman the translator of *Homer*, and ornamented in this manner.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *so woe-begone*,] *far gone in woe*. WARBURTON.

And

And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd :
 But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
 And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
 This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and thus ;
 Your brother, thus ; so fought the noble Douglas ;
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :
 But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
 He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton ;
 Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
 Your spirit ² is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not ³ that Percy's dead.

I see

² *Your spirit*] 'The impression upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your son. JOHNSON.

³ *Yet, for all this, say not &c.*] The contradiction in the first part of this speech might be imputed to the distraction of Northumberland's mind ; but the calmness of the reflection, contained in the last lines, seems not much to countenance such a supposition. I will venture to distribute this passage in a manner which will, I hope, seem more commodious ; but do not wish the reader to forget, that the most commodious is not always the true reading :

Bard. *Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.*

North. *I see a strange confession in thine eye ;
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
 The tongue offends not, that reports his death ;
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,
 Not he that saith the dead is not alive.*

Mor. *Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell, &c.*

Here is a natural interposition of Bardolph at the beginning, who
 is

I see a strange confession in thine eye :
 Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear, or sin⁴,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so⁵ :
 The tongue offends not, that reports his death :
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend⁶.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
 That, which I would to heaven I had not seen :
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance⁷, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
 From whence with life he never more sprung up.
 In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best temper'd courage in his troops :

is not pleased to hear his news confused, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell. JOHNSON.

4 —bold'st it fear, or sin,] Fear for danger. WARBURTON.

5 If he be slain, say so :} The words say so are in the first folio, but not in the quarto : they are necessary to the verse, but the sense proceeds as well without them. JOHNSON.

6 Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,

Remember'd knolling a departing friend.] So, in our author's 71st Sonnet :

“ —you shall hear the surly fullen bell

“ Give warning to the world that I am fled.”

This significant epithet has been adopted by Milton :

“ I hear the far-off curfew sound,

“ Over some wide water'd shore

“ Swinging slow with fullen roar.”

Departing, I believe, is here used for departed. MALONE.

7 —faint quittance,] Quittance is return. By faint quittance is meant a faint return of blows. So, in another play :

“ We shall forget the office of our hand

“ Sooner than quittance of desert and merit.” STEEVENS.

For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
 Which once in him abated⁸, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester
 Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
 'Gan vail his stomach⁹, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is,—that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
 A speedy power, to encounter-you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
 And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In poison there is physick ; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick¹,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle² under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,

⁸ Which once in him abated,] *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*. JOHNSON.

⁹ 'Gan vail his stomach,] *Began to fall his courage*, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

From *avaller*, Fr. to cast down, or to let fall down. See Vol. III. p. 6, n. 7. MALONE.

Thus, to *vail the bonnet* is to pull it off. To *vail* a staff is to let it fall in token of respect. STEEVENS.

¹ Having been well, that would have made me sick,] i. e. that would, had I been well, have made me sick. MALONE.

² —buckle—] Bend ; yield to pressure. JOHNSON.

Are thrice themselves³: hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quouif;
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron; And approach
 The ragged't hour⁴ that time and spight dare bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
 And let this world no longer be a stage,

³ ——— even so my limbs,

Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,

Are thrice themselves:] As Northumberland is here comparing himself to a person, who, though his joints are weakened by a *bodily disorder*, derives strength from the *distemper of the mind*, I formerly proposed to read—"Weakened with age," or, "Weakened with pain."

When a word is repeated, without propriety, in the same or two succeeding lines, there is great reason to suspect some corruption. Thus, in this scene, in the first folio, we have "*able heels*," instead of "*armed heels*," in consequence of the word *able* having occurred in the preceding line. So, in *Hamlet*: "*Thy news shall be the news*," &c. instead of — "*Thy news shall be the fruit*."—Again, in *Macbeth*, instead of "*Whom we, to gain our place, &c.*" we find

"*Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace.*"

In this conjecture I had once some confidence; but it is much diminished by the subsequent note, and by my having lately observed, that Shakspeare elsewhere uses *grief* for *bodily pain*. Falstaff, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. p. 246. speaks of "*the grief of a wound*." MALONE.

Grief in ancient language signifies, *bodily pain*, as well as *sorrow*. So in a *Treatise of sundrie Diseases, &c.* by T. T. 1591: — "he being at that time griped fore, and having *grief* in his lower bellie." *Dolor ventris* is, by our old writers, frequently translated "*grief of the guts*." I perceive no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

⁴ *The ragged't hour*—] Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—*The rugged'st*. But change is unnecessary, the expression in the text being used more than once by our author. In *As you like it* Amiens says, his voice is *ragged*; and *rag* is employed as a term of reproach in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in *Timon of Athens*. See also the Epistle prefixed to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579:—"as thinking them fittest for the rustical rudeness of shepheards, either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more *ragged*, and rustical," &c. The modern editors of Spenser might here substitute the word *rugged* with just as much propriety as it has been substituted in the present passage, or in that in *As you like it*. See Vol. III. p. 154, n. 1. MALONE.

To

To feed contention in a lingering act;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead⁵!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord⁶.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast the event of war⁷, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
 Let us make head. It was your presumise,
 That, in the dole of blows⁸ your son might drop:
 You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er⁹:

⁵ *And darkness be the burier of the dead!*] The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be absence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease. JOHNSON.

⁶ *This strained passion*—] This line in the quarto, where alone it is found, is given to Umfrevile, who, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It was on this ground probably rejected by the player-editors. It is now, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, attributed to Travers, who is present, and yet (as that gentleman has remarked) “is made to say nothing on this interesting occasion.” MALONE.

⁷ *You cast the event of war, &c.*] This and the following thirteen lines first appeared in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

⁸ — *in the dole of blows* —] The *dole* of blows is the *distribution* of blows. *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman. STEEVENS.

See p. 156, n. 6. MALONE.

⁹ *You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:]* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“As full of peril and adventurous spirit,

“As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,

“On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.” MALONE.

You

You were advis'd¹, his flesh was capable
 Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
 Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
 And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my most noble lord
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
 The gentle archbishop of York is up²,
 With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight:
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions; that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion:
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind;

¹ You were advis'd,] i. e. you knew. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. I. p. 137:

“How shall I dote on her with more advice.—” MALONE.

² *The gentle &c.*] This and the following twenty lines are not found in the quarto, 1600, either from some inadvertence of the transcriber or compositor, or from the printer not having been able to procure a perfect copy. They first appeared in the folio, 1623; but it is manifest that they were written at the same time with the rest of the play, Northumberland's answer referring to them. MALONE.

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land³,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
 And more, and less⁴, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
 Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water⁵?

Page.

³ *Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,*] That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. So Falstaff before says to the prince, *If thou see me down, Hal, and bestride me, so; it is an office of friendship.* JOHNSON.

⁴ —*more, and less,*] *More and less means greater and less.*

STEEVENS:

⁵ —*what says the doctor to my water?*] The method of investigating diseases by the inspection of urine only, was once so much the fashion, that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This statute was, soon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it?* 1608, describes an apothecary thus: “—his house is set round with patients twice or thrice a day, and because they'll be sure not to want drink, every one brings *his own water* in an urinal with him.”

It will scarce be believed hereafter, that in the years 1775 and 1776, a German, who had been a servant in a publick riding-school,

Page. He said, fir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me⁶: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake⁷, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate⁸ till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal⁹, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet; he

(from which he was discharged for insufficiency,) revived this exploded practice of *water-casting*. After he had amply encreased the bills of mortality, and been publicly hung up to the ridicule of those who had too much sense to consult him, as a monument of the folly of his patients, he retired with a princely fortune, and perhaps is now indulging a hearty laugh at the expence of English credulity. STEEVENS.

⁶ — to gird at me:] i. e. to gibe. STEEVENS.

⁷ — mandrake,] *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

⁸ *I was never mann'd with an agate,*] That is, I never before had an agate for my man. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton thinks our author meant to allude "to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones, for seals: and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver.*" But I believe an *agate* is used merely to express any thing remarkably *little*, without any allusion to the figure cut upon it. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Vol. II. p. 249:

"If low, an *agate* very vilely cut." MALONE.

⁹ — the juvenal,] This term, which has already occurred in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, is used in many places by Chaucer, and always signifies a young man. STEEVENS.

may

may keep it still as a face-royal¹, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton² about the fatten for my short cloak, and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter³!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand⁴, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smoothpates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up⁵, then they must stand upon—security.

¹ — *be may keep it still as a face-royal,*] That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So a *flag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. JOHNSON.

Old Copies—at a face-royal. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps this quibbling allusion is to the English *real*, *rial*, or *royal*. The poet seems to mean that a barber can no more earn six-pence by his *face-royal*, than by the face stamped on the coin called a *royal*; the one requiring as little shaving as the other. STEEVENS.

² — *Dumbleton*—] The folio has *Dombledon*; the quarto, *Dom-melton*. I have lately observed that *Dumbleton* is the name of a town in Gloucestershire. The reading of the folio is therefore probably the true one. STEEVENS.

The reading of the quarto (the original copy) appears to be only a misspelling of *Dumbleton*. MALONE.

³ *Let him be damn'd like the glutton! let his tongue be hotter!*] An allusion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with the flames. HENLEY.

⁴ — *to bear in hand,*] is, to keep in expectation. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth*:

“—How you were *borne in hand*, how cross.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,*] That is, if a man by taking up goods is in their debt. To be thorough seems to be the same with the present phrase,—to be in with a tradesman.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: “They will take up, I warrant you, where they may be trusted.” STEEVENS.

I had as lief they would put ratbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him⁶.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's⁷, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, horsed, and wived.

Enter

⁶ — *the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.*] This joke seems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: "*Quò ambulas tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu conclusum geris?*" Amph. Act I. Scene I. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *borns* for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artemidorus, who says: *Πραεστέιν αὐτῷ ἔτι ἡ γυνὴ σου πορνείσει, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον, χέρατα αὐτῷ ποιήσει, ἢ ὅπως ἀπέειν.* Oνειρ. lib. ii. cap. 12. And he copied from those before him.

WARBURTON.

⁷ *I bought him in Paul's,*] At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. WARBURTON.

So, in *Fearful and Lamentable Effects of Two dangerous Comets, &c.* no date; by Nashe, in ridicule of Gabriel Harvey: "*Paule's church is in wonderful perill thys yeare without the help of our conscionable brethren, for that day it hath not eyther broker, maisterless serving-man, or penniless companion, in the middle of it, the usurers of London have sworne to bestow a newe steeple upon it.*"

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following: "*Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade.*"

In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called *Wit's Miserie, and the World's Madnesse*, 1596, the devil is described thus:

"In *Portals* hee walketh like a gallant courtier, where if he meet some rich chuffies worth the gulling, at every word he speaketh, he makes a mouse an elephant, and telleth them of wonders, done in Spaine by his ancestors, &c. &c."

I should not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in some measure familiarizes the character of Pistol, which (from other passages in the same pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakspere. Dr. Lodge concludes his descrip-
tion

Enter the Lord Chief Justice⁸, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

tion thus: "His courage is boasting, his learning ignorance, his ability weakness, and his end beggary."—I learn from a passage in *Greene's Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592, that *St. Paul's* was a privileged place, so that no debtor could be arrested within its precincts. STEEVENS.

"It was the fashion of those times" [the times of K. James I.] says Osborne, in his *MEMOIRS* of that monarch, "and did so continue till these, [the interregnum,] for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in *St. Paul's* church by eleven, and walk in the middle isle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, others of news. Now, in regard of the universal commerce there happened little that did not first or last arrive here." MALONE.

⁸ —*Chief Justice,*] This judge was sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church in Yorkshire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument. STEEVENS.

His portrait, copied from the monument, may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 51, p. 516. MALONE.

Atten. You mistake me, fir.

Fal. Why, fir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my foldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, fir, then set your knighthood and your foldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You hunt-counter⁹, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Cb. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Cb. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Cb. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

9 — *hunt-counter*,] That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's servant and the counter-prison. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation may be supported by the following passage in B. Jonson's *Tale of the Tub*:

“ ———Do you mean to make a hare

“ Of me, to *hunt counter* thus, and make these doubles,

“ And you mean no such thing as you send about?”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ O, this is *counter*, you false Danish dogs.” STEEVENS.

I think it much more probable that Falstaff means to allude to the *counter-prison*. Sir T. Overbury in his character of *A Serjeant's yeoman*, 1616, (in modern language, a *bailiff's follower*), calls him “ a *Counter-rat*. MALONE.

Fal.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well¹: rather, an't please

U 4

¹ *Fal.* *Very well, my lord, very well:*] In the quarto edition, printed in 1600, this speech stands thus:

Old. *Very well, my lord, very well:—*

I had not observed this, when I wrote my note to *The First Part of Henry IV.* concerning the tradition of Falstaff's character having been first called Oldcastle. This almost amounts to a self-evident proof of the thing being so: and that the play being printed from the stage manuscript, Oldcastle had been all along altered into Falstaff, except in this single place by an oversight; of which the printers not being aware, continued these initial traces of the original name. THEOBALD.

I am unconvinced by Mr. Theobald's remark. *Old.* might have been the beginning of some actor's name. Thus we have *Kempe* and *Cowley* instead of *Dogberry* and *Verges* in the 4to edit. of *Much Ado*, &c. 1600. Names utterly unconnected with the personæ dramatis of Shakspeare, are sometimes introduced as entering on the stage. Thus, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* edit. 1600: "Enter the Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marshall) the Lord Hastings, *Fauconbridge*, and *Bardolfe*." Sig. B 4.—Again: "Enter the Prince, *Poynes*, *Sir John Russel*, with others." Sig. C 3.—Again, in *K. Henry V.* 1600: "Enter *Burbon*, Constable, *Orleance*, *Gebon*." Sig. D 2.

Old might have been inserted by a mistake of the same kind; or indeed through the laziness of compositors, who occasionally permit the letters that form such names as frequently occur, to remain together, when the rest of the page is distributed. Thus it sometimes will happen that one name is substituted for another. This observation will be well understood by those who have been engaged in long attendance on a printing-house; and those to whom my remark appears obscure, need not to lament their ignorance, as this kind of knowledge is usually

ally

please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mis-led me: I am the

ally purchased at the expence of much time, patience, and disappointment. STEEVENS.

I entirely agree with Mr. Steevens in thinking that Mr. Theobald's remark is of no weight. Having already discussed the subject very fully, it is here only necessary to refer the reader to p. 119, n. 1, in which I think I have shewn that there is no proof whatsoever that Falstaff ever was called Oldcastle in these plays. The letters prefixed to this speech crept into the first quarto copy, I have no doubt, merely from *Oldcastle* being, behind the scenes, the familiar theatrical appellation of Falstaff, who was his stage-succesor. All the actors, copyists, &c. were undoubtedly well acquainted with the former character, and probably used the two names indiscriminately.—Mr. Steevens's suggestion that *Old.* might have been the beginning of some actor's name, does not appear to me probable; because in the list of "the names of the *principal* actors in all these plays" prefixed to the first folio, there is no actor whose name begins with this syllable; and we may be sure that the part of Falstaff was performed by a *principal* actor. MALONE,

fellow

fellow with the great belly, and he my dog².

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth³.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light⁴; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go⁵, I cannot tell⁶: Virtue is of so little regard in these

² — *be my dog.*] I do not understand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? JOHNSON.

If the *fellow's great belly* prevented him from *seeing* his way, he would want a *dog*, as well as a *blind* man. FARMER.

And though he had no absolute occasion for him, Shakspeare would still have supplied him with one. He seems to have been very little solicitous that his comparisons should answer completely on both sides. It was enough for him that *men* were sometimes led by dogs. MALONE.

³ *A wassel candle, &c.*] A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 411, B. 9. MALONE.

⁴ — *your ill angel is light;*] Meaning the coin called an *angel*.

THEOBALD.

“As *light* as a clipt angel,” is a comparison frequently used in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

⁵ *I cannot go,*] Here is another equivoke. To *go*, signifies simply to move; and also, to pass current as coin. MALONE.

⁶ *I cannot tell;*] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot pass current. JOHNSON.

cofter-

cofter-monger times⁷, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy⁸ is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Cb. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single⁹? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock

⁷ — in these cofter-monger times,] In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. JOHNSON.

A cofter-monger is a costard-monger, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a costard, i. e. a man's head.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 350, n. 4. MALONE.

⁸ Pregnancy—] Pregnancy is readiness. So, in *Hamlet*, "How pregnant his replies are?" STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 5, n. 6; and Vol. IV. p. 31, n. 4. MALONE.

⁹ — your wit single?] We call a man single-witted, who attains but one species of knowledge. This sense I know not how to apply to Falstaff; and rather think that the Chief Justice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey-hair'd wit, whose misfortune is, that his merriment is unfashionable. His allusions are to forgotten facts; his illustrations are drawn from notions obscured by time; his wit is therefore single, such as none has any part in but himself. JOHNSON.

I believe all that Shakspeare meant was, that he had more fat than wit; that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original size, yet his wit was not increased in proportion to it. STEEV.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one. Mr. Mason also concurs with him, and observes that "though Falstaff had such a fund of wit and humour, it was not unnatural that a grave judge, whose thoughts were constantly employed about the business of life, should consider such an improvident dissipated old man as single-witted, or half-witted, as we should now term it." MALONE.

in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaring, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack¹.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath fever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again². There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always³ yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too com-

¹ — marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth, but in new silk, and old sack.] So Sir John Harrington, of a reformed brother. *Epigrams*. L. 3. 17:

“Sackcloth and cinders they advise to use;

“Sack, cloves and sugar thou would'st have to chuse.” BOWLE.

² — would I might never spit white again.] i. e. may I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; for, to spit white is the consequence of inward heat. So in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594: “They have sod their livers in sack these forty years, that makes them spit white broth as they do.” STEEVENS.

³ But it was always, &c.] This speech in the folio concludes at *I cannot last ever*. All the rest is restored from the quarto. A clear proof of the superior value of those editions, when compared with the publication of the players. STEEVENS.

mon. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Cb. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Cb. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses⁴. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Ch. Just. and Atten.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle⁵.—A man

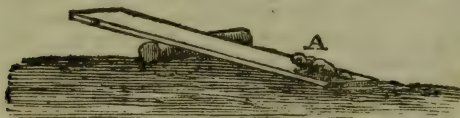
⁴ — you are too impatient to bear crosses.] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falstaff has just asked his lordship to lend him a thousand pound, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entrusted with money. A cross is a coin so called, because stamped with a cross. So, in *As you like it*:

“If I should bear you, I should bear no crosses.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 150, n. 8. MALONE.

⁵ — fillip me with a three-man beetle.] A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.

A diversion is common with boys in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet



long, at right angles, over a stick about two or three inches diameter, as per sketch. Then,

placing the toad at A, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called *Filliping the Toad*.—A *three-man beetle* is an implement used for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and



fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one short, and two long handles, as per sketch. A man to each of the long handles manages the

fall of the beetle, and a third man by the short handle assists in raising it, to strike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for filliping so corpulent a being as Falstaff. J. JOHNSON.

can

can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses⁶.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity⁷.

S C E N E III.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,

⁶ —prevent my curses.] To prevent, means in this place to anticipate.
³⁰, in the *Psalms*: "Mine eyes prevent the night watches."

STEEVENS.

⁷ —to commodity.] i.e. Profit, self-interest. So, in *K. John*:

"Commodity, the bias of the world." STEEVENS.

How,

How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus ;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point ;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand :
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller^s than the smallest of his thoughts ;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war^o ;—
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot)

Lives

^s *Much smaller*—] i. e. which turned out to be much smaller.

MUSGRAVE.

^o — in *this present quality of war* ;—] This and the following nineteen lines appeared first in the folio. That copy reads—Yes, if this present &c. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. I believe the old reading is the true one, and that a line is lost ; but have adopted

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
 We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then, but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices ; or, at least¹, desist
 To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up,) should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model ;
 Consent upon a sure foundation ;
 Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men :
 Like one, that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
 The utmost man of expectation ;
 I think, we are a body strong enough,

adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, because it makes sense. The punctuation now introduced appears to me preferable to that of the old edition, in which there is a colon after the word *action*. Bardolph, I think, means to say, " Indeed the *present* action, (our cause being now on foot, war being actually levied,) lives," &c. otherwise the speaker is made to say, in general, that *all* causes once on foot afford no hopes that may securely be relied on ; which is certainly not true. Mr. Steevens thinks, the old reading—Yes, *if* this &c. might be retained, were we to read *impel* instead of *indeed*, in the following line : Mr. Henley and Mr. Mason, instead of the latter word, would read *induced*.

MALONE.

1 — *at least*,] Perhaps we should read—*at last*. STEEVENS.

Even

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph. For his divisions, as the times do brawl, Are in three heads: one power against the French², And one against Glendower; perforce, a third Must take up us: So is the unfirm king In three divided; and his coffers sound With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so³,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland: Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth: But who is substituted 'gainst the French, I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on⁴;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—

² — *one power against the French,*] During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Owen Glendower. See Holinshed, p. 531. STEEVENS.

³ *If he should do so,*] This passage is read in the first edition thus: *If he should do so, French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* These lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not understood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to shew what errors may be suspected to remain. JOHNSON.

I believe the editor of the folio did not correct the quarto rightly; in which the only error probably was the omission of the word *to*:

To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'dd

They baying him at the heels: never fear that. MALONE.

⁴ *Let us on, &c.*] This speech first appeared in the folio. MALONE.

An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond many! with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires^s,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
 And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
 They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud London he came fighting on
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
 Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
 Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; PHANG, and his boy, with her; and
 SNARE following.*

Host. Master Phang, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your yeoman*? Is it a lusty yeoman?
 will a' stand to't?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

^s. —in thine own desires,] The latter word is employed here as a trifyllable. MALONE.

* *Where is your yeoman?*] A bailiff's follower was in our author's time called a serjeant's *yeoman*. See p. 294, n. 9. MALONE.

Hof. Olord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Hof. Yea, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Hof. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly in good faith: a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foine like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hof. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice⁶;—

Hof. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Phang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head⁷ in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan⁸ for a poor lone woman⁹ to bear: and I have borne, and borne,

⁶ —an a' come but within my vice;] Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not so good. POPE.

Vice is the reading of the folio; *view* of the quarto. MALONE.

The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the west of England. HENLEY.

⁷ —lubbar's-head—] This is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's-head. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 422. n. 5. MALONE.

⁸ —a long loan—] Old Copy—long one. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁹ —a poor lone woman—] A lone woman is a desolate, unfriended woman. So in Maurice Kyffin's Translation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588: "Moreover this Glycerie is a lone woman;"—"tum hæc sola mulier." In the first part of *K. Henry IV.* Mrs. Quickly had a husband alive. She is now a widow. STEEVENS.

and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, and fub'd off, this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in fuch dealing; unlefs a woman fhould be made an afs, and a beaft, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmfey-nose¹ knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, mafter Phang, and mafter Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the fuit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Hof. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-fuckle villain²! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-feed rogue! thou art a honey-feed; a man-queller³, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A rescue! a rescue!

Hof. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-feed!

¹ — *malmfey-nose* —] That is, red nose, from the effect of malmfey wine. JOHNSON.

In the old song of *Sir Simon the King* the burthen of each stanza is this:

“ Says old Sir Simon the king,

“ Says old Sir Simon the king,

“ With his ale-dropt hose,

“ And his *malmfey-nose*,

“ Sing hey ding, ding a ding.” PERCY.

² — honey-fuckle villain! —honey-feed rogue!] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

³ — *a man-queller*,] Wicliff, in his *Translation of the New Testament*, uses this word for *carnifex*; Mark, vi. 27: “ Herod sent a *man-queller*, and commanded his head to be brought.” STEEVENS.

Page. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian⁴! I'll tickle your catastrophe⁵.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hof. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Hof. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of East-cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Hof. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare⁶, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch.

⁴ — *rampallian!*—*fustilarian!*] The first of these terms of abuse may be derived from *ramper*, Fr. *to be low in the world*. The other from *fustis*, a club; i. e. a person whose weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a sword.

The following passage, however, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639, seems to point out another derivation of *Rampallian*:

“And hold *Rampallian*-like, swear and drink drunk.”

It may therefore mean a *rampant* riotous strumpet. Thus in *Greene's Ghost haunting Coneycatchers*:—“Here was *Wilee Beguily* rightly acted, and an aged *rampalion* put beside her schoole-tricks.” STEEVENS.

Fustilarian is, I believe, a made word, from *fussy*. Mr. Steevens's last explanation of *rampalian* appears to me the true one. MALONE.

⁵ — *I'll tickle your catastrophe.*] This expression occurs several times in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *to ride the mare,*] The Hostess had threatened to ride Falstaff like the *Incubus* or *Night-mare*; but his allusion, (if it be not a wanton one) is to the *Gallopus*, which was ludicrously called the *Timber*, or *two-legg'd*.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hos. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet⁷, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon wednesday in Whitfun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man⁸ of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife⁹, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar¹; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby

legg'd Mare. So, in *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587. The *Vice* is talking of *Tyburn*:

“This piece of land whereto you inheritors are,

“Is called the land of the *two-legged Mare*,

“In this piece of ground there is a *Mare* indeed,

“Which is the quickest *Mare* in England for speed.”

Again:

“I will help to bridle the *two-legged Mare*

“And both you for to *ride* need not to spare.” STEEVENS.

I think the allusion is only a wanton one. MALONE.

⁷ — *a parcel-gilt goblet*,] *Parcel-gilt* meant what is now called by artists *party-gilt*; that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungilded. MALONE.

Holinshed, describing the arrangement of Wolsey's plate, says—
“and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* plate.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *for liking his father to a singing-man*—] Such is the reading of the first edition; all the rest have *for likening him to a singing-man*. The original edition is right; the prince might allow familiarities with himself, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father. JOHNSON.

Liking is the reading of the quarto, 1600, and is better suited to dame Quickly than *likening*, the word substituted instead of it, in the folio. MALONE.

⁹ — *goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife*,] A *keech* is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. STEEVENS.

¹ — *a mess of vinegar*;] So, in *Mucedorus*: “I tell you all the
X 3 *messes*

whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have,² as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Hof. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap³ without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sawciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he *messes* are on the table already; There wants not so much as a *mess of mustard*." A *mess* seems to have been the common term for a small proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen.

STEEVENS.

So the scriptural term:—"a *mess* of pottage." MALONE.

² —you have, &c.] In the first quarto it is read thus:—"You have, as it appears to me, *practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman*, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.—Without this, the following exhortation of the chief justice is less proper. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. In the folio the words—"and made her serve," &c. were omitted. And in the subsequent speech "the villainy you have done *with* her," is improperly changed to "the villainy you have done *her*." MALONE.

³ —*this sneap*—] A Yorkshire word for *rebuke*. POPE.

Sneap signifies to *check*; as, children easily *sneaped*; herbs and fruits *sneaped* with cold weather. See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

is virtuous : No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor ; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong : but answer in the effect of your reputation⁴, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [taking her aside.]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower ; What news ?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales Are near at hand : the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman ;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman ;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking : and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work⁵, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings⁶, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come,

⁴ — *answer in the effect of your reputation,*] That is, answer in a manner suitable to your character. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *German hunting in water-work,*] i. e. In water colours.

WARBURTON.

So, in Holinshed, p. 819 : " The king for himself had a house of timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlie tents of blew *waterwork* garnished with yellow and white." It appears from the same Chronicle, p. 840, that these *painted cloths* were brought from Holland. The *German hunting* was therefore a subject very likely to be adopted by the artists of that country. STEEVENS.

The *German hunting*, is, I suppose, hunting the *wild boar*. Shakspeare in another place speaks of " a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one."

FARMER.

⁶ — *these bed-hangings,*] He recommends painted canvas instead of tapestry, which he calls *bed-hangings*, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls. JOHNSON.

an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and 'draw thy action': Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Hof. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i'faith I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? — Go, with her, with her; [*to Bard⁸.*] hook on, hook on.

Hof. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

(*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Boy.*)

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

⁷ —'draw thy action:] i. e. *withdraw* thy action. MALONE.

⁸ —to Bard.] In former editions the marginal direction is—*to the officers.* MALONE.

I rather suspect that the words *hook on, hook on*, are addressed to Bardolph, and mean, go you with her, hang upon her, and keep her in the same humour. In this sense the expression is used in *The Guardian*, by Massinger: "*Hook on, follow him, harpies.*" STEEVENS.

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another street.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland;

holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen⁹, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow¹.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never

9 — *that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,*] I suspect we should read—*that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen*; i. e. his bastard children, wrapt up in his old shirts. The subsequent words confirm this emendation. The latter part of this speech, "and God knows," &c. is omitted in the folio. MALONE.

¹ — *all ostentation of sorrow.*] Ostentation is here not boastful shew, but simply shew. *Merchant of Venice*:

" — one well studied in a sad ostent,

" To please his grandame." JOHNSON.

a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands²; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous asfs³, [*to the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice⁴; and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and, methought, he made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat⁵, and peep'd through.

P. Hen.

² —a proper fellow of my hands;] *Proper*, it has been already observed, in our author's time signified *handsome*. See Vol. II. p. 244, n. *, and Vol. III. p. 14, n. 7. "As tall a man of his hands" has occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. See Vol. I. p. 214, n. 4. MALONE. A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man. JOHNSON.

³ Come, you virtuous asfs, &c.] Though all editions give this speech to Poins, it seems evident, by the page's immediate reply, that it must be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-house, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk; and, the boy being ashamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his awkward bashfulness. THEOBALD.

⁴ —through a red lattice,] i. e. from an ale-house window. See Vol. I. p. 232, n. 2. MALONE.

⁵ —methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat,] Peradventure

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand⁶; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's-worth of good interpretation⁷.—
There it is, boy. [gives him money.]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master⁸?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen⁹ to be as familiar with

Peradventure the ale-wife's petticoat was red, a favourite colour of the lower females, and therefore no unapt representation of this varlet's face. AMNER.

⁶ —*Althea dream'd &c.*] Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

⁷ *A crown's-worth of good interpretation.*] "A pennyworth of good interpretation," is, if I remember right, the title of some old tract.

MALONE.

⁸ —*the martlemas, your master?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions. JOHNSON.

In the first part of *K. Henry IV.* the prince calls Falstaff "the latter spring,—all-hallowen summer. MALONE.

Martlemas is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of St. Martin, the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in all the old plays.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*this wen*—] The swollen excrescence of a man. JOHNSON.

me

me as my dog : and he holds his place ; for look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*reads.*] John Falstaff, knight, — Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt : How comes that ?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive : the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap¹ ; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter :—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.— Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen.² Peace !

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity*³ : —he sure means brevity in breath ; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars ; John, with my brothers and sisters ; and sir John, with all Europe.

¹ —*the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap ;*] Falstaff's followers, when they stole any thing called it a purchase. A borrowed cap in the same dialect might be a stolen one ; which is sufficiently ready, being, as Falstaff says, “ to be found on every hedge.” MALONE.

Read a borrower's cap, and then there is some humour in it : for a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant ; his cap is always at hand. WARBURTON.

² P. Hen.] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have left this letter in confusion, making the prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction. JOHNSON.

³ *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity :*] The old copy reads *Romans*, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of style. I suppose by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The words of Cæsar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. HEATH.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words⁴. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank⁵?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East-cheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians⁶, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet⁷.

P. Hen.

⁴ *That's to make him eat twenty of his words.*] Why just twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We should read *plenty*? and in this word the joke, as slender as it is, consists. WARB.

It is not surely uncommon to put a certain number for an uncertain one. Thus in the *Tempest*, *Miranda* talks of playing "for a score of kingdoms." *Busby*, in *K. Richard II.* observes that "each substance of a grief has *twenty* shadows." In *Julius Cæsar*, Cæsar says that the slave's hand "did burn like *twenty* torches." In *K. Lear* we meet with "*twenty* silly ducking observants," and "not a nose among *twenty*."

Robert Green, the pamphleteer, indeed obliged an apparitor to eat, his citation, wax and all. In the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* the Sumner is compelled to do the like; and says on the occasion,—“I'll eat my *word*.” Harpoole replies, “I meane you shall eat more than your own *word*, I'll make you eate all the *words* in the proceffe.” STEEV.

⁵ —*frank*?] Frank is sty. POPE.

⁶ *Ephesians*,] Ephesian was a term in the cant of these times, of which I know not the precise notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So the host in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “It is thine host, thine *Ephesian* calls.” JOHNSON.

Perhaps Falstaff's companions were called Ephesians with a quibbling allusion to the verb to *pbeese*. See Vol. III. p. 243. n. 2. Thus *Hungarian* (from *bunger*) was a cant term for a greedy half-starved fellow. See Howell's *English Proverbs*, 1660. “He is hide-bound; he is an *Hungarian*.” See Vol. I. p. 207, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ —*Doll Tear-sheet*.] Shakspeare might have taken the hint for this name

P. Hen. What pagan may that be⁸?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, fir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town:—There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, fir.

Page. And for mine, fir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Bard. and Page.*]
—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between faint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins⁹, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen.

name from the following passage in the *Playe of Robyn Hood*, very proper to be played in *Maye games*, bl. l. no date:

“She is a trul of trust, to serve a frier at his lust,

“A prycker, a praucer, a *terer of sheets*,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ *What pagan may that be?*] *Pagan* seems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either in birth or manners. So, in *The Captain*, a comedy by B. and Fletcher:

“Three little children, one of them was mine;

“Upon my conscience the other two were *pagans*.”

In the *City Madam* of Massinger it is used (as here) for a prostitute:

“_____ in all these places

“I've had my several *pagans* billeted.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Put on two leather jerkins,*] This was a plot very unlikely to succeed where the prince and the drawers were all known; but it produces merriment, which our author found more useful than probability.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Mason says, that “Dr. Johnson forgot that all the family were in the secret except Falstaff, and that the prince and Poins were disguised.”—But how does this circumstance meet with Dr. Johnson's objection? The improbability arises from Falstaff's being perfectly well acquainted with all the waiters in the house; and however disguised the Prince and Poins might be, or whatever aid they might derive from the landlord and his servants, they could not in fact pass for the old attendants,

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension¹! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *lady* Northumberland, *and*
lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain².
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

tendants, with whose person, voice, and manner, Falstaff was well acquainted. Accordingly he discovers the prince as soon as ever he speaks. However, Shakspeare's chief object was to gain an opportunity for Falstaff to abuse the Prince and Poins, while they remain at the back part of the stage in their disguises: a *jeu de theatre* which he practised in other plays, and which always gains applause. MALONE.

¹ — *a heavy descension!*] *Descension* is the reading of the first edition. Mr. Upton proposes that we should read thus by transposition: *From a God to a bull, a low transformation!—from a prince to a prentice, a heavy declension!* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right.

JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*declension*. MALONE.

² — *but he did long in vain.*] Theobald very elegantly conjectures that the poet wrote—*but he did look in vain*. STEEVENS.

For

For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
 In the grey vault of heaven³: and, by his light,
 Did all the chivalry of England move
 To do brave acts; he, was indeed, the glass
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
 He had no legs⁴, that practis'd not his gait:
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant;
 For those that could speak low, and tardily,
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book⁵,
 That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
 O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
 (Second to none, unseconced by you,)
 To look upon the hideous god of war
 In disadvantage; to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
 Did seem defensible⁶:—so you left him:
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him; let them alone;
 The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,

3 ——— as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven:] So, in one of our author's poems to his mistress:

“And truly not the morning sun of heaven

“Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east, &c.” STEEVENS.

4 *He had no legs, &c.*] The remainder of this speech was first printed in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

5 *He was the mark and glass, copy and book, &c.*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“For princes are the glass, the school, the book,

“Where subjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.” MALONE.

6 *Did seem defensible:*] *Defensible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing strength, furnishing the means of defence*;—the passive for the active participle. MALONE.

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there ;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves : So did your son ;
He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance⁷ with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back ;—
I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

⁷ *To rain upon remembrance—*] Alluding to the plant, rosemary, so called, and used in funerals. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ For you there's *rosemary* and rue, these keep

“ Seeming and favour all the winter long :

“ *Grace* and *remembrance* be unto you both, &c.”

For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being used in exorcisms ; so rosemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalick.

WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Boar's-head Tavern in East-cheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st, sir John cannot endure an apple-John⁸.

2. *Draw.* Mafs, thou say'st true: The prince once fet a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise⁹; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some musick. Dispatch¹:—The room where they supp'd, is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poinson anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and

⁸ — an apple-John.] This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and shrivelled. It is called by the French, — *Deux-ans.* STEEVENS.

⁹ — Sneak's noise;] Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood.

JOHNSON.

A noise of musicians anciently signified a concert or company of them. In the old play of *Henry V.* (not that of Shakspeare) there is this passage;—"there came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noise of musitians," &c.

Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene of this play.

So, again, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"All the noise that went with him, poor fellows, have had their fiddle-cases pull'd over their ears." Among Ben Jonson's *Leges convivales* is—*Fidicen, nisi accersitus, non venito.* STEEVENS.

¹ — Dispatch, &c.] These words, which are not in the folio, are in the quarto given to the second drawer. Mr. Pope rightly attributed them to the first. MALONE.

aprons ; and fir John must not know of it : Bardolph hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis² : It will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality : your pulfidge beats³ as extraordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose : But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries ; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this ? How do you now ?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said ; A good heart's worth gold. Look, here come's fir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court*⁴—Empty the jordan.—
And

² —*here will be old utis :*] *Utis*, an old word yet in use in some counties signifying a merry festival, from the French *buit*, *oïto*, ab A. S. *Œhta*, *Œstava festi alicujus*.—Skinner. POPE.

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* signifies festivity in a great degree. So again, in Decker's comedy, called, *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it* : “ We shall have *old* breaking of necks then.” Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 : “ I shall have *old* laughing.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 299, n. 6. MALONE.

³ —*your pulfidge beats &c.*] One would almost regard this speech as a burlesque on the following passage in the interlude called the *Repentance of Mary Magdelene*, 1567. *Infidelity* says to *Mary* :

“ Let me fele your poulfes, mistresse Mary, be you sicke ?

“ By my troth in as good tempre as any woman can be :

“ Your vaines are as full of blood, lusty and quicke,

“ In better taking truly I did you never see.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *When Arthur first in court*—] The entire ballad is published in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

STEEVENS.

The

And was a worthy king : [Exit Drawer.] How now, mistress Doll?

Hof. Sick of a calm⁵ : yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect⁶; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals⁷, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

The words in the ballad are

“ *When Arthur first in court began,*

“ *And was approved king.*” MALONE.

⁵ *Sick of a calm* :] I suppose she means to say of a *qualm*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *So is all her sect*;] I know not why *sect* is printed in all the copies: I believe *sex* is meant. JOHNSON.

In Middleton’s *Mad World my masters*, 1608, (as Dr. Farmer has elsewhere observed,) a courtesan says, “ it is the easiest art and cunning “ for our *sect* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits, when we “ are well.” I have therefore no doubt that *sect* was licentiously used by our author, and his contemporaries, for *sex*. MALONE.

I have found *sect* so often printed for *sex* in the old plays, that I suppose these words were anciently synonymous. Thus, in Marston’s *Insatiate Countess*, 1631 :

“ Deceives our *sect* of fame and chastity.”

Again, in Whetstone’s *Arbour of Vertue*, 1576 :

“ Who, for that these barons so wrought a slander to her *sect*,

“ Their foolish, rash, and judgement false, she sharplie did detect.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *You make fat rascals*,] Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lea* deer are called *rascal* deer. He tells her she calls him wrong; being *fat*, he cannot be a *rascal*. JOHNSON.

So in Quarles’s *Virgin Widow*, 1656 : “ — and have known a *rascal* from a fat deer.” STEEVENS.

To grow fat and bloated is one of the consequences of the venereal disease; and to that Falstaff probably alludes. There are allusions in the following speech to the same disorder. MASON.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches⁸;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers⁹ bravely:

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Hof. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick¹ as two dry toasts²; you

⁸ Your brooches, pearls, and owches;—] Brooches were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. Owches were bosses of gold set with diamonds. POPE.

I believe Falstaff gives these splendid names, as we give that of *carbuncle*, to something very different from gems and ornaments: but the passage deserves not a laborious research. JOHNSON.

Your brooches, pearls, and owches, is a line in an old song, but I forget where I met with it. Dr. Johnson may be supported in his conjecture by a passage in *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1612: "—As many aches in his bones as there are owches in his skin."

Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted *owches* in their literal sense. The makers of these ornaments were called *owchers*. STEEVENS.

It appears from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, that *owches* were worn by women in their hair, in Shakspeare's time. Dr. Johnson's conjecture, however, may be supported by the following passage in *Maroccus Extaticus*, 1595: "Let him pass for a churle, and wear his mistress's favours, viz. rubies and precious stones, on his nose, &c; and this *et cetera* shall, if you will, be the perfectest p—that ever grew in Shoreditch or Southwarke." MALONE.

⁹ —the charg'd chambers—] To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance. STEEVENS.

Chambers are very small pieces of ordnance which are yet used in London, on what are called *rejoicing days*, and were sometimes used in our author's theatre on particular occasions. See *King Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. iii. MALONE.

¹ —as rheumatick—] *Rheumatic*, in the cant language of the times, signified capricious, humourfome. In this sense it appears to be used in many of the old plays. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"Cob. Why, I have my *rewme*, and can be angry."

So, in our author's *K. Henry V.* "He did in some sort handle women; but then he was *rheumatic*," &c. STEEVENS.

The word *scorbutico* (as an ingenious friend observes to me) is used in the same manner in Italian, to signify a peevish ill-tempered man.

MALONE.

² —as two dry toasts;] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. JOHNSON.

cannot

cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*to Doll.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's³ below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Hof. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Hof. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Hof. Tilly-fally⁴, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil*; for, faith he, *you are in an ill name*;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on*; therefore take heed what guests you receive: *Receive*, says he, *no swaggering*

³—*ancient Pistol*—] is the same as *ensign Pistol*. Falstaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol ensign, or *ancient*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Tillyfally*—] See Vol. IV. p. 38, n. 6. MALONE.

companions.—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater⁵, he; you may stroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Hof. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater⁶: But I do not love swagging; by my troth I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake: look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Hof. Do I? yea in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

— *a tame cheater.*] Gamester and cheater were, in Shakspeare's age, synonymous terms. Ben Jonson has an epigram on Captain Hazard the *cheater*.— A *tame cheater* however, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, appears to be a cant phrase. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

— “and will be drawn into the net,

“ By this decoy duck, this *tame cheater*.”

Greene in his *Mibil Mumchance* has the following passage: “They call their art by a new-found name, as *cheating*, themselves *cheators*, and the dice *cbeters*, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leets, as waifes, straies, and such like, be called *cbetes*, and are accustomably said to be *escheted* to the lord's use.” So likewise in Lord Coke's charge at Norwich, 1607: “But if you will be content to let the *eschearer* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto him selfe the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*.” Hence perhaps the derivation of the verb—to *cheat*, which I do not recollect to have met with among our most ancient writers. This account of the word is likewise given in *A Manifest Detection of Dice-play*, printed by Vele, in the reign of Henry VIII. STEEVENS.

⁶ *I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater:*] The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of *cheater*, (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gamester*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eschearer*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*. WARBURTON.

Enter

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, fir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, fir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, fir; you shall hardly offend her.

Hof. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure⁷, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung⁸, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy

7 — *I'll drink no more—for no man's pleasure, I.*] This should not be printed as a broken sentence. The duplication of the pronoun was very common: in the *London Prodigal* we have, "I scorn service, I." "I am an ass, I," says the stage-keeper in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*; and Kendal thus translates a well-known epigram of Martial:

"I love thee not, *Sabidius*,

"I cannot tell thee why:

"I can saie naught but this alone,

"I do not love thee, I." FARMER.

So, in *K. Richard III.* Act. III. sc. ii.

"I do not like these several councils, I." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I will not budge, for no man's pleasure, I."

Again, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

"I am none of these common peasants, I."

The French still use this idiom:—*Je suis Parisien, moi.* MALONE.

⁸—*filthy bung*,] In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purse; and among an explanation of many of these terms in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, it is said that "*Bung* is now used for a pocket, heretofore for a purse." STEEVENS.

chaps

chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me⁹. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, fir?—What, with two points¹ on your shoulder? much!²

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Hof. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater³, art thou not ashamed to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and

9 — *an you play the saucy cuttle with me.*] It appears from Green's *Art of Conney-catching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife used by the sharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the allusion may be to the foul language thrown out by Pistol, which she means to compare with such filth as the *cuttle-fish* ejects. STEEVENS.

¹ — *with two points*—] As a mark of his commission. JOHNSON.

² — *much*!] *Much* was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. WARB.

Dr. Warburton is right. *Much*! is used thus in B. Jonson's *Volpone*:

“ — But you shall eat it. *Much*!

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:

“ Ay, *much*! when I have neither barn nor garner.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

3 *Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, &c.*] Pistol's character seems to have been a common one on the stage in the time of Shakespeare. In a *Woman's a Weathercock* by N. Field, 1612, there is a personage of the same stamp, who is thus described:

“ Thou unspeakable rascal, thou a soldier!

“ That with thy slops and cat-a-mountain face,

“ Thy blather chaps, and thy robustious words,

“ Fright'st the poor whore, and terribly dost exact

“ A weekly subsidy, twelve pence a piece,

“ Whereon thou livest; and on my conscience,

“ Thou snap'st besides with cheats and cut-purses.” MALONE.

dry'd

dry'd cakes⁴. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy⁵; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tor-

⁴ *He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes.*] That is, he lives on the refuse provisions of bawdy-houses and pastry-cooks' shops. *Stew'd prunes*, when mouldy, were perhaps formerly sold at a cheap rate, as stale pyes and *cakes* are at present. The allusion to *stew'd prunes*, and all that is necessary to be known on that subject, has been already explained in the first part of this historical play. STEEVENS.

⁵ —as odious as the word occupy;] So, B. Jonson in his *Discoveries*: "Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as, *occupy*, nature," &c. STEEVENS.

Occupant seems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wench. So, in Marston's *Satires*, 1598:

"—— He with his *occupant*

"Are cling'd so close, like dew-worms in the morne,

"That he'll not stir."

Again, in a song by Sir T. Overbury, 1616:

"Here's water to quench maidens' fires,

"Here's spirits for old *occupiers*." MALONE.

⁶ *I'll see her damn'd first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also.*] These words, I believe, were intended to allude to the following passage in an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, from which Pistol afterwards quotes a line (see p. 335, n 5.):

"You dastards of the night and *Erebus*,

"Fiends, fairies, hags, that fight in beds of steel,

"Range through this army with your iron whips;—

"Descend and take to thy *tormenting bell*

"The mangled body of that traitor king.—

"Then let the earth discover to his ghost

"Such *tortures* as usurpers feel below.—

"*Damn'd* let him be, *damn'd* and condemn'd to bear

"All torments, *tortures*, pains and plagues of hell," MALONE.

tures

tures vile also⁶. Hold book and line⁷, say I. Down!
down, dogs! down faitors⁸! Have we not Hiren here⁹?

Hoff.

⁷ *Hold book and line.*—] These words are introduced in ridicule by B. Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609. Of absurd and fustian passages from many plays in which Shakspeare had been a performer, I have always supposed no small part of *Pistol's* character to be composed: and the pieces themselves being now irretrievably lost, the humour of his allusions is not a little obscured. STEEVENS.

In Truffer's *Husbandry*, 1580, it is said,

“ At noone, if it bloweth, at night, if it shine,

“ Out trudgeth Hew Makeshift, *with book and with line.*”

HENDERSON.

⁸ *Down! down, dogs! down faitors!*] A burlesque on a play already quoted; *The Battile of Alcazar*:

“ Ye proud malicious dogs of Italy,

“ Strike on, strike down, this body to the earth.” MALONE.

Faitours, says Minshew's Dictionary, is a corruption of the French word *faiseurs*, i. e. *factores*, doers; and it is used in the statute 7 Rich. II. c. 5, for evil doers, or rather for idle livers; from the French, *faitard*, which in Cotgrave's Dict. signifies slothful, idle, &c. TOLLET.

— down *faitors*, i. e. traitors, rascals. So Spenser:

“ Into new woes, unweeting, was I cast,

“ By this false *faitour*.”

The word often occurs in the *Chester Mysteries*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Have we not Hiren here?*] From *The Merie conceited Jestis of George Peele, Gentleman, sometime Student in Oxford*, quarto, 1657, it appears, that Peele was the author of a play called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*, which is now lost. One of these jests, or rather stories, is entitled, *How George read a Play-book to a Gentleman*. “ There was a gentleman (says the tale) whom God had endued with good living, to maintain his small wit,—one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that George had done, himself being a writer.—This self-conceited brock had George invited to half a score sheets of paper; whose Christianly pen had writ *Finis* to the famous play of *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*; —in Italian called a *cartezan*; in Spaine, a *margarite*; in French, un *curtain*; in English, among the barbarous, a *wbore*; among the gentles, their usual associates, a *punk*.—This fantastick, whose brain was made of nought but cork and sponge, came to the cold lodging of Monsieur Peel.—George bids him welcome;—told him he would gladly have his opinion of *his book*.—He willingly condescended, and George begins to read, and between every *scene* he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it,” &c.

Have we not Hiren here? was, without doubt, a quotation from this play of Peele's, and, from the explanation of the word *Hiren* above given, is put with peculiar propriety on the present occasion into the mouth

Hof. Good captain Peefel, be quiet; it is very late i'faith: I befeek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pift. Thefe be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horfes,
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Afia,

Which

mouth of Pistol. In *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy, by Jonfon, Chapman, and Marfton, 1605, *Quickflver* comes in diunk, and repeats this and many other verfes, from dramatick performances of that time:

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Afia! [*Tamburlaine.*]

"Hast thou not *Hiren* here?" [probably, *the Turkiſh Mahomet.*]

"Who cries out murther? lady, was it you? [*Spaniſh Tragedy.*]

All thefe lines are printed as quotations, in Italicks. In John Day's *Law Tricks*, quoted by Mr. Steevens in the following note, the prince Polymetes, when he ſays "Have we not *Hiren* here", alludes to a lady then preſent, whom he imagines to be a harlot. MALONE.

In an old comedy, 1608, called *Law Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it?* the ſame quotation is likewise introduced, and on a ſimilar occaſion. The prince Polymetes ſays:

"What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?"

"*Have we not Hiren here?*"

Again, in Maſſinger's *Old Law*:

"*Clown.* No dancing for me, we have Siren here.

"*Cook.* Syren! 'twas *Hiren* the fair Greek, man."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "—therefore whilſt *we have Hiren here*, ſpeak my little diſh-wiſhers."

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that in Adams's *Spiritual Navigator*, &c. 1615, there is the following paſſage: "There be ſirens in the ſea of the world. Syrens? *Hirens*, as they are now called. What a number of theſe ſirens, *Hirens*, cockatrices, courteghians,—in plain Engliſh, harlots,—ſwimme amongſt us?" Pistol may therefore mean, Have we not a *ſtrumpet* here? and why I am thus uſed by her? STEEVENS.

"—*hollow-pamper'd jades of Afia*, &c.] Theſe lines are in part a quotation out of an old abſurd ſuffian play, entitled, *Tamburlaine's Conqueſts*; or, *The Scythian Shepberd*, 1590. [by C. Marlowe,] THEOBALD.

Theſe lines are addreſſed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot:

"Holla, you pamper'd jades of Afia,

"What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

The ſame paſſage is burleſqued by B. and Fletcher in *The Coxcomb*.

I was ſurprized to find a ſimile, much and juſtly celebrated by the admirers of *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, inſerted almoſt word for word in the ſecond part of this tragedy. The earlieſt edition of thoſe books of *The Fairy Queen*, in one of which it is to be found, was published in 1590. and *Tamburlaine* had been repreſented in or before the year 1588, as appears from the preface to *Perimedes the Blackſmith*, by Robert Greene.

The

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals¹,
And Trojan Greeks ? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus ; and let the welkin roar².
Shall we fall foul for toys ?

Hof. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient : this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs³ ; give crowns like pins ;
The first copy, however, that I have met with, is in 1590, and the next in 1593. In the year 1590 both parts of it were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

“ Like to an almond-tree ymounted high

“ On top of green Selinis, all alone,

“ With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,

“ Whose tender locks do tremble every one

“ At every little breath that under heaven is blown.” *Spenser.*

“ Like to an almond-tree ymounted high

“ Upon the lofty and celestial mount

“ Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck'd

“ With bloom more bright than Erycina's brows ;

“ Whose tender blossoms tremble every one

“ At every little breath from heaven is blown.” *Tamburlaine.*

STEEVENS.

¹ — *Cannibals,*] *Cannibal* is used by a blunder for *Hannibal*. This was afterwards copied by Congreve's Bluff and Wittol. Bluff is a character apparently taken from this of ancient Pistol. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the English stage might have been originally taken from Pistol ; but Congreve seems to have copied his Nol Bluff more immediately from Jonson's Captain Bobadil. STEEVENS.

² — *nay rather damn them with*

King Cerberus ; and let the welkin roar.] So in *Eastward Hoe*, 1605 : “ — turn swaggering gallant, and let the welkin roar, and Erebus also.” MALONE.

— *let the welkin roar.*] These are part of the words of an old ballad, entitled, “ What the father gathereth with the rake, the son doth scatter with the forke” :

“ Let the welkin roare,

“ I'll never give ore, &c.”

Again, in another ancient song called “ The Man in the Moon drinks claret :”

“ Drink wine till the welkin roares,

“ And cry out a p— of your scores.” STEEVENS.

³ *Die men like dogs ;*—] This expression I find in *Ram-alley*, 1611 :

“ Your lieutenant's an afs.

“ How an afs ? *Die men like dogs ?* STEEVENS.

Have

Have we not Hiren here ⁴?

Hof. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis ⁵:
Come, give's some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta ⁶.—

Fear we broad-fides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweet-heart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]

⁴ — *Have we not Hiren here?*] Mr. Theobald thought that *Hiren* was a name bestowed by Pistol on his sword, in imitation of the heroes of romance: thus “king Arthur's swords were called *Caliburn* and *Ron*, Orlando's *Durindana*, Rinaldo's *Fusberta*,” &c. He adds, that “*be had been told* that Amadis de Gaul had a sword of the name of *Hiren*.” But I see no ground for supposing that the words bear a different meaning here from what they did in a former passage. He is still, I think, merely quoting the same play that he had quoted before.

MALONE.

⁵ — *feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:*] This is a burlesque on a line in an old play called *The Battle of Alcazar*, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:

“Feed then, and faint not, my faire Calypolis.”

And again, in the same play:

“Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more.”

And again:

“Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe

“With strength and terrour, to revenge our wrong.”

This line is quoted in several of the old plays; and Decker, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602, has introduced Shakspeare's burlesque of it: “Feed and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*: stir not my beauteous wriggle-tails.”

STEEVENS.

It is likewise quoted by Marston in his *What you will*, 1607, as it stands in Shakspeare. MALONE.

⁶ — *Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads: “*Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta*,” which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it. JOHNSON.

Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga, who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*,

“*Si fortuna me tormenta,*

“*Il speranza me contenta.*

And sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage to the South Sea*, 1593, throws out the same gingling distich on the loss of his pinnace. FARMER.

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera*'s nothing?⁷

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif⁸: What! we have seen the seven-stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags⁹?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling¹: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrew?
[*snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep², abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos*, I say!

Hof. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

⁷ *Come we to full points here; &c.*] That is, shall we stop here, shall we have no further entertainment? JOHNSON.

⁸ *Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif;*] i. e. I kiss thy fist. THEOBALD.

Neif is still employed in this sense in the Northern counties, and by B. Jonson in his *Poetaster*. STEEVENS.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "Give me thy *neif*, Monsieur Mustard-Seed. MALONE.

⁹ —*Galloway nags?*] That is, common hackneys. JOHNSON.

¹ —*like a shove-groat shilling:*] This expression occurs in *Every Man in his humour*: "—made it run as smooth off the tongue as a *shove-groat shilling*." I suppose it to have been a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 199, n. 5. MALONE.

Slide-thrift, or *shove-groat* is one of the games prohibited by statute 33 Hen. VIII. BLACKSTONE.

² *Then death rock me asleep,*] This is a fragment of an ancient song, supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:

"O death rock me on slepe,

"Bring me on quiet rest, &c."

For the entire song, see sir John Hawkins's *General Hist. of Musick*, Vol. I. p. 31. STEEVENS.

* *Come, Atropos,—*] It has been suggested that this is a name which Pistol gives to his sword; but surely he means nothing more than to call on one of the *sisters three* to aid him in the fray. MALONE.

Del.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Hof. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whorson little valiant villain, you!

Hof. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whorson chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain³!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee,

Dol. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whorson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig⁴, when wilt

³—Ah, villain!] Thus the folio: the quarto reads—a villain; which may be right. She may mean Pistol. MALONE.

⁴—little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,] For tidy sir Thomas Hamner reads tiny; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. Bartholomew boar-pig is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing. JOHNSON.

wilt thou leave fighting o'day's, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised like drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head⁵; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick

Tidy has two significations, *timely* and *neat*. In the first of these senses, I believe, it is used in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“—I myself have given good, *tidie* lambs.” STEEVENS.

From Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, we learn, that it was the custom formerly to have booths in Bartholomew Fair, in which pigs were drest and sold, and to these it is probable the allusion is here, and not to the pigs of paste mentioned by Dr. Johnson.

The practice of roasting *pigs* at Bartholomew Fair continued until the beginning of the present century, if not later. It is mentioned in *Ned Ward's London Spy*, 1697. When about the year 1708, some attempts were made to limit the duration of the fair to three days, a poem was published entitled, *The Pigs' Petition against Bartholomew Fair*, &c. *Tidy*, I apprehend, means only *fat*, and in that sense it was certainly sometimes used. See an old translation of *Galatea of Manners and Behaviour*, b. l. 1578, p. 77: “—and it is more proper and peculiar speech to say the shivering of an ague than to call it the colde; and flesh that is *tidie* to term it rather *fat* than *fulsome*.” REED.

See also D'Avenant's burlesque *Verses on a long vacation*, written about 1630:

“Now London's chief on saddle new

“Rides into *fair of Barthol'mew*;

“He twirls his chain, and looking big

“As if to fright the head of *pig*,

“That gaping lies on *greasy* stall,

“Till female with great belly call,” &c. MALONE.

5 —like a death's head;] It appears from the following passage in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605, that it was the custom for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*. Cocolledemoy, speaking of some of these, says:—“as for their death, how can it be bad, since their
“wicked-

thick as Tewksbury mustard⁶; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet⁷.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons⁸; and rides the wild mare with the boys⁹; and jumps upon joint-stools;

"wickedness is always before their eyes, and a death's head most commonly on their middle finger." Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "—as if I were a *lawd*, no ring pleases me but a death's head".

On the Stationer's books, Feb. 21, 1582, is enter'd a ballad, entitled *Remember thy end*. STEEVENS.

6 — *Tewksbury mustard*;] Tewksbury is a market-town in the county of Gloucester, formerly noted for mustard-balls made there, and sent into other parts. GREY.

7 — *in a mallet*.] So, in Milton's *Prose Works*, 1738, Vol. I. p. 300: "—though the fancy of this doubt be as obtuse and sad as any mallet." TOLLET.

8 — *eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons*;]

Conger with fennel was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by B. Jonson in his *Bartholomew-Fair*:—"like a long laced conger with green fennel in the joll of it." And in *Philaster*, one of the ladies advises the wanton Spanish prince to abstain from this article of luxury. Greene likewise in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, calls fennel "women's weeds" — "fit generally, for that sex, sith while they are maidens they wish wantonly."

The qualification that follows, viz. that of swallowing *candles' ends by way of flap-dragons*, seems to indicate no more than that the prince loved him because he was always ready to do any thing for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural. Nash, in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication to the Devil*, advises hard drinkers,—"to have some shoo-ing horne to pull on their wine, as a rasher on the coals, or a red herring; or to stir it about with a candle's end to make it taste the better," &c. And Ben Jonson in his *News from the Moon*, &c. a masque, speaks of those who eat *candle ends*, as an act of love and gallantry. Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:—"have I not been drunk to your health, swallow'd flap-dragons, eat glasses, drank urine, stabbd arms, and done all the offices of protested gallantry for your sake?" STEEVENS.

A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief. JOHNSON.

9 — *and rides the wild mare with the boys*;] He probably means the two-legged mare mentioned by Mr. Steevens, in n. 6, p. 308. MALONE.

and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg¹; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories²: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel³ have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kifs me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction⁴! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon⁵, his man,
be

¹ —wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg;] The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes that such is part of the description of a smart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century. "*Ocreas babebat in cruribus, quasi innata essent, sine plicâ porrectas.*" MS. Bod. James. n. 6. p. 121. STEEVENS.

² —discreet stories:—] We should read *indiscreet*. WARBURTON.

I suppose by *discreet stories*, is meant what suspicious masters and mistresses of families would call *prudential information*; i. e. what ought to be known, and yet is disgraceful to the teller. Among the virtues of John Rugby, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly adds, that "he is no tell-tale, no breed-bate." STEEVENS.

³ —nave of a wheel—] *Nave* and *knave* are easily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel*? I suppose from his roundness. He was called *round man* in contempt before. JOHNSON.

So, in the play represented before the king and queen in *Hamlet*:

"Break all the spokes and fellies of her wheel,

"And bowl the round nave down the steep of heaven."

STEEVENS.

⁴ —Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!] This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. JOHNSON.

⁵ —the fiery Trigon, &c.] *Trigonum igneum* is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. The *fiery Trigon*, I think,
con-

be not lisp^{ing} to his master's old tables⁶; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of⁷? I shall receive

consists of *Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius*.—So, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602; B. 6. chap. 31:

"Even at the fiery Trigon shall your chief ascendant be."

STEEVENS.

6 —lisp^{ing} to his master's old tables;] Dr. Warburton reads *clasp^{ing}* too, &c. to preserve no doubt the integrity of the metaphor, as he often calls it. But a slight acquaintance with our author's manner is sufficient to inform us that this is an object to which he scarcely ever attends. The old table-book was a *counsel-keeper*, or a register of secrets; and so also was Dame Quickly; and Shakspeare looked no further. I have therefore not the least suspicion of any corruption in the text. *Lisp^{ing}* is, in our author's dialect, making love, or in modern language, *saying soft things*. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff apologizes to Mrs. Ford for his concise address to her, by saying, "I cannot cog, and *say this and that*, like a many of these *lisp^{ing}* hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee;" &c. MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *lisp* a little in his courtship; or might assume an affected softness of speech, like Chaucer's *Frere*: late edit. Prol. v. 266:

"Somewhat he *lisp^{ed}* for his wantonneffe,

"To make his English swete upon his tonge."

Or, like the *Page* in the *Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, who

"*Lisp^s* when he list to catch a chambermaid."

Again, in *Lowe's Labour's Lost*: "—He can carve too, and *lisp*."

STEEVENS.

7 —a kirtle of?] I know not exactly what a *kirtle* is. The following passages may serve to shew that it was something different from a *gown*: "How unkindly she takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with less than a *gown* or a *kirtle* of silk." *Greene's Art of Legerdemaine*, &c. 1612.

Bale, in his *Actes of English Votaries*, says that Roger earl of Shrewsbury sent "to Clunyake in France, for the *kertle* of holy Hugh the abbot." Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation, means a *petticoat*. "Half a dozen taffata gowns or fatten *kirtles*." *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson.—Stubbs mentions *kirtles*, but is not precise in his description of them. Dr. Farmer supposes them to be the same as *safe-guards*, or *riding-hoods*. STEEVENS.

money on thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I drefs myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, fir^b. [*advancing.*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's⁹?—And art not thou Poins his brother¹?

A kirtle, I believe, meant a *long cloak*. Minshew describes it as an *upper or exterior garment*, worn over another; what in French is called a *garde-robe*. See his *Dict.* 1617. The latter word is explained by Cotgrave thus: "A cloth or cloak worn or cast over a garment to keep it from dust, rain," &c. That writer however supposes *kirtle* and *petticoat* to be synonymous; for he renders the word *vasquine* thus: "A *kirtle*, or *petticoat*;" and *surcot* he calls an *upper kirtle*, or a garment worn over a kirtle.

When therefore a *kirtle* is mentioned simply, perhaps a petticoat is meant; when an upper kirtle is spoken of, a long cloak or mantle is probably intended; and I imagine a *half-kirtle*, which occurs in a subsequent scene in this play, meant a *short* cloak, half the length of the upper kirtle. The term *half-kirtle* seems inconsistent with Dr. Farmer's idea; as does Milton's use of the word in his *Masque*,—"the flowery-kirtled Naiades."

Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, describes a kirtle as distinct from both a gown and a petticoat. After having described the gowns usually worn at that time, he proceeds thus: "—then have thei petticoats of the best clothe, of scarlette, grograine, taffatie, or filke, &c. But of whatsoever their petticoats be, yet must they have *kirtles*, (for so they call them,) either of filke, velvet, grograine, taffatie, fatten or scarlet, bordered with gardes, lace," &c. I suppose he means a mantle or long cloak. MALONE.

^b *Anon, anon, fir.*] The usual answer of drawers at this period. So, in *The Discoverie of the Knights of the Poste*, 1597:—"wherefore he calling, the drawer presently answered with a shrill voice, *anon, anon, fir?*" REED.

⁹ *Ha! a bastard son, &c.*] The improbability of this scene is scarcely balanced by the humour. JOHNSON.

I did not perceive any improbability. Falstaff does not mistake the prince for a bastard son of the king's, (as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought,) but means to inform him at once that he knows him and Poins, notwithstanding their disguises. MALONE.

¹ —*Poins his brother?*] i. e. Poins's brother, or brother to Poins; a vulgar corruption of the genitive case. ANONYMOUS.

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hof. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine², you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hof. Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Did'st thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me*;—and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might

² —candle-mine,] Thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

* Not! to dispraise me;] The prince means to say, "What! is it not abuse, to dispraise me," &c. Some of the modern editors read—No! &c. but, I think, without necessity. MALONE.

not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too*.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul³! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so⁴: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent⁵?

* — out-bids *him too*.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*blinds him too*; and perhaps it is right. MALONE.

³ —and burns, *poor soul*!] This is sir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had, *she is in hell already, and burns poor souls*. The venereal disease was called in these times the *brennyng* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *All victuallers do so*.] The brothels were formerly skreened under pretext of being *victualling houses* and *taverns*. "So, in the *Cure for a Cuckold*, 1661: "This informer comes into Turnbull Street to a *victualling house*, and there falls in league with a *wench*, &c.—Now, sir, this fellow, in revenge, informs against the *bar* that kept the house, &c." Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, defines a *victualling house* thus: "A tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season*." STEEVENS.

⁵ *What's a joint of mutton in a whole Lent*?] Perhaps a covert allusion is couched under these words. See Vol. I. p. 110, n. 9. MALONE.

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Hof. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak;—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARD.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and
we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking heard.*]
More knocking at the door? [*Re-enter Bard.*] How now?
what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen
captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, firrah. [*to the Page.*]—Fare-
wel, hostess;—farewel, Doll.—You see, my good
wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the unde-
server may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on.
Farewel, good wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I
will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to
burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewel, Farewel. [*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARD.*]

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these
twenty nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest, and
truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard.

Bard. [*within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Hof. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.⁶ [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick: But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, And well consider of them: Make good speed.—

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell⁷?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;

And

⁶ O run, Doll, run; run good Doll.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, O run, Doll run; run: Good Doll, come: she comes blubber'd: Yea, will you come, Doll? STEEVENS.

⁷ A watch-case, &c.] This alludes to the watchman set in garri-son-towns upon some eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakspeare. HANMER.

And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the ^s slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly⁹, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!¹
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter

^s —[*slippery clouds*,] The modern editors read *shrouds*. The old copy, —in the *slippery clouds*; but I know not what advantage is gained by alteration, for *shrouds* had anciently the same meaning as *clouds*. I could bring many instances of this use of the word from *Drayton*. So in his *Miracles of Moses*:

“ And the sterne thunder from the airy *shrouds*,

“ To the sad world, in fear and horror spake.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem on Inigo Jones*:

“ And peering forth of Iris in the *shrouds*.”

A moderate tempest would hang the waves in the *shrouds* of a ship; a great one might poetically be said to suspend them on the *clouds*, which were too *slippery* to retain them.

So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ ————— I have seen

“ Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage and foam

“ To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*.”

Drayton's *airy shrouds* are the airy covertures of heaven; which in plain language are the clouds. STEEVENS.

The instances produced by Mr. Steevens prove that *clouds* were sometimes called poetically *airy shrouds*, or shrouds suspended in air; but they do not appear to me to prove that any writer speaking of a ship, ever called the *shrouds* of the ship by the name of *clouds*. I entirely, however, agree with him in thinking that *clouds* here is the true reading; and the passage produced from *Julius Cæsar*, while it fully supports it, shews that the word is to be understood in its ordinary sense. So again, in the *Winter's Tale*: “ —now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth.” MALONE.

⁹ *With the hurly*,] *Hurly* is noise, derived from the French *burler*, to howl, as *burly-burly* from *Hurluberlu*, Fr. STEEVENS.

¹ —*Then, bappy low, lie down!*] You, who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest! the head that wears a crown lies too uneasy to expect such a blessing.—Had not Shakspeare thought it necessary to subject himself to the tyranny of rhyme, he would

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why, then, good morrow to you all. My lords;
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd²;
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of
fate³;

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent

would probably have said,—“then happy low, sleep on!” So, in *the Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

“Behold the peasant poore with tattered coat,

“Whose eyes a meaner fortune feeds with sleep,

“How safe and sound the careless snudge doth snore.”

Sir W. D'Avenant has the same thought in his *Law against Lovers*:

“How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low!” STEEVENS.

² It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,] *Distemper*, that is, according to the old physick, a disproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity, is less than actual *disease*, being only the state which foreruns or produces diseases. The difference between *distemper* and *disease* seems to be much the same as between *disposition* and *habit*. JOHNSON.

³ O heaven! that one might read the book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself

Into the sea! and, other times, to see, &c.] So, in our author's 64th

Sonnet:

“When I have seen the hungry ocean gain

“Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,

“And the firm soil win of the watry main,

“Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;

“When I have seen such interchange of state, &c.” MALONE.

Weary

(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
 Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue⁴,—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone,
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,

⁴ *What perils past, what crosses to ensue,*] There is some difficulty in this line, because it seems to make past perils equally terrible with ensuing crosses. JOHNSON.

This happy youth who is to foresee the future progress of his life, cannot be supposed at that time of his happiness to have gone through many perils. Both the perils and the crosses that the king alludes to, were yet to come ; and what the youth is to foresee is, the many crosses he would have to contend with, even after he has passed through many perils. MASON.

In answer to Dr. Johnson's objection it may be observed, that past perils are not described as *equally* terrible with ensuing crosses, but are merely mentioned as an aggravation of the sum of human calamity. He who has already gone through some perils, might hope to have his *quietus*, and might naturally sink in despondency, on being informed that " bad begins, and worse remains behind." Even past perils are painful in retrospect, as a man shrinks at the sight of a precipice from which he once fell.—To one part of Mr. Mason's observation it may be replied, that Shakspeare does not say, the *bappy*, but the *bappiest*, youth ; that is, *even* the happiest of mortals, *all* of whom are destined to a certain portion of misery.

Though what I have now stated may, I think, fairly be urged in support of what seems to have been Dr. Johnson's sense of this passage, yet I own Mr. Mason's interpretation is extremely ingenious, and probably is right. The perils here spoken of may not have been *actually* passed by the peruser of the book of fate, though they have been passed by him in " viewing his progress through" ; or, in other words, though the register of them has been *perused* by him. They may be said to be *past* in one sense only ; namely with respect to those which are to ensue ; which are presented to his eye subsequently to those which precede. If the spirit and general tendency of the passage, rather than the grammatical expression, be attended to, this may be said to be the most obvious meaning. The construction is, "*What perils* having been *past*, *what crosses* are to *ensue*." MALONE.

(Weary

Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by⁵,
 (You, cousin Nevil⁶, as I may remember,) [*to Warwick.*
 When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
 'Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—
 Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent^{*};
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
*Shall break into corruption;—*so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie entreaured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;

And,

⁵ *But which of you was by, &c.*] He refers to *King Richard*, A& IV. scene ii. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation. JOHNSON.

⁶ *—cousin Nevil,*] Shakspeare has mistaken the name of the present nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VI. when it descended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced) who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of Salisbury. STEEVENS.

^{*} *—I had no such intent;*] He means, "*I should have had no such intent, but that necessity*", &c. or Shakspeare has here also forgotten his former play, or has chosen to make Henry forget his situation at the time mentioned. He had then actually accepted the crown. See *K. Richard II.* A& IV. sc. i.

"In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne." MALONE.

And, by the necessary form of this⁷,
 King Richard might create a perfect gues,;
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon
 Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
 Then let us meet them like necessities⁸:
 And that same word even now cries out on us;
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,
 To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth,
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance, that Glendower is dead⁹.
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
 And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land¹. [*Exeunt.*
 S C E N E.

⁷ *And, by the necessary form of this,*] I think we might better read *the necessary form of things*. The word *this* has no very evident antecedent. JOHNSON.

If any change were wanting, I would read:

And by the necessary form of these,—

i. e. the *things* mentioned in the preceding line. STEEVENS.

⁸ *—let us meet them like necessities:]* That is let us meet them with that patient and quiet temper with which men of fortitude meet those events which they know to be inevitable. MASON.

⁹ *—that Glendower is dead.]* Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV. See p. 196, n. 4. MALONE.

¹ *—unto the Holy Land.]* This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the first edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the division of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the same right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the present distribution, I should propose that
 this

SCENE II.

*Court before Justice Shallow's house in Gloucestershire*².

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, fir, give me your hand, fir: an early stirrer, by the rood³. And how doth my good cousin Silence⁴?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal.

this scene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Gloucestershire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would shorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the rest. JOHNSON.

² — *Justice Shallow's house in Gloucestershire.*] From the following passage in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, we may conclude that Kempe was the original *Justice Shallow*. — Burbage and Kempe are introduced instructing some Cambridge students to act. Burbage makes one of the students repeat some lines of *Hieronymo* and *K. Richard III.* Kempe says to another, "Now for you,—methinks you belong to my tuition; and your face methinks would be good for a foolish Mayor, or a foolish *Justice of Peace*."—And again: "Thou wilt do well in time if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is, by my selfe, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am."—It appears from Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, that he likewise played the *Clown*: "What can be made of a ropemaker more than a clowne. Will. Kempe, I mistrust it will fall to thy lot for a merriment one of these dayes." MALONE.

³ — *by the rood.*] i. e. The cross. POPE.

It appears from Hearne, Fuller, and Blount, (as Mr. Reed has observed,) that *rood* formerly signified also the image of Christ on the cross. MALONE.

⁴ — *Silence.*] The oldest copy of this play was published in 1600. It must however have been acted somewhat earlier, as in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was performed in 1599, is the following reference to it: "No, lady, this is a kinsman to *Justice Silence*." STEEVENS.

Shal. By yea and nay, fir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, fir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man⁵,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers⁶ in all the inns of court again: and, I may say
to

⁵ —*Will Squele, a Cotswold man,*] The games at Cotswold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of these I have seen accounts in several old pamphlets; and Shallow, by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, meant to have him understood to be one who was well versed in those exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution. STEEVENS.

The games of Cotswold, I believe, did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never seen any pamphlet that mentions them as having existed in the time of Elizabeth. Randolph speaks of their *revival* in the time of Charles I.; and from Dover's book they appear to have been revived in 1636. But this does not prove that they were exhibited in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They certainly were in that of King James, and were probably *discontinued* after his death. However, Cotswold might have long been famous for meetings of tumultuous swinge-bucklers. See Vol. I. p. 195. n. 3. MALONE.

⁶ —*swinge-bucklers*—] *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakspeare.

Nash, addressing himself to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, says: "*Turpe senex miles*, 'tis time for such an olde foole to leave playing the *swash-buckler*." Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Caraffa says, "—when I was a scholar in Padua, faith, then I could have *swing'd a sword and buckler*," &c. STEEVENS.

West Smithfield (says the Continuator of Stowe's *Annals*, 1631,) was for many years called *Ruffians' Hall*, by reason it was the usual place of frays and common fighting, during the time that *sword and buckler* were in use; when every serving-man, from the base to the best, carried a buckler at his backe, which hung by the hilt or pummel of his sword which hung before him.—Untill the 20th year of Queene Elizabeth, it was usual to have frays, fights, and quarrels upon the sundayes and holydayes, sometimes twenty, thirty, and forty swords

to you, we knew where the bona-robas⁷ were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk⁸.

Sil.

and bucklers, halfe against halfe, as well by quarrels of appointment as by chance.—And in the winter season all the high streets were much annoyed and troubled with hourly frayes, and sword and buckler men, who took pleasure in that *bragging* fight; and although they made great shew of much furie, and fought often, yet seldome any man was hurt, for thrusting was not then in use, neither would any one of twenty strike beneath the waste, by reason they held it cowardly and beastly.”

MALONE.

7—*bona-robas*—] i. e. ladies of pleasure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. So, in *The Bride*, 1640: “Some *bona-roba* they have been sporting with.” STEEV.

⁸ *Tben was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.*] The following circumstances, tending to prove that Shakspeare altered the name of *Oldcastle* to that of *Falstaff*, have hitherto been overlooked. In a poem by J. Weever, entitled “The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most godly Martyre *Sir John Oldcastle* Knight, Lord Cobham,” 18mo. 1601, *Oldcastle*, relating the events of his life, says:

“Within the spring-tide of my flowring youth

“He [his father] stept into the winter of his age;

“Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)

“That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrais* page.”

Again, in a pamphlet entitled “The wandering Jew telling fortunes to Englishmen,” 4to. (the date torn off, but apparently a republication about the middle of the last century) is the following passage in the *Glutton*’s speech: “I do not live by the sweat of my brows, but am almost dead with sweating. I eate much, but can talk little. *Sir John Oldcastle* was my great grandfather’s father’s uncle. I come of a *buge* kindred.” REED.

Different conclusions are sometimes drawn from the same premises. Because Shakspeare borrowed a single circumstance from the life of the *real Oldcastle*, and imparted it to the *fictitious Falstaff*, does it follow that the name of the former was ever employed as a cover to the vices of the latter? Is it not more likely, because *Falstaff* was known to possess one feature in common with *Oldcastle*, that the vulgar were led to imagine that *Falstaff* was only *Oldcastle* in disguise? Hence too might have arisen the story that our author was compelled to change the name of the one for that of the other; a story sufficiently specious to have imposed on the writer of the “Wandering Jew,” as well as on the credulity of *Field*, *Fuller*, and others, whose coincidence has been brought in support of an opinion contrary to my own. STEEVENS.

Having given my opinion very fully on this point in a former note,
(see

Sil. This fir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same fir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head⁹ at the court gate, when he was a crack

(see p. 119, n. 1.) I shall here only add, that I entirely concur with Mr. Steevens. There is no doubt that the Sir John Oldcastle of the anonymous *King Henry V.* suggested the character of Falstaff to Shakspeare; and hence he very naturally adopted this circumstance in the life of the real Oldcastle, and made his Falstaff page to Mowbray duke of Norfolk. The author of the *Wandering Jew* seems to have been misunderstood. He describes the *Glutton* as related to some Sir John Oldcastle, and therefore as a man of a *huge* kindred; but he means a *fat* man, not a *man* nobly allied. From a pamphlet already quoted, entitled, *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, it appears that the Oldcastle of the old *K. Henry V.* was represented as a very fat man; (see also the prologue to a play entitled *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, in which the Oldcastle of the old *K. Henry V.* is described as "a pampered glutton:") but we have no authority for supposing Lord Cobham was fatter than other men. Is it not evident then that the Oldcastle of the play of *King Henry V.* was the person in the contemplation of the author of *The Wandering Jew*? and how does the proof that Shakspeare changed the name of his character advance by this means one step?—In addition to what I have suggested in a former note on this subject, I may add, that it appears from Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 146, that celebrated actors were sometimes distinguished by the names of the persons they represented on the stage:—"that I may say nothing of such as for well acting on the stage have carried away the names of the personage which they acted, and have lost their names among the people."—If actors, then, were sometimes called by the names of the persons they represented, what is more probable than that *Falstaff* should have been called by the multitude, and by the players, *Oldcastle*, not only because there had been a popular character of that name in a former piece, whose immediate successor Falstaff was, and to whose cloaths and fictitious belly he succeeded, but because, as Shakspeare himself intimates in his epilogue to this play, a false idea had gone abroad, that his jolly knight was, like his predecessor, the theatrical representative of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham?—See the note to the epilogue at the end of this play. MALONE.

⁹ *Skogan's head*—] Who *Skogan* was, may be understood from the following passage in *The Fortunate Isles*, a masque by Ben Jonson, 1626:

"Methinks you should enquire now after *Skelton*,

"And master *Skogan*.

—"Skogan? what was he?—

"O, a fine gentleman and a master of arts,

"Of *Henry the Fourth's* times, that made disguises

"For the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal

"Daintily well;" &c.

crack¹, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—
he

Among the works of Chaucer is a poem called "*Scogan*, unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the King's House." STEEVENS.

"In the written copy (says the editor of Chaucer's Works, 1598,) the title hereof is thus: Here followethe a morall ballade to the Prince, now Prince Henry, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Gloucester, the kinges sons, by *Henry Scogan*, at a supper among the merchants in the vintrey at London, in the house of Lewis John." The purport of the ballad is to dissuade them from spending their youth "folily."

John Skogan, who is said to have taken the degree of master of arts at Oxford, "being (says Mr. Warton,) an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, became the favourite buffoon of the court of *K. Edward IV.*" Bale and Tanner have confounded him with *Henry Skogan*, if indeed they were distinct persons, which I doubt. The compositions which Bale has attributed to the writer whom he supposes to have lived in the time of Edward IV. were written by the poet of the reign of Henry IV.; which induces me to think that there was no poet or master of arts of this name, in the time of Edward. There might then have been a jester of the same name. *Scogin's* JESTS were published by Andrew Borde, a physician in the reign of *Henry VIII.* Shakspeare had probably met with this book; and as he was very little scrupulous about anachronisms, this person and not *Henry Scogan*, the poet of the time of *Henry IV.* may have been in his thoughts: I say may, for it is by no means certain, though the author of *Remarks* on the last edition of Shakspeare, &c. has asserted it with that confidence which distinguishes his observations. MALONE.

¹ —a crack,] This is an old islandic word, signifying a boy or child. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was surnamed *Krake*. See the story in *Edda*, Fable 63. TYRWHITT.

he would have clapp'd i'the clout² at twelve score³; and carry'd you a fore-hand shaft a' fourteen and fourteen and a half⁴, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good back-sword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase⁵.

² —clapp'd i' the clout—] i. e. hit the white mark. WARBURTON.

³ —at twelve score;] i. e. of yards. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion* 1612:

“At markes full fortie score they us'd to prick and rove.”

MALONE.

⁴ —fourteen and fourteen and a half,] That is, fourteen score of yards.

JOHNSON.

The utmost distance that the archers of ancient times reached, is supposed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Double therefore certainly drew a good bow. MALONE.

⁵ —very good; a good phrase.] *Accommodate* was a modish term of that time, as Ben Jonson informs us: “You are not to cast or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, spirit, &c. but use them properly in their places as others.” DISCOVERIES. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command*. His definition of it is admirable, and highly fatirical: nothing being more

Bard. Pardon me, fir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby, he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good fir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good fir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think⁶.

Shal. No, fir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, fir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so:

common than for inaccurate speakers or writers, when they should define, to put their hearers off with a synonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the same term differently *accommodated*: as in the instance before us. WARBURTON.

The same word occurs in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff:

“ The woman does not understand *the words of action*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ —[*Master Sure-card, as I think.*] It is observable, that many of Shakspeare's names are invented, and characteristical. Master *Forthright*, the filter; Master *Shoe-tie*, the traveller; Master *Smooth*, the silkman; Mrs. *Over-done*, the bawd; Kate *Keep-down*, Jane *Night-work*, &c. *Sure-card* was used as a term for a boon companion, so lately as the latter end of the last century, by one of the translators of *Suetonius*. MALONE.

So: Yea, marry, fir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, fir John? a good-limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—In faith, well said, fir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. *[to Shallow.]*

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace, stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, fir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, fir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, fir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, fir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book⁷.

A a 4

Shal.

⁷ —we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.] That is, we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. JOHNSON.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, fir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, fir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, fir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, fir; you can do it: commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, fir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, fir,

Shal. Shall I prick him, fir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, fir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! 'Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, fir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, fir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, fir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, fir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whorison cold, fir; a cough, fir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number⁸; you must have but four here, fir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, fir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me⁹.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba¹. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal.

⁸ *Here is two more called than your number;—*] Five only have been called, and the number required is four. Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber. The restoration of this sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below; for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are set aside, Falstaff, as Dr. Farmer has observed, gets but three recruits. Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy. MALONE.

⁹ *She never could away with me.*] This expression of dislike is used by Maurice Kiffin, in his translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588: "All men that be in love can ill away to have wives appointed them by others." Perhaps the original meaning was—*such a one cannot travel on the same road with me.* STEEVENS.

So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, B. I.

"—scarce to look on him she can away." MALONE.

¹ *—bona-roba.*] *Bona-roba* was, in our author's time, the common term for a harlot. It is used in that sense by B. Jonson in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. STEEVENS.

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choofe but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, fir, John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight*, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, fir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd, fir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, fir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, fir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, fir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince: and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, fir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard.

*—the chimes at midnight,] So, in an ancient song entitled *A Bill of Fare*, &c. bl. l:

“We rose from our mirth with the twelve o'clock chimes.”

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf².

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, fir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service³:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes⁴, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come

² —*I have three pound*—] Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

³ *For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:*] This should surely be: "For you, Mouldy you have stay'd at home," &c. *Falstaff* has before a similar allusion, " 'Tis the more time thou wert used."—There is some mistake in the number of recruits: Shallow says, that *Falstaff* should have four there, but he appears to get but three: Wart, Shadow, and Feeble. FARMER.

See p. 361, n. 8. I believe, "*stay at home till you are past service*," is right; the subsequent part of the sentence being likewise imperative; "and, for your part, Bull-calf, *grow till you come unto it*." MALONE.

Perhaps this passage should be read and pointed thus: "For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service:—". TYRWHITT.

⁴ —*the thewes*,] i. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood. So, again:

"For nature crescent, does not grow alone

"In *thewes* and bulk."

In other ancient writers this term implies manners, or behaviour only. *Spenser* often uses it; and I find it likewise in *Gascoigne's Glas of Government*, 1575:

"And honour'd more than bees of better *thewes*."

Shakspeare is perhaps singular in his application of it to the perfections of the body. STEEVENS.

come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket⁵. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver⁶ into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, ⁷ bald shot.—
Well

⁵ —*swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders. JOHNSON.

Falstaff seems to mean, “swifter than he that puts the buckets on the gibbet;” for as the buckets at each end of the gibbet must be put on at the same instant, it necessarily requires a quick motion. MASON.

⁶ —*caliver*—] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Masque of Flowers*, 1613: “The serjeant of Kawasha carried on his shoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a *caliver*.”

It is singular that Shakspeare, who has so often derived his sources of merriment from recent customs or fashionable follies, should not once have mentioned *tobacco*, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praise or its condemnation.

It is as remarkable, that he has written no lines on the death of any poetical friend, nor commendatory verses on any living author, which was the constant practice of Jonson, Fletcher, &c. Perhaps the singular modesty of Shakspeare hindered him from attempting to decide on the merits of others, while his liberal turn of mind forbade him to express such gross and indiscriminate praises as too often disgrace the names of many of his contemporaries. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*bald shot.*] *Shot* is used for *shooter*, one who is to fight by shooting. JOHNSON.

So in *The Exercise of armes for Calivres, Muskettes and Pykes*, 1619: “First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and marche, and cary his caliver,” &c. With this instance I was furnished by Dr. Farmer. We still say of a skilfull sportsman or game-keeper, that he is a good *shot*. STEEVENS.

Again, in Stowe's *Annales*, 1631: “—men with armour, ensignes, drums; fises, and other furniture for the wars, the greater part whereof were *shot*, the other were pikes and halberts, in faire coslets”.

MALONE.

Well said, i'faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green³, (when I lay at Clement's-inn²;) I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show¹, there

³ —*Mile-end green*,] It appears from Stow's *Chronicle*, (edit. 1615, p. 702.) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised at *Mile-end*. STEEVENS.

From the same *Chronicle*, p. 789, edit. 1631, it appears that "thirty thousand citizens—*shewed* on the 27th of August 1599, on the *Miles-end*, where they trained all that day, and other dayes, under their capitaines, (also citizens,) until the 4th of September." MALONE.

² —*when I lay at Clement's-inn*,—] "When I *lay*" here signifies when I lodged or lived. So *Leland*: "An old manor-place where in tymes paste sum of the Moulbrays *lay* for a starte;" i. e. *lived* for a time, or sometimes. *Itin.* Vol. I. fol. 119. T. WARTON.

So, said Sir Henry Wotton, "An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1685. Again, in Marston's *What you Will*, a comedy, 1607:

"Survey'd with wonder by me, when I lay

"Factor in London." MALONE:

¹ —*I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show*,] The story of sir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d'Artbure*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. "When papistry," says Ascham in his *School-maſter*, "as a standing pool, overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue saving certain books of chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which books, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks. As one for example, *La Mort d'Artbure*." In this romance sir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool. Shakspeare would not have shewn his justice capable of representing any higher character. JOHNSON.

Mr. Warton says that Sir Dagonet was king Arthur's squire. He is of opinion that "*Artbur's Show* here mentioned was an interlude or masque, which was probably extant in Shakspeare's age, and compiled from Mallory's *Morte d'Artbur*, then recently published. Does Shallow mean, (says that ingenious writer, *Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 403,) that he acted sir Dagonet at Mile-end Green, or at Clement's-Inn? By the application of a parenthesis only, the passage will be cleared from ambiguity, and the sense I would assign, will appear to be just.—'I remember at Mile-end Green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was', &c. That is: *I remember when I was a very young man at Clement's-inn, and not fit to act any bigger part than Sir Dagonet in the interludes which we used to play in that society, that among the soldiers who were exercised at Mile-end Green, there was, &c.* The performance of this part of Sir Dagonet (he adds,) was

there was a little quiver fellow², and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tab, tab*, would 'a say;

another of Shallow's feats at Clement's Inn, on which he delights to expatiate; a circumstance in the mean time quite foreign to the purpose of what he is saying, but introduced on that account, to heighten the ridicule of his character. Just as he had told Silence a little before that he saw Scogan's head broke by Falstaff at the court gate, and the *very same day* I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn".

This account of the matter was so reasonable, that I believe every reader, as well as the present editor, must have been satisfied with it; but a passage in a forgotten book, which has been obligingly communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, induces me to think that the words before us have hitherto been misunderstood; that *Arthur's Show* was not an *interlude*, but an EXHIBITION OF ARCHERY; and that Shallow represented *Sir Dagonet*, not at Clement's Inn, but at Mile-end Green. Instead therefore of placing the words "I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show", in a parenthesis, (as recommended very properly by Mr. Warton on his hypothesis,) I have included in a parenthesis the words "when I lay at Clement's Inn." And thus the meaning is,—I remember, when I was a student and resided at Clement's Inn, that on a certain *exhibition-day* at Mile-end Green, when I was Sir Dagonet, &c.

"A society of men (I now use the words of Mr. Bowle) styling themselves ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS, existed in our poet's time. Richard Mulcaster, master of St. Paul's School, in his *Positions concerning the training up of children*, twice printed in London, 1581, 1587, in 4to, (my copy wants the title,) ch. 26, in praising of *Archerie* as a principal exercise to the preservation of health, says, —'how can I but prayse them, who profess it thoroughly and maintaine it nobly, the friendly and frank *fellowship* of Prince ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS, in and about the citie of London? which if I had sacred to silence, would not my good friend in the citie, Maister Heugh Offly, and the same my noble fellow in that order, SYR LAUNCELOT, at our next meeting have given me a soure nodde, being the chief furtherer of the fact which I commend, and the famousst *knight* of the *fellowship* which I am of? Nay, would not even Prince ARTHUR himselfe, Maister Thomas Smith, and the whole *table* of those well known knights, and most active archers, have layd in their challenge against their *fellow-knight*, if speaking of their pastime I should have spared their names?'. This quotation (adds Mr. Bowle,) rescues three of them from oblivion; and it is not to be presumed that *the whole table of those well known knights*, most probably pretty numerous, could escape the knowledge of Shakspeare.—Maister Heugh Offly was sheriff of London in 1588."

The passage above quoted places Shallow's words in so clear a light that they leave me little to add upon the subject. We see that though

say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* Bardolph, *Recruits*, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd

he is apt enough to introduce frivolous and foreign circumstances, the mention of *Sir Dagonet* here, is not of that nature, Mile-end Green being probably the place where ARTHUR'S KNIGHT'S displayed their skill in archery, or in other words where ARTHUR'S SHOW was exhibited.

Whether this fellowship existed in the reign of *Henry IV.* is very unnecessary to enquire. We see in almost every one of his plays how little scrupulous Shakspeare was in ascribing the customs of his own time to preceding ages.

It may perhaps be objected, that the "little quiver fellow," afterwards mentioned, is not described as an *archer*, but as managing a *piece*; but various exercises might have been practised at the same time at Mile-end Green. If, however, this objection should appear to the reader of any weight, by extending the parenthesis to the words—"Arthur's Show," it is obviated; for Shallow might have resided at Clement's Inn, and displayed his feats of archery in *Arthur's show* elsewhere, not on the day here alluded to. The meaning will then be, I remember when I resided at Clement's Inn, and in the exhibition of archery made by Arthur's knights I used to represent *sir Dagonet*, that among the soldiers exercised at Mile-end green, there was, &c. MALONE.

2 — a little quiver fellow,] *Quiver* is nimble, active, &c. "There is a maner fishe that hygh mugill, which is full *quiver* and swift," *Bartholomeus*, 1535. b. l. HENDERSON.

starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about 'Turnbull-street'³; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick fight were invincible⁴: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake⁵: he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd⁶ huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and

³ —about *Turnbull-street*;] See Vol. I. p. 231, n. 9. MALONE. See *The Inner Temple Masque*, by Middleton, 1619:

" 'Tis in your charge to pull down *bazudy-bouses*,—
" ————— cause spoil in *Shoreditch*,
" And deface *Turnbull*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: "Here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismal drinking, swearing, &c. we have all liv'd in a perpetual *Turnbull-street*."

Turnbull or *Turnmill Street* is near Cow-crofs, West-Smith-field. The continuator of *Stowe's Annals* informs us that *West Smithfield*, (at present the horse-market) was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler. STEEVENS.

⁴ —were invincible:] That is, could not be mastered by any thick fight. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, I think without necessity, *invincible*. MALONE.

⁵ —call'd him mandrake:] This appellation will be somewhat illustrated by the following passage in *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee*, composed by T. Cutwode, Esqyre, 1599. This book was commanded by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London to be burnt at Stationers' Hall in the 41st year of Queen Elizabeth.

" Upon the place and ground where *Caltha* grew,
" A mightie *mandrag* there did *Venus* plant;
" An object for faire *Primula* to view,
" Resembling man from thighs unto the shank, &c."

The rest of the description might prove yet farther explanatory; but on some subjects silence is less reprehensible than information.

STEEVENS.

See a former scene of this play, p. 291, n. 7; and Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, p. 72, edit. 1686. MALONE.

⁶ —over-scutch'd—] That is whipt, carried. POPE.

and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights⁷. And now is this Vice's dagger⁸ become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head⁹, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name¹: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel,

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *buswives* agrees better with this sense. Shallow crept into mean houses, and boasted his accomplishments to *dirty* women. JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, says, that an *over-switch'd buswife* is a strumpet. *Over-scutch'd* has undoubtedly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. *Over-scutch'd* is the same as *over-scutch'd*. A *scutch* or *scotch* is a cut or lash with a rod or whip. STEEVENS.

The following passage in *Maroccus Extaticus; or Bankes' Bay borse in a Traunce*, 4to. 1595, inclines me to believe that this word is used in a wanton sense: "The lecherous landlord hath his wench at his commandment, and is content to take ware for his money; his private *scutcherie* hurts not the common-wealth farther than that his whoore shall have a house rent-free." MALONE.

⁷ —*fancies, or his goodnights.*] Fancies and Goodnights were the titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Goodnights* is published among his *Flowers*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And now is this Vice's dagger—*] Sir T. Hanmer was of opinion that "the name of the *Vice* (a droll figure heretofore much shown upon our stage, whose dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a *thin* wooden dagger,) was derived from the French word *vis*, which signifies the same as *visage* does now. From this in part came *visdase*, a word common among them for a fool, which Menage says is but a corruption from *vis d'asne*, the face or head of an ass. By vulgar use this was shortened to plain *vis* or *vice*." Mr. Warton thinks that the word is only "an abbreviation of *device*, the *Vice* in our old dramattick shows being nothing more than an *artificial* figure, a puppet moved by *machinery*. So Hamlet calls his uncle a 'vice of kings,' a fantastick and lascivious image of majesty, a mere puppet of royalty." MALONE.

⁹ —*he burst his head,*] To *break* and to *burst* were, in our poet's time, synonymously used. So, in Holinshed, p. 809: "—that manie a speare was *burst*, and manie a great stripe given." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 244, n. 6; and p. 312, n. I. MALONE.

¹ —*beat his own name:*] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me²: If the young dace³ be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest⁴, an't shall please your grace.

Arch.

² —*philosopher's two stones*—] One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold. WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this passage too much. A philosopher's two stones is only *more* than the philosopher's stone. The universal medicine was never, so far as I know, conceived to be a stone before the time of Butler's stone. JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is the true one. "I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher's stone". MALONE.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this passage, but without reason. Gower has a chapter in his *Confessio Amantis*, "Of the three stones that philosophers made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the *Canon's Yeman*, expressly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar-cleped*; and that it is a *water* made of the four elements. *Face*, in the *Alchymist*, assures us, it is "*a stone, and not a stone.*" FARMER.

The following passage in the dedication of *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and certayne Satyres*, 1598, may prove that the Elixir was supposed to be a stone before the time of Butler:

"Or like that rare and rich *Elixir stone*,

"Can turne to gold leaden invention." STEEVENS.

³ *If the young dace*—] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

⁴ 'Tis Gualtree forest,] "The earle of Westmoreland, &c. made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree forest*,

Arch. Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland ;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus :—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy ; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland : and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news ?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy :
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on^s, and face them in the field.

forest, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the
archbishop had pitched his, over against them." Holinshed, page 529.

STEEVENS.

5 *Let us sway on,—*] I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this
sense ; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the
uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a sense
of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where, speaking of a weighty
sword, he says, " It descends with huge two-handed *sway*." JOHNSON.

The word is used in *Holinshed*, English Hist. p. 986. " The left side
of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back, and give ground,
&c." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act II. sc. v.

" Now *sways* it this way, like a mighty sea,

" Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;

" Now *sways* it that way," &c. STEEVENS.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader⁶ fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth⁷, guarded with rage⁸,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd*,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;

⁶ —well-appointed leader—] *Well-appointed* is completely accounted. So in the *Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

“Ten thousand valiant, well-appointed men.” STEEVENS.

⁷ Led on by bloody youth,—] *Bloody* youth is sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“Lust is but a bloody fire.” MALONE.

⁸ —guarded with rage,] *Guarded* is an expression taken from dress; it means the same as *faced, turned up*. Shakspeare uses the same expression in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“—— Give him a livery

“More guarded than his fellows.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. We have the same allusion in a former part of this play:

“To face the garment of rebellion

“With some fine colour, that may please the eye

“Of fickle changelings,” &c.

So again, in the speech before us:

“—to dress the ugly form

“Of base and bloody insurrection—.” MALONE:

—so appear'd,] Old Copies—so appear. Corrected by Mr. Pope:
MALONE.

Whose

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd ;
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd ;
 Whose white investments figure innocence⁹,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war ?
 Turning your books to graves¹, your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances ; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ?—so the question stands.
 Briefly, to this end :—We are all diseas'd ;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,

⁹ *Whose white investments figure innocence,*] Formerly, (says Dr. Hody, *Hist. of Convocations*, p. 141.) all bishops wore white even when they travelled. GREY.

By comparing this passage with another in p. 91, of Dr. Grey's notes, we learn that the white investment meant the episcopal rochet ; and this should be worn by the theatrick archbishop. TOLLET.

¹ —*graves,*—] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaives*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. In one of the *Discourses on the Art Military*, written by sir John Smythe, Knight, 1589, *greaves* are mentioned as necessary to be worn ; and Ben Jonson employs the same word in his *Hymenæi*.

Warner, in his *Albions England*, 1602, b. 12. ch. 69, spells the word as it is found in the old copies of Shakspeare :

“ The tassies, cushies, and the *graves*, staff, pensell, baifes, all.”

STEEVENS.

The emendation, or rather interpretation, proposed by Mr. Steevens, appears to me extremely probable ; yet a following line in which the archbishop's again addressed, may be urged in favour of *glaives*, i. e. swords :

“ Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,

“ *Turning the word to sword*, and life to death.”

The latter part of the second of these lines, however, may be adduced in support of *graves* in its ordinary sense. Mr. Steevens observes, that “ the metamorphosis of the *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. boots, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into such instruments of war as *glaives* ;” but surely Shakspeare did not mean, if he wrote either *greaves* or *glaives*, that they actually made boots or swords of their books ; any more than that they made lances of their pens. The passage already quoted, “ turning the word to sword,” sufficiently proves that he had no such meaning. MALONE.

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it : of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician ;
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men :
 But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs ² heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere ³
 By the rough torrent of occasion :
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles ;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience :
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are deny'd access unto his person ⁴
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 (Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
 Of every minute's instance ⁵, (present now,)

Have

² —our griefs] i. e. our grievances. See p. 237, n. 9. MALONE.

³ —most quiet sphere] The old copies read—quiet *there*. The emendation is Dr. Warburton's. MALONE.

⁴ *We are deny'd access &c.*] The archbishop says in Holinshed : "Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free acceffe, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers, as were about him." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Of every minute's instance,*] The *examples* of an *instance* does not convey, to me at least, a very clear idea. The frequent corruptions that occur in the old copies in words of this kind, make me suspect that our author wrote—Of every minute's *instances* ; i. e. the examples furnished not only every minute, but during every the most minute division of a minute

Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace⁶, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd ?
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge⁷ ?

Arch. My brother general, the common-wealth⁸,

To

minute.—*Instance*, however, is elsewhere used by Shakspeare for *example* ; and he has similar pleonasm in other places. MALONE.

⁶ *Not to break peace,*] “ He took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth.” Archbishop's speech in Holinshed.

STEEVEN§.

⁷ *And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?*] i. e. the edge of *bitter* strife and *commotion* ; the sword of rebellion. So, in a subsequent scene,

“ That the united vessel of their blood,”

instead of—“ the vessel of their united blood.” MALONE.

It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first croisades, for the pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. WARBURTON.

⁸ *My brother general, the common-wealth, &c.*] Perhaps the meaning is, My brother general, *who is joined here with me in command*, makes the commonwealth *his quarrel*, i. e. has taken up arms on account of publick grievances ; a particular injury done to my own brother, is my ground of quarrel. I have, however, very little confidence in this interpretation. I have supposed the word *general* a substantive ; but probably it is used as an adjective, and the meaning may be, I consider the wrongs done to the common-wealth, the *common brother* of us all, and the particular and domestick cruelty exercised against my natural brother, as a sufficient ground for taking up arms.—If the former be the true interpretation, perhaps a semicolon should be placed after *commonwealth*. The word *born* in the subsequent line [*To brother born*] seems strongly to countenance the supposition that *general* in the present line is an epithet applied to brother, and not a substantive.

In that which is apparently the first of the two quartos, the second line is found ; but is omitted in the other, and the folio. I suspect that a line has been lost following the word *commonwealth* ; the sense of which was—“ is the general ground of our taking up arms”. MALONE.

I believe there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus :

To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,¹
Construe the times to their necessities,²
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time³,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on³: Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,

“ My quarrel general, the common-wealth,

“ To brother born an household cruelty,

“ I make my quarrel in particular.”

That is, my *general* cause of discontent is publick mismanagement; my *particular* cause a domestick injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is mentioned in the first part of the play:

“ The archbishop——who bears hard

“ His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop”. STEEVENS.

9 O my good lord Mowbray,—] The thirty-seven lines following are not in the quarto. MALONE.

¹ *Construe the times to their necessities,*] That is, Judge of what is done in these times according to the exigencies that over-rule us.

JOHNSON.

² *Either from the king, &c.*] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*. JOHNSON.

³ *To build a grief on:*] i. e. a grievance. MALONE.

Was, force perforce ⁴, compell'd to banish him :
 And then, when * Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
 Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing coursfers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge ⁵, their beavers down⁶,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel⁷,
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
 Then threw he down himself ; and all their lives,
 That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not
 what :

The earl of Hereford ⁸ was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman ;
 Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?
 But, if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
 For all the country, in a general voice,
 Cry'd hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd, and grac'd indeed ⁹, more than the king.

⁴ *Was, force perforce,*] Old Copy—*Was forc'd*—Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In a subsequent scene we have the same words :

“ *As, force perforce, the age will put it in.*” MALONE.

* *And then, when*] The old copies read, *And then, that*—Corrected by Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe reads—*And when* that—. MALONE.

⁵ *Their armed staves in charge,*] An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter. JOHNSON.

⁶—*their beavers down,*] *Beaver*, it has been already observed in a former note, (see p. 230, n. 2.) meant properly that part of the helmet which let down, to enable the wearer to drink ; but Shakspeare confounded it both here and in *Hamlet* with *visiere*, or used it for *helmet* in general.

MALONE.

⁷ — *sights of steel,*] i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. *Visiere*, Fr. STEEV.

⁸ *The earl of Hereford*—] This is a mistake of our author's. He was *Duke* of Hereford. See *K. Richard II.* MALONE.

⁹ — *and grac'd indeed*—] Old Copy—*grac'd and did*. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

But

But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
 Here come I from our princely general,
 To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
 That he will give you audience: and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
 For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
 Then reason wills¹, our hearts should be as good:—
 Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
 A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
 In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear, and absolutely to determine
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name²:
 I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;

For this contains our general grievances:—
 Each several article herein redress'd;
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,

¹ *Then reason wills,—*] The old copy has *will*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Perhaps we ought rather to read—*Then reason well*—The same mistake has, I think, happened in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

MALONE.

² *That is intended in the general's name:]* That is, This power is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can ask a question so trifling. JOHNSON.

That are insinew'd to this action,
 Acquitted by a true substantial form³;
 And present execution of our wills
 To us, and to our purposes, consign'd⁴;
 We come within our awful banks again⁵,
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace,

West.

³ —*substantial form*;] That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity. JOHNSON.

⁴ *And present execution of our wills*

To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;] The quarto has *confin'd*. In my copy of the first folio, the word appears to be—*confin'd*. The types used in that edition were so worn, that *f* and *s* are scarcely distinguishable. But however it may have been printed, I am persuaded that the true reading is *consign'd*; that is, *sealed, ratified, confirmed*; a Latin sense: "*authoritate consignatæ literæ*—". Cicero pro Cluentio. It has this signification again in this play:

"And (God *consigning* to my good intents)

"No prince nor peer, &c."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

"And take with you free power to ratify,

"Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best

"Shall see advantageable for our dignity,

"Any thing in or out of our demands;

"And we'll *consign* thereto."

Again, *ibid*. "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *con-*
sign to—". *Confin'd*, in my apprehension, is unintelligible.

Supposing these copies to have been made by the ear, and one to have transcribed while another read, the mistake might easily have happened, for *consign'd* and *confin'd* are in sound undistinguishable; and when the compositor found the latter word in the manuscript, he would naturally print, *confin'd*, instead of a word that has no existence.

Dr Johnson proposed the reading that I have adopted, but explains the word differently. "Let the execution of our demands be *put into our hands*, according to our declared purposes."—The examples above quoted shew, I think, that the explication of this word already given is the true one. MALONE.

I believe two lines are out of place. I read:

This contains our general grievances,

And present executions of our wills;

To us and to our purposes confin'd. FARMER.

⁵ *We come within our awful banks again,*] *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"From the society of *awful* men."

We might read—*lawful*. STEEVENS.

Dr.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you, lords,
In fight of both our battles we may meet :
And either⁶ end in peace, which heaven so frame !
Or, to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [Exit WEST.]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon⁷,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every flight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love⁸,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances⁹ :

Dr. Warburton reads *lawful*. We have *awful* in the last act of this play :

“ To pluck down justice from her *awful* bench.”

Here it certainly means *inspiring awe*. If *awful banks* be right, the words must mean *due and orderly limits*. MALONE.

⁶ And either—] Old Copy—*At* either, &c. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

⁷ *As our conditions shall consist upon,*] Perhaps the meaning is, as our conditions shall *stand upon*, shall make the foundation of the treaty, A Latin sense. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ Then welcome peace, if he *on peace consist*.”

See also p. 378 :

“ Of what conditions we shall *stand upon*.” MALONE.

⁸ *That, were our loyal faiths, &c.*] In former editions :

That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love.

If *royal faith* can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it without much violence done to the language. I therefore read, with sir Thomas Hanmer, *loyal faiths*, which is proper, natural, and suitable to the intention of the speaker. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*such picking grievances* ;] *Picking* means piddling, insignificant. STEEVENS.

For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean¹;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: For full well he knows;
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?
Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then set
forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*]

¹ —wipe his tables clean;] Alluding to a table-book of slate, ivory,
&c. WARBURTON.

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man²,
Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword³, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself⁴;
The very opener, and intelligencer,

² — *an iron man,*] Holinshed says of the archbishop, that “coming forth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged and pricked them forth to take the enterprize in hand.” STEEVENS

³ *Turning the word to sword, &c.*] A similar thought occurs in the prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554:

“Into the *swords* the church keye

“*Is turned*, and the holy bede, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *the imagin'd voice of God himself;*] The old copies, by an apparent error of the press, have—the *image* voice. Mr. Pope introduced the reading of the text. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—To us, the *image* and voice, &c. So in a subsequent scene:

“And he, the noble *image* of my youth.” MALONE.

Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven⁵,
 And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up⁶,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 'The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace :
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 'The time mis-order'd doth, in common sense⁷,
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief ;
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right desires ;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;
 And so, success of mischief shall be born⁸ ;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,

⁵ —the sanctities of heaven,] This expression Milton has copied :

“ Around him all the sanctities of heaven

“ Stood thick as stars.” JOHNSON.

⁶ —taken up,] To take up is to levy, to raise in arms. JOHNSON.

⁷ —in common sense,] Common sense is the general sense of general danger. JOHNSON.

⁸ —success of mischief—] Success for succession. WARBURTON.

To found the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well⁹;
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers¹ unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*to an officer.*] and deliver to the
army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what
pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

⁹ —and do allow—] i. e. approve. So in *K. Lear*, Act II. sc. IV:

“—if your sweet sway

“Allow obedience,” MALONE.

¹ Discharge your powers—] It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed. “The earl of Westmoreland using more policie than the rest, said, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades: in the meane time let us drink together in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point.” STEEVENS.

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season ;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry ² ;
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz ³ ; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd ; Hark, how
they shout !

Mowb. This had been chearful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.— [*Exit WEST.*]
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains ⁴
March by us ; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

² *Against ill chances, men are ever merry ;*] Thus the poet describes
Romeo as feeling an *unaccustom'd* degree of chearfulness just before he
hears the news of the death of Juliet. STEEVENS.

³ *Therefore be merry, coz ;—*] That is, therefore, notwithstanding this
sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sudden dejections fore-
bode good. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—let our trains, &c.]* That is, Our army on each part, that we
may both see those that were to have opposed us. JOHNSON.

We ought, perhaps, to read *your* trains. The prince knew his
own strength sufficiently, and only wanted to be acquainted with that
of the enemy. The plural, *trains*, however, seems in favour of the old
reading. MALONE,

SECOND PART OF

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

West. Is your assembly so ?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith ?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here's, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt* ^c.

SCENE III.

Another part of the forest.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE,
meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condition are
you ; and of what place, I pray ? *Cole.*

⁵ Fondly brought here, &c.] *Fondly* is foolishly. So, in lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid* :

“ What wight so *fond* such offer to refuse ? ” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Exeunt.*] It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrible violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, here, as in many other places, has merely followed the historians who related this perfidious act without animadversion, and who seem to have adopted the ungenerous sentiment of Choræbus :

—*dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?*

But this is certainly no excuse ; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the side of virtue. MALONE.

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale⁷.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough⁸: so shall you be still Colevile of the dale⁸.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and Others.

P. John. The heat is past⁹, follow no farther now;—Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WEST.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come:—

⁷—*Coleville of the dale.*] “At the king’s coming to Durham, the lord Hastings, sir John Coleville of the dale, &c. being convicted of conspiracy, were there beheaded.” Holinshed, p. 530. STEEVENS.

⁸—*and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough: so shall you be still Coleville of the dale.*] But where is the wit or the logick of this conclusion? I am almost persuaded that we ought to read thus.—“Coleville shall still be your name; a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place; a dale deep enough.” He may then justly infer—“so shall you still be Coleville of the dale.” TYRWHITT.

The sense of *dale* is included in *deep*: a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a deep place; he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *The heat is past,*] That is, the violence of resentment, the eagerness of revenge. JOHNSON.

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility ; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy : But what of that? he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, —I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not ; here he is, and here I yield him : and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot : To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me ; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'er-shine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her : believe not the word of the noble : Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves : but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away ; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with Colevile.*]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through Glostershire; and, when you come to court,
stand my good lord, pray, in your good report¹.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
shall better speak of you than you deserve². [*Exit.*]

¹ —stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.] *Stand my good lord*, I believe, means only, *stand my good friend*, (an expression still in common use,) in your favourable report of me. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*:

“I pray you, stand good father to me now.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Stevens is certainly right. In a former scene of this play, the hostess says to the chief justice, “good my lord, be good unto me; I beseech you, stand to me”. Though an equivocal may have been there intended, yet one of the senses conveyed by this expression in that place is the same as here. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“Be my good lady.” MALONE.

Stand is here the imperative word, as *give* is before. *Stand my good lord*, i. e. be my good patron and benefactor. *Be my good lord* was the old court phrase used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank. So in a letter of the Earl of Northumberland, (printed in the appendix to the *Northumberland Household Book*,) he desires that Cardinal Wolsey would so far “be his good lord,” as to empower him to imprison a person who had defrauded him. PERCY.

² —I, in my condition,

shall better speak of you than you deserve.] *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as a commanding officer, who ought to represent things merely as they are, shall speak better of you than you deserve.

So, in the *Tempest*, Ferdinand says:

“—— I am, in my condition,

“A prince, Miranda——” STEEVENS.

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh³;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack⁴ hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours⁵ which environ it: makes it apprehensive⁶, quick, forgetive⁷, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and

³ —*this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—*] Falstaff speaks here like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he despaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleasures. He who cannot be softened into gaiety, cannot easily be melted into kindness. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*sherris-sack—*] So called probably from Xeres, a sea-port town in Spain. This wine was perhaps the same which we now call *sherry*, &c. which might admit of a mixture of sugar better than what we now call sack. MALONE.

⁵ *It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the —crudy vapours—*] This use of the pronoun is a familiar redundancy among our old writers. So Latimer, p. 91: "Here cometh *me* now these holy fathers from their counsels." "There was one wiser than the rest, and he comes *me* to the bishop." Edit. 1575. p. 75. BOWLE.

⁶ —*apprehensive,*] i. e. Quick to understand. In this sense it is now almost disused. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*forgetive,—*] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative.

and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil⁸; till sack commences it, and sets it in act⁹ and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my

⁸ —*kept by a devil,—*] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*till sack commences it, and sets it in act—*] I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. STEEVENS.

It seems probable to me, that Shakspeare in these words alludes to the Cambridge Commencement; and in what follows to the Oxford Act: for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the season, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to use those boards of learning, which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physick, and divinity.

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“Then he is held a freshman, and a sot,

“And never shall commence.”

Again in *Pasquil's Jests or Mother Bunch's Merriments*, 1604: “A doctor that was newly commenc'd at Cambridge,” &c. STEEVENS.

thumb ¹, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away:
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince Humphrey, WARWICK, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd ², our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windfor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cl. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How

¹—*I have him already tempering, &c.*] A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax. WARBURTON.

So, in *Your Five Gallants* by Middleton, no date:

“Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters.” STEEVENS.

² *Our navy is address'd,*—] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. So in *K. Henry V.*—“for our march we are *address'd.*” STEEVENS.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
 Thou hast a better place in his affection,
 Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
 And noble offices thou may'st effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—
 Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity³:
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
 As humourous as winter⁴, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day⁵.

His

³ *He hath a tear for pity, and a hand*

Open as day for melting charity: &c.] So in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 "For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
 "Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
 "As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 "When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be."

MALONE.

⁴ —humourous as winter,—] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that he is humourous as wind. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1607:

"You know that women oft are humourous."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—a nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, humourous as the air, &c." Again, in the *Silent Woman*: "—as proud as May, and as humourous as April."

STEEVENS.

"As humourous as April," is sufficiently clear; so in Heywood's *Challenge for beauty*, 1636: "I am as full of humours as an April day of variety;" but a winter's day has generally too decided a character to admit Dr. Johnson's interpretation, without some licence: a licence, which yet our author has perhaps taken. He may, however, have used the word *humorous* equivocally. He abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moisture. MALONE.

⁵ *As flaws congealed in the spring of day.]* Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air
 by

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
 But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion ⁶,
 (As, force perforce, the age shall pour it in,)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum ⁷, or rash gunpowder ⁸.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
 Thomas ?

Cla. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,

Is

by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. WARB.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently use the word *flaw* for a sudden gust of wind ; but a gust of wind *congealed* is, I confess, to me unintelligible. Mr. Edwards says, that "*flaws* are small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of the water in winter mornings." The *spring of day* our author might have found in our liturgy ;—"whereby the *day-spring* from on high hath visited us." MALONE.

⁶ *Mingled with venom of suggestion,*] Though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations* to which youth is peculiarly subject. See Vol. I. p. 139, n. 6. MALONE.

⁷ —as aconitum,—] The old writers employ the Latin word instead of the English one, which we now use. So, in Heywood's *Brizen Age*, 1613 :

"With aconitum that in Tartar springs." STEEVENS.

⁸ —*rash gunpowder.*] *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. This representation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues. JOHNSON.

Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections⁹ fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite :
 The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
 Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
 But to be known, and hated¹. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers : and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her
 comb²

In the dead carrion,—Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign ! and new happiness
 Added to that that I am to deliver !

Prince

⁹ —his affections—] His passions ; his inordinate desires. JOHNSON.

¹ But to be known, and hated.] A parallel passage occurs in Terence :

“ —quo modo adolescentulus

“ Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere,

“ Mature ut cum cognorit, perpetuo oderit.” ANONYMOUS.

² 'Tis seldom, when the bee, &c.] As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company, will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him. JOHNSON.

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand;
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.
 The manner how this action hath been borne,
 Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
 With every course, in his particular³.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
 The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of!
 The earl of Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
 With a great power of English, and of Scots,
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown;
 The manner and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make
 me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
 Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
 I should rejoice now at this happy news;
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
 O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*fwoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort your majesty!

Gla.

³ —in his particular.] *His* is used for *its* very frequently in the old plays. STEEVENS.

It may certainly have been used so here, as in almost every other page of our author. Mr. Henley however observes, that *his particular* may mean the detail contained in the letter of Prince John. *A Particular* is yet used as a substantive, by legal conveyancers, for a minute detail of things singly enumerated. MALONE.

Cl. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Cl. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs :
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,⁴ that should confine it in,

So

⁴ *Hath wrought the mure, &c.] i. e.* The wall. POPE.

Wrought it thin, is, made it thin by gradual detriment. *Wrought* is the preterite of *work*. *Mure* is a word used by Heywood in his *Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“ ‘Till I have scal'd these *mures*, invaded Troy.”

The same thought occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars, &c.* B. IV. *Daniel* is likewise speaking of the sickness of K. Henry IV.

“ As that the *walls worn thin*, permit the mind

“ *To look out thorow*, and his frailtie find.”

The first edition of Daniel's poem is dated earlier than this play of Shakspeare.—Waller has the same thought :

“ The foul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

“ Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made.”

STEEVENS.

On this passage the elegant and learned Bishop of Worcester has the following criticism. “ At times we find him (the imitator) practising a different art ; not merely spreading as it were and laying open the same sentiment, but *adding* to it, and by a new and studied device improving upon it. In this case we naturally conclude that the refinement had not been made, if the plain and simple thought had not preceded and given rise to it. You will apprehend my meaning by what follows. Shakspeare had said of *Henry the Fourth*,

“ The incessant care and labour of his mind

“ Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

“ So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.”

“ You have here the thought in its first simplicity. It was not unnatural, after speaking of the body as a case or tenement of the soul, *the mure that confines* it, to say, that as that case wears away and grows thin, life looks through, and is ready to break out.”

After quoting the lines of Daniel, who, (it is observed,) “ by refining on this sentiment, if by nothing else, shews himself to be the copyist,” the very learned writer adds,—“ here we see, not simply, that *life* is going to break through the infirm and much-worn habitation, but that the *mind* looks through, and *finds* his frailty, that it discovers that life will soon make his escape.—Daniel's improvement then looks like the artifice of a man that would outdo his master. Though he
fails

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me⁵; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature⁶:

The seasons change their manners⁷, as the year⁸
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between⁹:

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,

Say, it did so, a little time before

That our great grandfire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen.

fails in the attempt; for his ingenuity betrays him into a false thought. The mind, looking through, does not find *its own frailty*, but the frailty of the *building it inhabits*." Hurd's *Dissertation on the Marks of Imitation*.

This ingenious criticism, the general principles of which cannot be controverted, shews, however, how dangerous it is to suffer the mind to be led too far by an hypothesis:—for after all, there is very good reason to believe that Shakspeare, and not Daniel, was the imitator. "*The dissention between the houses of Yorke and Lancaster* in verse, penned by Samuel Daniel," was entered on the Stationers' books by Simon Waterston, in October, 1594, and four books of his work, were printed in 1595. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition of the *Civil Wars* in 1609. Daniel made many changes in his poems in every new edition. In the original edition in 1595, the verses run thus; B. III. st. 116:

"Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind

"Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

His is used for *its*, and refers not to *mind*, (as is supposed above) but to *wall*.—There is no reason to believe that this play was written before 1594, and it is highly probable that Shakspeare had read Daniel's poem, before he sat down to compose these historical dramas. MALONE.

[⁵ *The people fear me*;—] i. e. Make me afraid. WARBURTON.

[⁶ *Unfather'd heirs, &c.*] That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation. JOHNSON.

[⁷ *The seasons change their manners*;—] Alluding to the terms of *rough* and *harsh*, *mild* and *soft*, applied to weather. WARBURTON.

[⁸ *as the year*—] i. e. as if the year, &c. So in *Cymbeline*:

"He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,

"And she alone were cold."

In the subsequent line our author seems to have been thinking of *leap-year*. MALONE.

[⁹ *The river hath thrice flow'd*,—] This is historically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber : softly, pray.

[*They convey the king to an inner part of the room,
and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit ¹.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here ².

Cla.

¹ *Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V.*

“ —Depart my chamber,

“ And cause some musick to rock me asleep.” STEEVENS.

Dull is melancholy, gentle, soothing. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means *producing* dullness or heaviness; and consequently sleep. It appears from various parts of our author’s works, that he thought musick contributed to produce sleep. So in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* :

“ —musick call, and strike more dead

“ Than common sleep, of all these fire the sense.”

Again, in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* :

“ And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

“ Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.”

So also in the *Tempest*, Act I. when Alonso, Gonzalo, &c. are to be overpowered by sleep, Ariel, to produce this effect, enters, “ playing solemn musick.” MALONE.

² *Set me the crown upon my pillow here.*] It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the king’s pillow when he is dying.

Holinshed, p. 541, speaking of the death of king Henry IV. says : —“ During this his last sickness, he caused his crowne, (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed’s head, and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall spirits had beene departed. Such as were about him, thinking verelie that he had beene departed, covered his face with a linen cloth.”

“ The prince his sonne being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took awaie the crowne, and departed. The father being suddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lack of his crowne ; and having knowledge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaie, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himselfe. The prince with a good audacitie answered ; Sir, to mine and all men’s judgments you seemed dead in this world, and therefore I as your next heire apparent took that as mine owne, and not as yours. Well, faire sonne, (said the king with a
great

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physick.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Wilt please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber³ open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound⁴,

Snores

great sigh) what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (said the prince) if you die king, I will have the garland, and truste to keepe it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have doone;" &c.

STEEVENS.

³ —the ports of slumber—] are the gates of slumber. So, in Ben Jonson's 80th Epigram: "—The ports of death are sins".—Ports is the ancient military term for gates. STEEVENS.

The word is yet used in this sense in Scotland. MALONE.

⁴ —homely biggen—] A kind of cap, at present worn only by children; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, by B. and Fletcher, 1639:

"—were the devil sick now,

"His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a biggen."

STEEVENS.

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath⁵
 There lies a downy feather, which stirs not :
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move.—My gracious lord ! my father !—
 'This sleep is found indeed ; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol⁶ hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
 Is tears, and heavy furrows of thy blood :
 Which nature, love, and filial tendernefs,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously :
 My due, from thee, is this imperial crown ;
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.

Which heaven shall guard : And put the world's whole
 strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me : This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[Exit.

K. Hen. Warwick ! Gloster ! Clarence !

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call ?

War. What would your majesty ? How fares your
 grace ?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords ?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

⁵ —By his gates of breath—] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,

“ Which to his speech did honey passage yield.” MALONE.

⁶ —this golden rigol—] *Rigol* means a circle. I know not that it is
 used by any author but Shakspeare, who introduces it likewise in his
Rape of Lucrece :

“ About the mourning and congealed face

“ Of that black blood, a watry rigol goes.” STEEVENS.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:— go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.—

[Exit WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts⁷, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower⁸

The virtuous sweets;

⁷ —with thoughts,] Concerning the education and promotion of their children. So afterwards:

“For this they have been *thoughtful* to invest

“Their sons with arts,” &c.

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—with *thought*; but the change does not appear to me necessary. MALONE.

⁸ —tolling from every flower—] This speech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admission of hemistichs. I have restored it without alteration, but with those breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll. STEEVENS.

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father⁹.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me¹?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation²:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

⁹ —his engrossments—] His accumulations. JOHNSON.

¹ —determin'd] i. e. ended. It is still used in this sense in legal conveyances. REED.

² —seal'd up my expectation:] Thou hast confirmed my opinion.

JOHNSON.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life³.
 What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear⁴,
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
 For now a time is come to mock at form,
 Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity:
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness!
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England shall double gild his treble guilt⁵;

England

³ —*half an hour of my life.*] It should be remembered that Shakespeare uses the same words alternately as monosyllables and dissyllables. Mr. Rowe, whose ear was accustomed to the utmost harmony of numbers, and who, at the same time, appears to have been little acquainted with our poet's manner, first added the word *frail* to supply the syllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quarto writes the word—*bower*, as it was anciently pronounced. The reader will find many more instances in the soliloquy of *K. Henry VI.* P. III. A & II. sc. v. The other editors have followed Rowe. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,*] Copied by Milton:

“When the merry bells ring round,

“And the jocund rebecks sound.” MALONE.

⁵ *England shall double gild his treble guilt;*] How much this play on words, faulty as it certainly is, was admired in the age of Shakespeare, appears from the most ancient writers of that time having frequently indulged themselves in it. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1617:

“And

England shall give him office, honour, might :
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care⁶ ?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
[kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending⁷ !

Heaven

- " And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,
- " The god of gold a purpose *guilt* his limbs ;
- " That, this word *guilt* including double sense,
- " The double *guilt* of his incontinence
- " Might be express'd."

Again, in *Atolastus his Afterwit*, a poem by S. Nicholson, 1600 :

- " O sacred thirst of golde, what canst thou not ?—
- " Some terms thee *gylt*, that every soule might reade,
- " Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeede."

See also Vol. IV. p. 330, n. 9. MALONE.

⁶ —*when riot is thy care?*] i. e. *Curator*. A bold figure. So *Eumæus* is stiled by Ovid, *Epiſt.* i.

" —*immundæ cura fidelis haræ.*" TYRWHITT.

One cannot help wishing Mr. Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation to be true ; yet I doubt whether the poet meant to say more than—What wilt thou do, when riot is *thy regular business and occupation?* MALONE.

⁷ *Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit*

Teacheth,] i. e. which my loyalty and inward sense of duty prompt me to. The parenthesis in which I have placed these words, appears to me to render this passage more perspicuous than as it has been hitherto printed. The words, " this prostrate and exterior

Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart ! if I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die ;
 And never live to shew the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable*⁸ :
*But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head ;
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,

bending," are, I apprehend, put in apposition with "obedience," which is used for *obeisance*. Dr. Johnson says, "The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous spirit ; or, this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous spirit.*—I know not which is right."

The former construction appears to me the least exceptionable of the two ; but both are extremely harsh, and neither of them, I think, the true construction. MALONE.

⁸ —*in med'cine potable* :] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold, among other frauds practised on credulity. JOHNSON.

So, in the character of the *Doctor of Physicke* by Chaucer, late edit. v. 446 :

"For gold in *physike* is a cordial." STEEVENS.

—That gold may be made potable, is certain, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's incredulity. The process is inserted in the Abbé Guenée's incomparable work, entitled *Lettres de quelques Juifs a M. de Voltaire*. 5th edit. Vol. I. p. 416, a work which every person unacquainted with it, will be glad to be referred to. HENLEY.

See Doddsley's Collection of old plays, Vol. VIII. p. 484. 1780. REED.

Or

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head!
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil⁹ of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed peace¹: all these bold fears²,
 Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode³: for what in me was purchas'd*,

Falls

⁹ — *soil*—] is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

¹ — *supposed peace*:] *counterfeited, imagined, not real.* JOHNSON.

² — *all these bold fears*,] *Fear* is here used in the active sense, for that which causes fear. JOHNSON.

These bold fears are these audacious terrors. To *fear* is often used by Shakspeare for to fright. STEEVENS.

³ *Changes the mode*:] The form or state of things. JOHNSON.

* — *for what in me was purchas'd*,] *Purchased* seems to be here used in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act, (perquisitio)* as opposed to an acquisition by descent. MALONE.

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort :
 So thou the garland wear'st successively⁴.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all thy friends⁵, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land⁶ ;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state⁷. Therefore, my Harry,

Be

Purchased may here mean *stolen*. *Purchase* was the cant term among Falstaff's companions for *robbing*. Bolingbroke however *purchased* (in its obvious and common acceptation) his crown, at the expense of loyalty and justice. STEEVENS.

Surely it is not to be supposed that Shakspeare would put the cant language of Nym and Baulolph into the mouth of a king. The obvious common sense of the verb to *purchase* is to *buy for a price*. Henry did certainly not *buy* the crown ; and therefore I still think it highly probably that our author has used the word *purchased* in its legal sense.

MALONE.

4 —*successively*.] By order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can. JOHNSON.

See *The speech of his Highness* [Richard Cromwell] *the Lord Protector, made to both Houses of Parliament, at their first meeting, on Thursday the 27th of January. 1658* :—"for my own part, being by the providence of God, and the disposition of the law, my father's Successor, and bearing that place in the government that I do," &c. Harl. Misc. Vol. I. p. 21. MALONE.

5 *And all thy friends,—*] Should we not read?—*And all my friends—*. TYRWHITT.

6 *To lead out many to the Holy Land ;*] The sense is : *Of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead abroad*. This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedness successful.

JOHNSON.

7 *Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look*

Too near unto my state.] The expedition that Cæsar meditated against

Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive⁸!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and Others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk; upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

against the Parthians, immediately before his death, has been ascribed to the same apprehension which dictated to Henry a journey to the Holy Land:

- " Invidiæ stimulos ergo ut lenire furentis,
- " Et capiti insidias, quas maturare quietem
- " Non nescit, Cæsar factis avertere possit,
- " Nec non externo maculas abstergere bello
- " Civiles, cum jam Craffi vindicta perisset,
- " Debita jamdudum Latio, jussu ille Senatûs,
- " (Ne patrum imminui videatur sacra potestas)
- " Decretoque togæ, mandari Parthica bella
- " Suppliciter petiit." SUPPLEM. LUCANI. lib. vii.

MALONE.

⁸ *How I came by the crown, &c.*] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment. JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must
end⁹.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye¹, fir, you shall not away to-
night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal.

⁹ *Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.*] “At length he recovered his speech, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king; Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I knowe that I should die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem.” Holinshed, p. 541. STEEVENS.

¹ *By cock and pye,*] This adjuration, which seems to have been very popular, is used in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599: “By cock and pie and mousetoot;” as well as by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ophelia likewise says:

“—By cock they are to blame.”

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, &c. viz. *Cocks-bones*, *cocks-wounds*, by *cock's mother*, and some others. The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, shewing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day. What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks Πίναξ, or the index. Though the word Πίναξ signifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies σανίς ἐξωραφνημένη, a painted table or picture: and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painters' tables,
hung

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you²; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, fir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, fir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served³: and, again, fir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, fir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast⁴, and paid:—fir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, fir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, fir, do you mean to stop any of William's

hung up in a frame, these likewise were called *πίνακες*, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, *Πι's* or *Pies*. All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

In a second preface *Concerning the Service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows:—"More-over the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changes," &c. RIDLEY.

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606: "Now by *cock and pie* you never spake a truer word in your life."

Cock's body, cock's passion, &c. occur in the old morality of *Hycke Scornor*. A printing letter of a particular size, called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier* from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEEVENS.

² *I will not excuse you*; &c.] The sterility of justice Shallow's wit is admirably described, in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature, so often vary his phrase, to express one and the same thing, and that the commonest. WARBURTON.

³ — *those precepts cannot be served*:] *Precept* is a justice's warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice's clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Let it be cast*,] That is, cast up, computed. MASON.

wages,

wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i^t the court is better than a penny in purse^s. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten; sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:

^s —*A friend i^t the court &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, 3540:

“ Friendship is more than cattell,

“ For frende in courte aie better is,

“ Than peny is in purse, certis. STEEVENS.

dolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the Page.*] Come, fir John.

[*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves⁶ as master Shallow⁷. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concert*, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions⁸;) and he shall laugh without *inter-wallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache⁹ in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal.

⁶ —*bearded hermit's-staves*—] He had before called him the starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*master Shallow*.] *Shallow's* folly seems to have been almost proverbial. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "We must have false fires to amaze these spangle babies, these true heirs of master Justice Shallow." STEEVENS.

* —*in concert*] i. e. in union, in accord. In our author's time the word in this sense, was written *consent*, (as it here is in the old copy,) and that spelling continued to Cowley's time. See *Davidis*, B. III.

"Learning *consent* and concord from his lyre," MALONE.

⁸ —*two actions*—] There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. JOHNS.

⁹ —*a fellow that never had the ache*—] That is, a young fellow, one whose disposition to merriment time and pain have not yet impaired.

JOHNSON.

Shal. [*within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.
[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, and the lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, CLARENCE,
WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us
heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend,
indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct¹ of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission².—
If truth and upright innocence fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, not the Turkish court³;

Not

¹ —impartial conduct—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads *imperial*.
STEEVENS.

Impartial is confirmed by a subsequent speech addressed by the king
to the chief justice:

“ ————— That you use the same

“ With the like bold, just, and *impartial* spirit,

“ As you have done 'gainst me.” MALONE.

² *A ragged and forestall'd remission*.—] *Ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but *forestall'd* I know not how to apply to *remission* in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *forestall'd remission*, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge.

JOHNSON.

I believe, *forestall'd* only means *asked* before it is granted. If he will grant me pardon unasked, so; if not, I will not condescend to solicit it. Mr. Mason is of opinion, that “*forestall'd remission*” means “a remission that it is pre-determined shall not be granted, or will be rendered nugatory.” MALONE.

³ —not the Turkish court;] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. JOHNSON.

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
 But Harry Harry⁴: Yet be sad, good brothers,
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me:—and you most;
 [to the *Ch.* *Just.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What!

⁴ *Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;*

This is the English, not the Turkish court:

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry:] Amurath the third (the sixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being generally disaffected to Mahomet, his eldest son, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janissaries, till Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival he was saluted Emperor, by the great Bassas, and others his favourers; "which done, (says Knolles) he presently after caused all his brethren to be invited to a solemn feast in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came cheerfully, as men fearing no harm; but, being come, *were there all most miserably strangled.*" It is highly probable that Shakspeare here alludes to this transaction; which was pointed out to me by the Revd. Dr. Farmer.

This circumstance, therefore, may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the year 1596;—and perhaps it was written while this fact was recent. MALONE.

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy⁵?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Cb. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment⁶;

Whereon,

⁵ —*Was this easy?*] That is, Was this not grievous? Shakspeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And struck me in my very seat of judgment;*] I do not recollect that any of the editors of our author have thought this remarkable passage worthy of a note. The chief justice, in this play, was sir William Gascoigne, of whom the following memoir may be as acceptable as necessary.

While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client; and upon the decease of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in banishment, he was appointed his attorney, to sue the livery of the estates descended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpose, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furnished a ground for the invasion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gascoigne chief justice of the King's Bench in the first year of his reign. In that station Gascoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wise, and an intrepid judge. The story so frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an insult on his person, and the court wherein he presided, is thus related by sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *THE GOVERNOUR*: "The moste renowned prince king Henry the fyfte, late kynge of Englande, duryng the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage: it hapned, that one of his seruantes, whom he fauoured well, was for felony by him committed, arraigned at the kynges benche: whereof the prince being aduertised, and incensed by lyghte persones about him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre, where his seruant stode as a prisoner, and commaunded hym to be vngued and set at libertie: whereat all men were abashed, referued the chiefe Justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented, that his seruant mought be ordred, accordyng to the aunciente lawes of this realme: or if he wolde have him saued from the rigour of the lawes, that he shulde obteyne, if he moughte, of the kynge his father, his gracious pardon, wherby no lawe or justice shulde be deroga-

Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,

And

gate. With whiche answere the prince nothyng appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeoured hym selfe to take away his seruant. The iuge considering the perillous example, and inconuenience that mought therby ensue, with a valiant spirite and courage, commanded the prince vpon his allegiance, to leaue the prisoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince being set all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible maner, came up to the place of iugement, men thynking that he wold haue slayne the iuge, or haue done to hym some damage: but the iuge sittinge styll without mouing, declaring the majestie of the kynges place of iugement, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the prince these wordes followyng.

‘Syr, remembre your selfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng, your soueraine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedience; wherefore estsoones in his name, I charge you desyste of your wylfulnes and vnlauffull enterpryse, and from hensforth giue good example to those, whych hereafter shall be your propre subjects. And nowe, for your contempte and disobedience, goo you to the pryson of the kynges benche, wherovnto I commytte you, and remayne ye there prisoner vntyll the pleasure of the kyng your father be further knowen.’

“With which wordes beinge abashed, and also wondrynge at the meruaylous grauitie of that worshypfulle iustyce, the noble prince layinge his weapon aparte, doynge reuerence, departed, and went to the kynges benche, as he was commanded. Whereat his seruantes disdaynyng, came and shewed to the kyng all the hole affaire. Whereat he a-whyles studyenge, after as a man all rauished with gladnes, holdynge his eien and handes vp towarde heuen, abraided, saying with a loude voice, ‘O mercifull God, how moche am I, aboue all other men, bounde to your infinite goodnes, specially for that ye haue gyuen me a iudge, who feareth nat to minister iustyce, and also a sonne, who can suffre semblably, and obeye iustyce!’

And here it may be noted, that Shakspere has deviated from history in bringing the chief justice and Henry V. together, for it is expressely said by Fuller, in his *Worthies of Yorkshire*, and that on the best authority, that Gascoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See Dugd. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series, fol. 54. 56. Neither is it to be presumed but that this laboured defence of his conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may justly be inferred from the character of this very able lawyer, whose name frequently occurs in the year-book of his time, that, having had spirit and resolution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the punishment of the prince, he disdained a formal apology for an act that is recorded to his honour. Sir J. HAWKINS.

In the foregoing account of this transaction, there is no mention of the

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
 To trip the courte of law⁷, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person:
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body⁸.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours
 Be now the father, and propose a son⁹:
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely lighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
 And then imagine me taking your part,

the prince's having *struck* Gascoigne, the chief justice. Holinshed, however, whom our author copied, speaking of the "wanton pastime" in which Prince Henry passed his youth, says, that "where on a time *hee stroke the chiefe justice on the face with his fist*, for emprisoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to straight prison himselfe by the sayde chief justice, but also of his father put out of the privie counsell and banished the courte." Holinshed has here followed Hall. Our author (as an anonymous writer has observed) might have found the same circumstance in the old play of *K. Henry V.*

With respect to the anachronism, sir William Gascoigne certainly died before the accession of Henry V. to the throne, as appears from the inscription which was once legible on his tomb-stone, in Harwood church in Yorkshire, and was as follows: "Hic jacet Wil'mus Gascoigne, nuper capit. justic. de banco, Hen. nuper regis Angliæ quarti, qui quidem Wil'mus ob. die domi'ca 17.^a die Decembris. an. dom. 1412, 14.^{to} Henrici quarti. factus iudex, 1401." See *Gent. Magazine*, Vol. 51. p. 624.

Shakspeare, however, might have been misled by the authority of Stowe, who in a marginal note, 1 Henry V. erroneously asserts that "William Gascoigne was chief justice of the Kings Bench from the *sixt* of Henry IV. to the *third* of Henry the Fifth:" or, (which is full as probable,) Shakspeare might have been careless about the matter.

MALONE.

7 *To trip the course of law,*] To defeat the process of justice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner. JOHNSON.

8 *And mock your workings in a second body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative. JOHNSON.

9 — *and propose a son:*] i. e. Image to yourself a son, contrive for a moment to think you have one. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"— thousand deaths I could *propose*." STEEVENS.

And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
 After this cold confiderance, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state ¹,—
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well ;
 Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words ;—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son :
 And not less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me ² :
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
 With this remembrance ³,—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
 My father is gone wild into his grave ⁴,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;

And

¹ —*in your state,*] In your regal character and office, not with the passion of a man interested, but with the impartiality of a legislator.

² —*You did commit me :* &c.] So in the play on this subject, antecedent to that of Shakspeare :

“ You sent me to the Fleet ; and for revengement,

“ I have chosen you to be the protector

“ Over my realm.” STEEVENS.

³ —*remembrance,*—] That is, admonition. JOHNSON.

⁴ *My father is gone wild into his grave,* &c.] The meaning is, My wild dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave. A passage in *K. Henry V.* Act I. sc. i. very strongly confirms this

And with his spirit sadly I survive⁵,
 To mock the expectation of the world;
 To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods⁶,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament:
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—
[to the lord Chief Justice.]

Our coronation done, we will accite,

this interpretation:

- “The courses of his youth promis’d it not:
- “The breath no sooner left his father’s body,
- “But that his *wildness*, mortified in him,
- “Seem’d to die too.”

So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

- “And when old time shall lead him to his end,
- “*Goodness* and he fill up one monument.”

A kindred thought is found in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

- “And so suppose am I; for in his grave
- “Assure thyself my love is buried.” MALONE.

⁵ —*with his spirit sadly I survive,*] *Sadly* is the same as soberly, seriously, gravely. *Sad* is opposed to wild. JOHNSON.

The quarto and first folio have *spirits*. The correction was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

⁶ —*with the state of floods,*] With the majestick dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods. So before, in this scene:

“And, as you are a king, speak in your *state*,”—

State and *Estate*, however, were used in our author’s time for a *person* of high dignity, and may in that sense be applied to the sea, supposing it to be personified. Dr. Warburton says, “*The state of floods* is the assembly or general meeting of the floods; for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their session:” but Mr. Macon justly objects to this explanation. “We say, an assembly of the *states*, not of the *state*.” MALONE.

As I before remember'd, all our state :
 And (God consigning to my good intents)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's house.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH,
the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an
 arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own
 graffing, with a dish of carraways⁷, and so forth;—come,
 cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and
 a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars
 all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread,
 Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your
 serving-man, and your husband-man*.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good var-
 let, sir John.—By the mass⁸, I have drunk too much at
 supper:

⁷ —a dish of carraways,] Dr. Goldsmith and others are of opi-
 nion, that by *carraways* in this place apples of that name were meant.
 I have no doubt that *comfits* were intended, because at the time this
 play was written, they constantly made part of the desert, or *banquet*,
 as it was then called.—In John Florio's Italian and English Dialogues,
 which he calls *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591, after a dinner has been de-
 scribed, the attendant is desired to bring in "*apples, pears, chesnuts, &c.*
a boxe of marmalade, some bisket, and carrawaies, with other com-
fects." MALONE.

Again, in the *Disobedient Child*, no date:

"What running had I for *apples* and nuttes,

"What callyng for biskettes, *cumfets* and *carrowaies*."

Again, in *How to choose a good wife from a bad*, 1602:

"For *apples, carrawaies, and cheese*." STEEVENS.

* —and your husband-man.] Old Copy—*busband*. Corrected by Mr.
 Rowe. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. "He was a
 wise *man*, and a *good*," was the language of our author's time. See
 also Falstaff's preceding speech. MALONE.

⁸ By the mass,—]

supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, firrah ! quoth-a,—we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [singing.
And praise heaven for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap and females dear⁹,
And lusty lads roam here and there,

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet fir, sit ; [*seating Bardolph and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon ;—most sweet fir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: proface¹!

“ In elders' time, as ancient custom was,

“ Men swore in weighty causes *by the masse* ;

“ But when the masse went down, (as others note,)

“ Their oathes were, by the crosse of this same groat,” &c.

Springs for Woodcocks, a collection of epigrams, 1606, Ep. 221.

STEEVENS.

⁹—and females dear,] This very natural character of justice Silence is not sufficiently observed. He would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no possibility of stopping his mouth. He has a *catch* for every occasion.

When flesh is cheap, and females dear.

Here the double sense of the word *dear* must be remembered.—*Ever among* is used by Chaucer in the *Romant of the Rose* :

“ *Ever among* (sothly to faine)

“ I suffre noie and mochil paine.” FARMER.

¹—*proface*!—] Sir T. Hanmer (as an ingenious friend observes to me) was mistaken in supposing *profaccia* a regular Italian word; the proper expression being *buon pro vi facia*, much good may it do you! *Profaccia* is however, as I am informed, a cant term used by the common people in Italy, though it is not inserted in the best Italian dictionaries.—The English word *proface* was used in the same sense, (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have observed,) before, and in, our author's time, by John Heywood, Nashe, Stowe, Decker, Taylor, &c. An instance or two may suffice. In Nashe's *Apologie for Pierce Penniless*, 1593, we find—“ A preface to courteous minds,—as much as to say, *proface*, much good may it do you ! would it were better for you !” Again, (as Dr. Farmer observes,) in the title of a poem prefixed to the *Praise of Hempseed*, by Taylor the Water-poet: “ A preamble,—preapace, or preface ; and *proface*, my masters, if your stomachs serve.” Again, in Heywood's *Epigrams* (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's) :

“ I came to be merry ; wherewith, merrily

“ *Proface*. Have among you,” &c. MALONE.

What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all². [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all³; [singing.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all⁴,

And welcome merry shrove-tide⁵.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

² —*the heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act as master of the house. JOHNSON.

³ —*my wife has all;*] Dr. Farmer very acutely observes, that we should read “—my wife's as all,” i. e. as all women are. This affords a natural introduction to what follows. STEEVENS.

⁴ *'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,*] Mr. Warton, in his *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, observes, that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called the *Life of Alexander*:

“Merry swithe it is in halle,

“When the berdes wave all.” STEEVENS.

This song is mentioned by a contemporary author:—“which done, grace said, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the pantrie, the hall summons this consort of companions, (upon payne to dine with duke Humphrie, or to kisse the hares foote) to appear at the first call: where a song is to be sung, the under song or holding whereof is, *It is merrie in haul where beards wag all.*” THE SERVING-MAN'S COMFORT, 1598. Sign C. REED.

⁵ *And welcome merry shrove-tide.*] *Shrove-tide* was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting. In the Romish church there was anciently a feast immediately preceding lent, which lasted many days, called CARNISCIPIUM. See Carpentier in v. Supp. Lat. Gloss. Du Cange. tom. I. p. 831. In some cities of France, an officer was annually chosen, called LE PRINCE D'AMOREUX, who presided over the sports of the youth for six days before Ash-Wednesday. Ibid. v. *Amoratus*, p. 195; and v. *Cardinalis*, p. 818. Also v. *Spinetum*, tom. III. p. 848. Some traces of these festivities still remain in our universities. In the *Percy Household-Book*, 1512, it appears, that “the clergy and officers of Lord Percy's chapel performed a play before his Lordship upon Shrowtewesday at night.” p. 345. T. WARTON.

Re-enter

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*setting them before Bardolph.*]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight. [*to Bard.*]
—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,* [singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night⁶.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. *Fill the cup⁷, and let it come;*

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*to the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes⁸ about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the masse, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will flick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll flick by him, sir.

⁶ *And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.*] I believe these latter words make part of some old ballad.—In one of Autolycus's songs we find—

“Why then comes in the sweet of the year.”

The words, *And we shall be merry*, have a reference to a song, of which Silence has already sung a stanza. His speeches in this scene, are, for the most part, fragments of ballads. Though his imagination did not furnish him with any thing original to say, he could repeat the verses of others. MALONE.

⁷ *Fill the cup, &c.*] This passage has hitherto been printed as prose, but I am told that it makes a part of an old song, and have therefore restored it to its metrical form. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*cavaleroes*] This was the term by which an airy, splendid, irregular fellow was distinguished. The soldiers of king Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in opposition to the sour faction of the parliament. JOHNSON.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

Exit DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right⁹,
And dub me knight¹:

[*singing.*

*Samingo*².

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so,

Sil.

⁹ *Do me right,*] *To do a man right*, and *to do him reason*, were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper, expected a bumper should be drunk to his toast.

So, in B. Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Captain Otter says in the drinking scene: "Ha' you *done me right*, gentlemen?" Again, in *The Bondman* by Massinger: "These glasses contain nothing;—*do me right*," &c. STEEV.

¹ *And dub me knight:*] It was the custom of the good fellows in Shakspeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a less palatable potation, on *their knees*, to the health of their mistresses. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a *knight* for the evening. So, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "They call it *knighting* in London, when they *drink upon their knees*.—Come, follow me; I'll give you all the *degrees* of it in order." MALONE.

² *Samingo.*] In one of Nash's plays, entitled, *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600, Bacchus sings the following catch:

"Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass,

"In cup, in can, or glass;

"God Bacchus, do me right,

"And dub me knight,

"*Domingo.*"

Domingo is only the burden of the song.

Again, in *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine: with a new Morisco, daunced by seaven Satyres, upon the bottome of Diogenes Tubbe*, 1600. Epigram I.

"Monsieur *Domingo* is a skilfull man,

"For muche experience he hath lately got,

"Proving more phisicke in an alehouse can

"Than may be found in any vintner's pot;

"Beere he protestes is sodden and refin'd,

"And this he speakes, being single-penny lin'd.

"For when his purse is swolne but sixpence bigge,

"Why then he sweares,—Now by the Lord I thinke

"All beere in Europe is not worth a figge;

"A cuppe of clarret is the only drinke.

"And thus his praise from beer to wine doth goe,

"Even as his purse in pence dothe ebbe and flowe." STEEV.

Samingo,

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do something.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy! An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good³.
—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson⁴.

Pist.

Samingo, instead of *Domingo*, who in the preceding epigram is represented to have been "most potent in potting," is suited, as Mr. Warton has observed, to the present situation of Silence; who has drunk so deeply at supper, that Falstaff afterwards orders him to be carried to bed. MALONE.

Of the gluttony and drunkenness of the *Dominicans*, one of their own order says thus in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. cxxxi. "Sanctus Dominicus sit nobis semper amicus, cui canimus—siccatis ante lagenis—fratres qui non curant nisi ventres." Hence *Domingo* might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the burthen of a drinking song.

TOLLET.

3 —no man to good.] I once thought that we should read—which blows to no man good. But a more attentive review of ancient Pistol's language has convinced me that it is very dangerous to correct it. He who in quoting from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, introduces *bollow-pamper'd jades*, instead of "*Holla, ye pamper'd jades*," &c. may be allowed to change the order of the words in this common proverbial saying. MALONE.

4 —but goodman Puff of Barson.] A little before, William Visor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (says Mr. Edwards's MSS.) which I suppose are these two places, and are represented to be in the neighbourhood of justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Gloucestershire. This, I imagine was done to disguise the satire a little; for sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, must be the real justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford, in Warwickshire. STEEVENS.

Barson is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solihull. PERCY.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua⁵ know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John*⁶. [sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore⁷.

Mr. Tollet has the same observation, and adds that *Woncot* may be put for *Wolpbmancote*, vulgarly *Owencote*, in the same county. Shakspeare might be unwilling to disguise the satire too much, and therefore mentioned places within the jurisdiction of sir Thomas Lucy. STEEV.

Mr. Warton in a note on the *Taming of the Shrew*, says that *Wilnecote*, (or *Wincot*), is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford. I suppose therefore in a former scene we should read *Wincot* instead of *Woncot*. MALONE.

⁵ *Let king Cophetua &c.*] Dr. Warburton supposes this line to be taken from an old play called *King Cophetua*; but this is mere conjecture, for no such play is extant. From a passage in *K. Richard II.* it may indeed be surmized that there was such a piece. See Vol. V. p. 96, n. 1. The ballad of *The King (Cophetua) and the Beggar* may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Anc. Poet.* Vol. I. MALONE.

See *Love's Labour's Lost*. [Vol. II. p. 360, n. 9.] JOHNSON.

⁶ —*Scarlet and John*.] This scrap (as Dr. Percy has observed in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*) is taken from a stanza in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Why then, lament therefore.*] This was perhaps intended to be ridiculed by Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster*, 1602:

“*Why then, lament therefore.* Damn'd be thy guts

“*Unto king Pluto's hell.*”

He might however have meant nothing more than to quote a popular play. MALONE.

Shal.

Shal. Give me pardon, fir ;—If, fir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways ; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, fir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian^s ? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth ? or fifth ?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office !—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth :
When Pistol lies, do this ; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard⁹.

Fal. What ! is the old king dead ?

Pist. As nail in door : the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day !—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What ? I do bring good news ?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots ; we'll ride all night :—O,

^s —*Bezonian* ?] So again Suffolk says in the 2d part of *Henry VI* :

“ Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.”

It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. Bisognoso, a needy person ; thence metaphorically, a base scoundrel. THEOBALD.

Nash, in *Pierce Pennyleffe his Supplication*, &c. 1592, says : “ Proud lords do tumble from the towers of their high descents, and be trod under feet of every inferior *Befonian*.” STEEVENS.¶

⁹ —fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.] To fig, in Spanish, *bigas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, “ a fig for you.” JOHNSON.

So, in *The Shepberd's Slumber*, a song published in *England's Helicon*, 1614 :

“ With scowling browes their folies checke,

“ And so give them the fig,” &c. STEEVENS.

sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit Bard.*—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

*Where is the life that late I led*¹, say they:

Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1. *Bead.* The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook², you lie. Come on; I'll tell

¹ *Where is the life that late I led,*] Words of an old ballad.

WARBURTON.

The same has been already introduced in the *Taming of the Shrew*.

STEEVENS.

² *Nut-book, &c.*] It has been already observed on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, that *nut-book* seems to have been in those times a name of reproach for a catchpoll. JOHNSON.

A *nut-book* was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out at windows by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his *Arte of Coney-catching*, has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; so that *nut-book* was probably as common a term of reproach as *rogue* is at present. In the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, I find the following passage: "To go a fishing with a *cranke* through a window, or to set lime-twigs to catch a pan, pot, or dish." Again, in *Albamazar*, 1615:

"—picking of locks and *book*ing cloaths out of window."

Again,

tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Hos. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1. *Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions³ again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer⁴! I will have you as foundly swinged for this, you blue-bottle-rogue⁵! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be
not

Again, in the *Jew of Malta*, by Marlowe, 1633:

"I saw some bags of money, and in the night

"I clamber'd up with my books."

Hence perhaps the phrase *By book or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tupper and Spenser. The first uses it in his *Husbandry* for the month of March, the second in the 3d book of his *Faery Queene*. In the first volume of Holinshed's Chronicle, p. 183, the reader may find the cant titles bestowed by the vagabonds of that age on one another, among which are *bookers*, or anglers: and Decker, in the *Bell-man of London*, 5th edit. 1640, describes this species of robbery in particular. STEEVENS.

See a former scene in this play, p. 332, n. 7. MALONE.

3 —a dozen of cushions—] That is, to stuff her out that she might counterfeit pregnancy. So in Massinger's *Old Law*:

"I said I was with child, &c. Thou saidst it was a cushion," &c.

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher*, &c. 1592: "—to weare a cushion under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child." STEEVENS.

4 —thou thin man in a censer!] These old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in *The Merry Wives*, calls Slender a *laten bilboe*. WARBURTON.

From a passage in *the Taming of the Shrew*, it appears that these censers (probably when old and worn very thin,) made part of the furniture of a barber's shop:

"Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

"Like to a censer in a barber's shop." MALONE.

5 —blue-bottle-rogue!] A name, I suppose, given to the beadle from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

Dr.

not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles⁶.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant; come.

Hof. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Hof. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Hof. Thou atomy, thou⁷!

Dr. Johnson is right with respect to the *livery*, but the allusion seems to be to the great *fish-fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*.

FARMER.

The same allusion is in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

"Now *blue-bottle*! what flutter you for, sea-pie?"

The serving-men were anciently habited in *blue*, and this is spoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an aversion to the colour, as a *blue gown* was the dress in which a strumpet did penance. So, in *The Northern Lass*, 1633:—"let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a *blew gown*, a wheel, and a clean whip." Mr. Malone confirms Dr. Johnson's remark on the dress of the beadle, by the following quotation from *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "And to be free from the interruption of *blue* beables and other bawdy offices, he most politickly lodges her in a constable's house." STEEVENS.

⁷ —*half-kirtles*.] Probably the dress of the prostitutes of that time.

JOHNSON.

A *half-kirtle* was perhaps the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expression now in use which may serve to confirm it. When a person is loosely dressed, they say—Such a one looks like a w—in a bed-gown. See *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"forty shillings I lent her to redeem two *half-silk-kirtles*." STEEVENS.

The dress of the courtezans of the time confirms Mr. Steevens's observation. So, in *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied gown*, wench, and let it go." Again, in *Skialetheia, or a Shadow of Truth in certain Epigrammes and Satires*, 1598:

"To women's *loose gowns* suiting her loose rhimes."

Yet from the description of a *kirtle* already given (see p. 342, n. 7.) a half-kirtle should seem to be a *short cloak*, rather than a short gown. Perhaps such a cloak, without sleeves, was here meant. MALONE.

⁷ —*thou atomy, thou!*] *Atomy* for *anatomy*. *Atomy* or *otamy* is sometimes used by the ancient writers where no blunder or depravation is designed. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"For thee, for thee, thou *otamie* of honour,

"Thou worm of majesty,"— STEEVENS.

Dol.

Dol. Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal⁸ !

Bead. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A publick place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes⁹.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation : Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow ; I will make the king do you grace : I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight !

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To Shal-*

⁸ —you rascal !] In the language of the forest, *lean deer* were called *rascal deer*. STEEVENS.

On this note the following observation has been made. “Doll could not speak but in the language of the forest. *Rascal*, does not signify *rascal*, but *lean deer*. See what it is to be on the watch to show a little musty reading and *unknown* knowledge.”

Who, except this superficial writer, is so little acquainted with our author's manner, as not to know that he often introduces allusions to customs and practises with which he was himself conversant, without being solicitous whether it was probable that the speaker should have known any thing of the matter ? Thus, to give one instance out of a thousand, he puts into the mouth of kings the language of his own stage, and makes them talk of *cues* and *properties*, who never had been in a tiring-room, and probably had never heard of either the one or the other. Of the language of the forest he was extremely fond ; and the particular term *rascal* he has introduced in at least a dozen places.

MALONE.

⁹ *More rushes, &c.*] It has been already observed, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. *Caius de Ephemera*. JOHNSON.

low.] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better;
this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth¹.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part².

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will enflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither

¹ *It doth, it doth, it doth.*] The two little answers which are given to Pistol in the old copy, are transferred by sir T. Hanmer to Shallow. The repetition of *it doth* suits Shallow best. JOHNSON.

In the quarto Shallow's *first* speech in this scene as well as these two, is erroneously given to *Pistol*. The editors of the folio corrected the former, but overlooked these. They likewise, in my apprehension, overlooked an error in the end of Falstaff's speech, below, though they corrected one in the beginning of it. See the next note. MALONE.

² *'Tis all in every part.*] The sentence alluded to is:

“ 'Tis all in all, and all in every part.”

And so doubtless it should be read. 'Tis a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure to say, *'tis all in all*. To which this fantastic character adds, with some humour, *and all in every part*: which, both together, make up the philosophic sentence, and complete the absurdity of Pistol's phraseology. WARBURTON.

I strongly suspect that these words belong to Falstaff's speech. They have nothing of Pistol's manner. In the original copy in quarto the speeches in this scene are all in confusion. The two speeches preceding this, which are jumbled together, are given to Shallow, and stand thus.
“ *Sh.* It is *best* certain: but to stand stained with travel,” &c. MALONE.

By

By most mechanical and dirty hand :—

Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alesto's snake,
For Doll is in ; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her. [*The trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor
sounds.

*Enter the King, and his train, the Chief Justice among
them.*

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal³ ! my royal Hal !

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal
imp of fame⁴ !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis you
speak ?

Fal. My king ! my Jove⁵ ! I speak to thee, my heart !

King. I know thee not, old man : Fall to thy prayers ;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester !
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane⁶ ;

But,

³ *God save thy grace, king Hal !*] A similar scene occurs in the anonymous *Henry V.* Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play of Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

⁴ —*most royal imp of fame !*] The word *imp* is perpetually used by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny :

“ And were it not thy royal *impe*

“ Did mitigate our pain,”—.

Here Fulwell addresses Anne Bulleyne, and speaks of the young Elizabeth. Again, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 :

“ —Amurath, mighty emperor of the east,

“ That shall receive the *imp* of royal race.”

Imp-yn is a Welsh word, and primitively signifies a sprout, a sucker. In Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, there is a chapter on “ shrubs, shootes, slippes,—young *imps*, spray and buds.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 320, n. 4. MALONE.

⁵ *My king ! my Jove !*] It appears from many passages both in our author's plays and poems that he had diligently read the earlier pieces of Daniel. When he wrote the speech before us, he perhaps remembered these lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594 :

“ Dooft thou not see, how that *thy king, thy Jove,*

“ Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate ?” MALONE.

⁶ —*rosane ;*] In our author it often signifies *love of talk*, without
the

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;⁷
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self;
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
 Not to come near our person by ten mile⁸.

For

the particular idea now given it. So, in *Othello*: “Is he not a *pro-fane* and very liberal counsellor?” JOHNSON.

⁷ —*know, the grave doth gape*

For thee thrice wider than for other men:—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;] Nature is highly touched in this passage. The king having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it. *Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is just falling back into Hal, by an humorous allusion to Falstaff's bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight, with

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great skill, and shews us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once on the motives of honour, interest, or reason.

WARBURTON.

⁸ *Not to come near our person by ten mile.*] Mr. Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.

I think

For competence of life, I will allow you ;
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will,—according to your strength, and qualities;—

I think the poet more blameable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action ; and though after the bustle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakspeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play. JOHNSON.

The dismissal of Falstaff was founded on a historical fact. Stowe says, that “K. Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts ; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him in his court ; and to all that would persevere in their former like conversation, he gave express commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his presence.”

STEEVENS.

This circumstance was originally mentioned by Hall, and is thus recorded by Holinshed, who was certainly Shakspeare's historian : “Immediately after that he was invested kyng, and had receyved the crowne, he determined with himselfe to putte upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolence and wildnes into gravitie and sobernesse : and whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous misorder, with a sorte of misgoverned mates, and unthriftie playfeers, he now banished them from his presence, (not unrewarded nor yet unpreferred,) *inbibiting them upon a great payne, not once to approche, lodge or sojourne within ten miles of his courte or mansion* : and in their places he elected and chose men of gravitie, witte, and hygh policie, by whose wise counsell he might at all times rule to his honoure ;—whereas if he should have reteined the other lustie companions aboute him, he doubted least they might have allured him unto such lewde and lighte partes, as with them before tyme he had youthfully used.” —Our author might have found the same circumstance in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.*

“—your former life grieves me,

“And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever :

“And therefore not upon pain of death to approche my presence,

“By ten miles' space ; then, if I heare well of you,

“It may be I will doe somewhat for you ;

“Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands ;

“Than at any other man's.” MALONE.

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on.

[*Exeunt King, and his Train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, fir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good fir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, fir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph;—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry fir John Falstaff to the Fleet⁹;
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, and Officers.*]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's;
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;

⁹ —to the Fleet;] I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismissal from the king; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment; but the different agitations of fear, anger and surprize in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye: and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away. JOHNSON.

But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Cb. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Cb. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing¹,
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence²?

[*Exeunt.*

¹ —*I heard a bird so sing.*] This phrase, which I suppose to be proverbial, occurs in the ancient ballad of *The rising in the North*:

“*I heard a bird sing* in mine eare,

“*That I must either fight or flee.* STEEVENS.

² I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, “*O most lame and impotent conclusion!*” As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by our authour, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth.

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakspeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakspeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no authour has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comick and tragick part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trisler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trisler. This character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, cholerick, and quarrellsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and fallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson objects with good reason, I think, to the "lame and impotent conclusion" of this play. Our author seems to have been as careless in the conclusion of the following plays as in that before us,

In *The Tempest* the concluding words are,

"—please you draw near."

In *Much ado about nothing*:

"—Strike up pipers."

In *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"—You this way; we this way."

In the *Winter's Tale*:

"—Hastily lead away."

In *Timon of Athens*:

"Let our drums strike."

In *Hamlet*:

"Go, bid the soldiers shoot." MALONE.

E P I L O G U E³;

Spoken by a Dancer.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech.

My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me⁴; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catharine of France⁵: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff

³ This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. JOHNSON.

⁴ All the gentlewomen, &c.] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you like it*. JOHNSON.

⁵ —and make you merry with fair Catharine of France:] I think this is a proof that the French scenes in *Henry V.* however unworthy of our author, were really written by him. It is evident from this passage,

*staff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man*⁶. *My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will*

passage, that he had at this time formed the plan of that play; and how was *faire Catharine to make the audience merry*, but by speaking broken English? The conversation and courtship of a great princess, in the usual style of the drama, was not likely to afford any merriment.

TYRWHITT:

6 —*where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*] “This (says Mr. Pope,) alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff”; and “the word martyr,” (says another commentator,) “hints at this miserable performance, and its fate, which was damnation.” The play which these commentators suppose to be alluded to, is entitled *The History of the famous Victories of King Henry V.* printed in 1598. In this play there is a buffoon character called *Oldcastle*. I have already shewn, as I conceive, that there is no ground whatsoever for supposing that Falstaff was ever called *Oldcastle*. See p. 119, n. 1. The assertion that the anonymous *King Henry V.* was damned, is equally unfounded. On the contrary, for ten or twelve years before our *Henries* were produced, I make no doubt that it was a very popular performance. Tarleton the celebrated comedian, who died in 1589, we know, was much admired in the parts both of the *Clown* and the *Chief Justice* in that play.

The allusion in the passage before us is undoubtedly not to any play, nor to any character in any play, but to the real Sir John Oldcastle. In 1559, Bale published an account of his trial and condemnation, under the title of “A brief Chronycle concernynge the examinacion and death of the blessed *Martyr* of Christ, Syr Johan Oldcastell,” &c. a book that was probably much read in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1601 was published *The Mirror of Martyrs, or, the Life and Death of that brave valiant capitaine and most goodly martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.*”

Shakspeare, I think, meant only to say, that “Falstaff may perhaps die of his debaucheries in France,”—(having mentioned Falstaff’s death, he then with his usual licence uses the word in a metaphorical sense, adding,) “unless he be already killed by the hard and unjust opinions” of those who imagined that the knight’s character (like that of his predecessor) was intended as a ridicule on Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham. This our author disclaims; reminding the audience, that there can be no ground for such a supposition. I call them (says he) *hard and unjust opinions*, “for Sir John Oldcastle was no debauchee, but a protestant martyr, and our Falstaff is not the man;” i. e. is no representation of him, has no allusion whatsoever to him.

Shakspeare seems to have been pained by some report that his inimitable character,

*will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen*⁷.

character, like the despicable buffoon of the old play already mentioned, whose dress and figure resemble that of Falstaff, (see a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. p. 119,) was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of Lord Cobham; which, in the reign of so zealous a friend to the Protestant cause as Elizabeth, would not have been easily pardoned at court. Our author, had he been so inclined, (which we have no ground for supposing,) was much too wise to have ever directed any ridicule at the great martyr for that cause, which was so warmly espoused by his queen and patroness. The former ridiculous representations of Sir John Oldcastle on the stage were undoubtedly produced by papists, and probably often exhibited, in inferior theatres, to crowded audiences, between the years 1580 and 1590. MALONE.

7 —to pray for the queen.] I wonder no one has remarked at the conclusion of the epilogue, that it was the custom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus at the end of *New Custom*:

“ Preserve our noble Q. Elizabeth, and her councill all.”

And in *Lochrine*:

“ So let us pray for that renowned maid,” &c.

And in Middleton’s *Mad World my Masters*: “ This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord *Overmuch* and his good counsell, our honourable lady and mistress.” FARMER.

See also the conclusion of Preston’s *Cambyeses*, *All for Money*, a Morality, 1578, *Lusty Juventus*, a morality, 1561, *The Disobedient Child*, an Interlude, no date, *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661, and *A Knack how to know a Knaue*, 1594.

Lastly, sir John Harrington’s *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, finishes with these words: “ But I will neither end with sermon nor prayer, lest some wags liken me to my L. () players, who when they have ended a bawdy comedy, as though that were a preparative to devotion, kneele downe solemnly, and pray all the companie to pray with them for their good lord and maister.”

Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with, conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence perhaps the *Vivant Rex & Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills. STEEVENS.



K I N G H E N R Y V.

Persons Represented.

King Henry *the Fifth*.

Duke of Gloster,

Duke of Bedford, } *brothers to the king.*

Duke of Exeter, *uncle to the king.*

Duke of York, *cousin to the king.*

Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, }

Lord Scroop, } *conspirators against the king.*

Sir Thomas Grey, }

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris,

Jamy, *officers in king Henry's army :*

Bates, Court, Williams, *soldiers in the same :*

Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *formerly servants to Falstaff, now
soldiers in the same.*

Boy, *servant to them.* A Herald. Chorus.

Charles, *the Sixth, king of France.*

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.

The Constable of France.

Rambures, and Grandpree, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur. Montjoy, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the king of England.

Isabel, *queen of France.*

Catharine, *daughter of Charles and Isabel.*

Alice, *a lady attending on the princess Catharine.*

Quickly, *Pistol's wife, an hostess.*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Mes-
sengers, and Attendants.*

*The SCENE, at the beginning of the play, lies in England ;
but afterwards, wholly in France.*

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muse of fire¹, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold² the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
 Crouch for employment³. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unrais'd spirit*, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object: Can this cock-pit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram,
 Within this wooden O⁴, the very casques⁵ That

1 *O, for a muse of fire, &c.*] This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was one of fire. WARBURTON.

It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements. JOHNSON.

2 —princes to act,

And monarchs to behold—] Shakspeare does not seem to set distance enough between the performers and spectators. JOHNSON.

3 *Leash'd in like bounds, should famine, sword, and fire,*

Crouch for employment.] In *K. Henry VI.* "Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire," are called the three attendants on the English general, lord Talbot; and, as I suppose, are the *dogs of war* mentioned in *Julius Cæsar*.—This image of the warlike Henry very much resembles *Montfaucon's* description of the *Mars* discovered at *Bressé*, who leads a lion and a lyonesse in couples, and crouching as for employment. TOLLET.

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, speaking of *King Henry V.* says:

"He led good fortune in a line, and did but war and win." Holinshed, (p. 567.) when the people of Roan petitioned king *Henry V.* has put this sentiment into his mouth. "He declared that the goddess of battell, called Bellona, had three hand-maidens, ever of necessity attending upon her, as *blood, fire, and famine.*" STEEVENS.

* —spirit,] Old copy—spirits. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 *Within this wooden O,*] Nothing shews more evidently the power of custom over language, than that the frequent use of calling a circle an *O* could so much hide the meanness of the metaphor from Shakspeare, that he has used it many times where he makes his most eager attempts at dignity of style. JOHNSON.

In

That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little place, a million;
 And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces⁶ work:
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous, narrow ocean⁷ parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man⁸,
 And make imaginary puissance⁹:

In this place it was evidently the poet's intention to represent the little circle in which they acted in as contemptible a light as he could. MASON.

⁵ *The very casques*] The helmets. JOHNSON.

The *very* casques, are—even the casques or helmets; much less the men by whom they were worn. So in *Macbeth*:

“——— for fear

“Thy *very* stones prate of my whereabouts.” MALONE.

⁶ —*imaginary forces*—] *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded. JOHNSON.

⁷ *The perilous, narrow ocean*—] Mr. Steevens is of opinion that *perilous narrow* means *very narrow*. So, *perilous-crafty*, *villanous-low*, &c. But, in my apprehension, *perilous* is here not an augmentative, but a distinct epithet. *Narrow* seas, it is well known, are more dangerous than others. So, (as Mr. Mason has observed,) in the *Merchant of Venice*, the *narrow seas* are made the scene of shipwrecks, when Salario says, “Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the *narrow* seas; the Goodwins I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal,” &c. MALONE.

⁸ *Into a thousand parts divide one man*.] The meaning is, suppose every man to represent a thousand. MASON.

⁹ *And make imaginary puissance*.] This shews that Shakspeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of shewing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the eye but by something like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited. JOHNSON.

Our authors of that age seem to have been sensible of the same absurdities. In Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631, a chorus enters and says:

“Our stage so lamely can express a sea,

“That we are forc'd by Chorus to discourse

“What should have been in action,” &c. STEEVENS.

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings¹,
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history ;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

¹ *For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,*] The sense may be this ;—it must be to your imagination that our kings are indebted for their royalty. Let the fancy of the spectator furnish out those appendages to greatness which the poverty of our stage is unable to supply. The poet is still apologizing for the defects of theatrical representation. STEEVENS.



KING HENRY V².

ACT I. SCENE I.

London.³ *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury⁴, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,
Which,

² This play was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth act) at the time of the Earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and not till after *Henry the Sixth* had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play.

POPE.

The transactions comprised in this historical play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Catharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. THEOBALD.

This play in the quarto edition, 1600, is styled the *Chronicle History* of Henry, &c. which seems to have been the title anciently appropriated to all Shakspeare's historical dramas. So, in *The Antipodes*, a comedy by R. Brome, 1638:

"These lads can act the emperors' lives all over,

"And Shakspeare's *Chronicled Histories* to boot."

The players likewise in the folio edition, 1623, rank these pieces under the title of *Histories*.

It is evident, that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1592. Nash, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, dated 1592, says: "—what a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to sweare fealtie!" STEEVENS.

The piece to which Nash alludes, is the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.* which had been exhibited before the year 1589, Tarleton, the comedian, who performed in it both the parts of the chief justice and the clown, having died in that year. It was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and, I believe, printed in that year, though I have not met with a copy of that date. An edition of it printed in 1598, is in the valuable collection of Dr. Wright. Shakspeare, as Mr. Steevens has observed, "seems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends in some measure the story of the two parts of *King Henry IV.* as well as of *Henry V.*" See also p. 119, n. 1; and p. 354, n. 8.

Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time⁵
Did push it out of further question⁶.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supply'd;
And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

The play before us appears to have been written in the middle of the year, 1599. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

The old *King Henry V.* may be found among *Six old plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. printed for S. Leacroft, 1778. MALONE.

³ —*London.*] It appears from Hall's and Holinshed's *Chronicles* that the business of this scene was transacted at Leicester, where K. Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the chorus at the beginning of the second act shews that the author intended to make London the place of this first scene. MALONE.

⁴ —*of Canterbury.*] Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury. MALONE.

⁵ —*the scrambling and unquiet time*—] In the old household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland, there is a particular section appointing the order of service for the *scrambling* days in lent, that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *scrambled*, i. e. *scrambled*, and shifted for himself as well as he could.

So, in the old noted book intitled, "*Leicester's Commonwealth*," one of the marginal heads is, "*Scrambling between Leicester and Huntingdon at the upshot.*" So again, Shakspeare himself makes king Henry V. say to the princess Katharine, "I get thee with *scrambling*, and thou must therefore prove a good soldier-breeder." ACT V. PERCY.

Shakspeare uses the same word in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"*Scrambling*, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys." STEEVENS.

⁶ —*of further question.*] i. e. of further debate. MALONE.

Ely.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came⁷,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him:
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood⁸,
With such a heady current⁹, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in musick:

⁷ *Consideration, like an angel, &c.*] As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the king's heart, since *consideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton observes, that according to the scripture expression, *the old Adam*, or the *old man*, signified man in an unregenerated or gentile state. MALONE.

⁸ *Newer came reformation in a flood,*] Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleansed the famous stables when he turned a river through them. Hercules still is in our author's head when he mentions the Hydra. JOHNSON.

⁹ *With such a heady current—*] Old Copy—*currante*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still ¹,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
 So that the art and practick part of life ²
 Must be the mistress to this theorick ³:
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain:
 His companies ⁴ unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry ⁵ grows underneath the nettle;
 And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

¹ *The air, &c.*] This line is exquisitely beautiful. JOHNSON.
 The same thought occurs in *As you like it*, Act II. sc. vii.:

“ —I must have liberty

“ Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

“ To blow on whom I please.” MALONE.

² *So that the art and practick part of life—*] He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, that *the art and practice of life must be the mistress or teacher of his theorick*; that is, *that his theory must have been taught by art and practice*; which, *says he*, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory. *Art* is used by the author for *practice*, as distinguished from *science or theory*. JOHNSON.

³ *—to this theorick:]* *Theorick* is what terminates in speculation. Bookish *theorick* is mentioned in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

In our author's time, this word was always used were we now use *theory*. See Vol. III. p. 445, n. 8. MALONE.

⁴ *—companies—*] is here used for *companions*. It is used by other authors of Shakspeare's age in the same sense. See Vol. II. p. 450, n. 1. MALONE.

⁵ *The strawberry—*] i. e. the wild fruit so called, that grows in the woods. STEEVENS.

Unseen, yet *crescive* in his faculty⁶.

Cant. It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather swaying more upon our part⁷,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages⁸,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;

⁶ —*crescive* in his faculty.] Increasing in its proper power. JOHNSON.

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo

Fama Marcelli—.

Crescive is a word used by Drant in his translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

“As lusty youths of *crescive* age doe flourishe freshe and grow.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ —*swaying more upon our part*,] *Swaying* is *inclining*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“Now *sways* it this way, like a mighty sea,—

“Now *sways* it that way.” MALONE.

⁸ *The severals, and unbidden passages*,] This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the *passages* of his titles are the *lines* of *succession* by which his claims descend. *Unbidden* is *open, clear*. JOHNSON.

And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing; Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle⁹.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task¹ our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;

And justly and religiously unfold,

Why the law Salique, that they have in France,

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

⁹ —good uncle.] John Holland, duke of Exeter, was married to Elizabeth, the king's aunt. STEEVENS.

¹ —task.—] Keep busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions.

Or nicely charge your understanding soul²
 With opening titles miscreate³, whose right
 Suits not in native colours with the truth;
 For God doth know, how many, now in health,
 Shall drop their blood in approbation⁴
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person⁵,
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
 For never two such kingdoms did contend,
 Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a fore complaint,
 'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality⁶.
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
 And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you
 peers,
 That owe your lives, your faith, and services,

² *Or nicely charge your understanding soul—*] Take heed lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or *knowingly burthen your soul*, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shewn in its native and true colours, would appear to be false. JOHNSON.

³ *—miscreate,*] Ill-begotten, illegitimate, spurious. JOHNSON.

⁴ *—in approbation—*] i.e. in *proving* and supporting that title which shall be now set up. So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "—composing what he wrote, not by report of others, but by the *approbation* of his own eyes." Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"That lack'd fight only;—nought for *approbation*,

"But only seeing." MALONE.

⁵ *—impawn our person.*] *Impawn* for engage. WARBURTON.

To *engage* and to *pawn* were in our author's time synonymous. See Minshew's DICTIONARY in *v. engage*. But the word *pawn* had not, I believe, at that time, its present signification. To *impawn* seems here to have the same meaning as the French phrase, *se commettre*.

MALONE.

⁶ *—brief mortality.*]

Nulla brevem dominum sequetur. Hor. STEEVENS.

To

To this imperial throne ;—There is no bar⁷
 To make against your highness' claim to France,
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nē succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land :
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze⁸,
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
 That the land Salique lies in Germany,
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :
 Where Charles the great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French ;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land ;
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.
 Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France :
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of king Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the great,
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French

Beyond

⁷ —*There is no bar &c.*] This whole speech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry V. *year the second*, folio iv. xx. xxx. xl. &c. POPE.

This speech (together with the Latin passage in it) may as well be said to be taken from Holinshed as from Hall. STEEVENS.

See a subsequent note, in which it is proved that Holinshed, and not Hall, was our author's historian. The same facts indeed are told in both, Holinshed being a servile copyist of Hall ; but Holinshed's book was that which Shakspeare read ; and therefore I always quote it in preference to the elder chronicle, contrary to the rule that ought in general to be observed. MALONE.

⁸ —*gloze*,] Expound, explain, and sometimes comment upon. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
 To fine his title with some shew of truth,
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught⁹,)
 Convey'd himself ¹ as heir to the lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the great ². Also king Lewis the tenth ³,

“—you have both said well;

“And on the cause and question now in hand,

“Have glaz'd but superficially. REED.

⁹ To fine his title with some shew of truth,

Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,] i. e. to make it
shewy or *specious* by some appearance of justice. STEEVENS.

The words in Holinshed's *Cbronicle* are, “—to make his title *seem*
true, and appear good, though indeed it was stark *naught*.”—In Hall
 “to make &c.—though indeed it was both *evil* and untrue.” MALONE.

¹ Convey'd himself—] Derived his title. Our poet found this ex-
 pression also in Holinshed. MALONE.

² Of Charles the great.] This, as an anonymous critick has observed,
 is a mistake of the old historians, whom Shakspeare followed. “Charles
 the great and Charlemaine were one and the same person.” MALONE.

³ —Lewis the tenth,] This is a mistake, (as is observed in the
Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. 53. P. II. p. 588,) into which Shakspeare
 was led by Holinshed, (Vol. II. p. 546, edit. 1577,) whom he copied.
 St. Lewis, (for he is the person here described,) the grandson of
 Queen Isabel, the wife of Philip II. king of France, was Lewis the
Ninth. He was the son of Lewis VIII. by the Lady Blanch of Castile.
 In Hall's *Cbronicle*, HENRY V. folio iii. b. (which Holinshed has
 closely followed, except in this particular error, occasioned by either
 his own or his printer's inaccuracy,) Lewis is rightly called the *Ninth*.
 Here therefore we have a decisive proof that our author's guide in all his
 historical plays was Holinshed, and not Hall. See note 9. I have how-
 ever left the error uncorrected, on the same principle on which similar
 errors in *Julius Cæsar*, into which Shakspeare was led by the old trans-
 lation of Plutarch, have been suffered to remain undisturbed; and also,
 because it ascertains a fact of some importance. MALONE.

Who

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfy'd
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction⁴, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female:
 So do the kings of France unto this day;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbare⁵ their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France;

⁴ *King Lewis his satisfaction,*] He had told us just above, that Lewis could not wear the crown with a safe conscience, "till satisfy'd," &c.

THEOBALD.

⁵ — *to imbare*—] To lay open, to display to view. THEOBALD.

In the folio the word is spelt *imbarre*. *Imbare* is, I believe, the true reading. It is formed like *impaint*, *impawn*, and many other similar words used by Shakspeare.—The quarto, 1600, reads *imbace*. Mr. Steevens inclines to read *unbar*, (opposed to *bar* in the former line,) "to weaken by an open display of invalidity." MALONE.

Whiles

Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility⁶.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France;
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action⁷!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
 'The blood and courage, that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and means
 and might;
 So hath your highness⁸; never king of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,

⁶ *Whiles his most mighty father on a hill*

Stood smiling, &c.] This alludes to the battle of Cressy, as described by Holinshed. "The Earle of Northampton and others sent to the king, *where he stood aloft on a windmill-bill*; the king demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, said the knight that brought the message, but he is sore matched. Well, (said the king,) returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, so long as my son is alive; for I will that this journe be his, with the honour thereof. The slaughter of the French was great and lamentable at the same battle, fought the 26th August, 1346." *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 372. Col. i. BOWLE.

⁷ *—and cold for action.]* This epithet all the commentators have passed by, and I am unable to explain. I cannot but suspect it to be corrupt. A desire to distinguish themselves seems to merit the name of *ardour*, rather than the term here given to it.—If *cold* be the true reading, their coldness should arise from *inaction*; and therefore the meaning must be, cold for *want* of action. So Lilly in *Euphues and his England*, 1581: "—if he were too long for the bed, Procrustes cut off his legs, for *catching cold*." i. e. for *fear* of catching cold. MALONE.

⁸ *So hath your highness;]* i. e. your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have. MALONE.

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood ⁹, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches ¹, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the courting snatchers only.
But fear the main intendment of the Scot ²,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour ³ to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather,
Never went with his forces into France ⁴,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;

⁹ *With blood,—*] Old Copy.—*bloods*. Corrected in the third folio.

MALONE.

¹ *They of those marches,*] The *marches* are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marchers*, i. e. the lords presidents of the *marches*, &c. STEEVENS.

² *—the main intendment of the Scot,*] *Intendment* is here perhaps used for *intention*, which in our author's time signified *extreme exertion*. The *main intendment* may, however, mean, the *general disposition*. MALONE.

³ *—giddy neighbour—*] That is, inconstant, changeable. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Never went with his forces into France,*] What an opinion the Scots entertained of the defenceless state of England, may be known by the following passage from *The Battle of Floddon*, an ancient historical poem:

“ For England's king, you understand,

“ To France is past with all his peers :

“ There is none at home left in the land,

“ But joulst-head monks, and bursten freers.

“ Of ragged rusties, without rules,

“ Of priests prating for pudding shives;

“ Of milners madder than their mules,

“ Or wanton clerks, waking their wives.” STEEVENS.

Galling

Galling the gleaned land with hot essays ;
 Girding with grievous siege castles, and towns ;
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd⁵ than harm'd, my
 liege :

For hear her but exampled by herself,—
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended,
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,
 The king of Scots ; whom she did send to France,
 To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings ;
 And make your chronicle as rich with praise⁶,
 As is the ouze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries⁷.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true⁸,—

If that you will France win⁹,

Then with Scotland first begin :

For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,

To

5 — *more fear'd*] i. e. frightened. MALONE.

6 *And make your chronicle as rich with praise,*] The similitude between the chronicle and the sea consists only in this, that they are both full, and filled with something valuable. The quarto has *your*, the folio—*their chronicle*. *Your* and *their* written by contraction *y^r* are just alike, and *her* in the old hands is not much unlike *y^r*. I believe we should read *her* chronicle. JOHNSON.

Your chronicle means, I think, the chronicle of *your* kingdom, England. MALONE.

7 — *and sumless treasuries.*] The quarto, 1600, reads—and *shiple's* treasury. STEEVENS.

8 *West.* *But there's a saying, &c.*] This speech is given in the folio to the Bishop of Ely. But it appears from Holinshed, (whom our author followed,) and from Hall, that these words were the conclusion of the Earl of Westmoreland's speech ; to whom therefore I have assigned them. In the quarto *Lord* only is prefixed to this speech. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors attributed it to *Exeter*, but certainly without propriety ; for he on the other hand maintained, that “ he whiche would Scotland winne, with France must first beginne.” MALONE.

9 *If that you will France win, &c.*] Hall's *Chronicle*. Henry V. year 2. fol. vii. (p. 2.) x. POPE.

To spoil and havock¹ more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home :

Yet that is but a curs'd necessity² ;

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,

And pretty traps³ to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,

The advised head defends itself at home :

For government, though high, and low, and lower⁴,

Put into parts, doth keep in one concent⁵ ;

Congruing⁶ in a full and natural close,

Like musick.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, and in the old anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* STEEVENS.

¹ *To spoil and havock—*] Thus the quarto. The folio has—to tame, &c. Mr. Theobald supposes *tame* to have been printed instead of *taint*.

MALONE.

² *Yet that is but a curs'd necessity ;*] A *curs'd* necessity means, I believe, only an *unfortunate* necessity. *Curs'd*, in colloquial phrase, signifies any thing *unfortunate*. So we say, such a one leads a *curfed* life ; another has got into a *curfed* scrape. It may mean, a necessity *to be execrated*. This vulgarism is often used by sir Arthur Gorges in his translation of Lucan, 1614. Again, in Chapman's translation of the 5th *Odyssy* :

“ A *curs'd* surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd

“ His naked body. STEEVENS.

Mr. Malon justly observes that this interpretation, though perhaps the true one, does not agree with the context ; [Yet that is *but* an *unfortunate* necessity, *since* we, &c.] and therefore proposes to read,

Yet that is *not* a curs'd necessity.

But and *not* are so often confounded in these plays, that I think his conjecture extremely probable. See Vol. III. p. 142, n. 1. It is certainly (as Dr. Warburton has observed) the Speaker's business to shew that there is no real necessity for staying at home.

Curs'd is the reading of the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—a *crus'd* necessity, which Dr. Johnson says, “ may mean a necessity which is overpowered and subdued by contrary reasons.” MALONE.

³ *And pretty traps—*] Thus the old copy, but I believe we should read *petty*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *For government, though high, and low, and lower,*] The foundation and expression of this thought seems to be borrowed from Cicero de Republica, lib. 2. Sic ex summis, & mediis, & infimis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderatam ratione civitatem, consensu dissimiliorum concinere ; & quæ harmonia à musicis dicitur in cantu, eam esse in civitate concordiam. THEOBALD.

⁵ — in one concent,] *Concent* is *unison*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Congruing—*] The folio has *congreeing*. The quarto *congrueth*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Cant,

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide.

The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience⁷: for so work the honey bees;
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order⁸ to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king⁹, and officers of sorts¹:

Where

⁷ *Setting endeavour in continual motion;*

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience:] Neither the sense nor the construction of this passage is very obvious. The construction is, *endeavour*,—*as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed*. The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the publick good and general design of government. JOHNSON.

⁸ *The act of order*—] *Act* here means *law*, or *statute*; as appears from the old quarto, where the words are “—Creatures that by awe ordain an *act* of order to a peopled kingdom.”

Mr. Pope changed *act* to *art*, and was followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

⁹ —for so work the honey bees;—

They have a king, &c.] Our author in this parallel had, I have no doubt, the following passage in Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, 1581, in view:—“In like manner, Euphues, is the government of a monarchie,—that it is neither the wise foxe nor the malicious wolfe, should venture so farre, as to learne whether the lyon sleepe or wake in his denne, whether the prince fast or feast in the court; but this should be their order,—to understand there is a king, but what he doth, is for the gods to examine, whose ordinance he is, not for men whose overseer he is. Then how vain is it,—that the foot should neglect his office, to correct the face; or that subjects should seeke more to know what their princes doe, than what they are; wherein they shew themselves as bad as beasts, and much worse than my bees, who, in my conceit, observe more order than they.—If I might crave pardon, I would a little acquaint you with the *commonwealth* of my bees.—I have for the space of these twenty yeeres dwelt in this place, taking no delight in any thing but only keeping my bees, and marking them; and this I find, which had I not seen I should hardly have believed, that they use as great wit by induction, and art by workmanship, as ever man hath or can; using between themselves no lesse justice than wisdom, and yet not so much wisdom as majestie; insomuch as thou wouldest thinke that they were a *kind of people*, a *commonwealth* for Plato; where they all labour, all gather hony, flie together in a swarme, eat in a swarme, and sleepe in a swarme.—*They live under a law*, using great reverence to their elder as to the wiser. They

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad²;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys

choose a king, whose palace they frame, both braver in shew, and stronger in substance.—If their prince die, they know not how to live; they languish, weep, sigh, neither intending their worke, nor keeping their old society. And that which is most marvellous and almost incredible, if there be any that hath disobeyed his commandment, either of purpose or unwitting, he killeth himself with his owne sting, as an executioner of his own stubborneesse. The king himselfe hath a sting, which he useth rather for honour than punishment. And yet, Euphues, albeit they live under a prince, they have their privileges, and as great liberties as strait lawes. They call a parliament, wherein they consult for lawes, statutes, penalties, choosing officers, and creating their king.—Every one hath his office; some trimming the bony, some working the wax, one framing hives, another the combs; and that so artificially, that Dedalus could not with greater art or excellency better dispose the orders, measures, proportions, distinctions, joints and circles. Diverse beew, others polish, and are careful to do their worke so strongly as they may resist the craft of such drones as seek to live by their labours; which maketh them to keepe watch and ward, as living in a camp to others, and as in a court to themselves.—When they goe forth to worke, they marke the winde, the clouds, and whatsoever doth threaten either their ruin or rage; and having gathered out of every flower bony, they return, loaden in their mouthes, thighes, winges, and all the body; whom they that tarried at home receive readily, as easing their backs of so great burthens. The king himselfe, not idle, goeth up and down, intreating, threatening, commanding; using the counsel of a sequell, but not losing the dignity of a prince; preferring those that labour in greater authority, and punishing those that loiter with due severity.”—“The commonwealth of your bees, [replied Euphues,] did so delight me, that I was not a little sorry, that either their estates have not been longer, or your leisure more; for in my simple judgment, there was such an orderly government that men may not be ashamed to imitate them.” MALONE.

¹ And officers of sorts:] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—sort; i. e. high rank. See Vol. II. p. 105, n. 9. and p. 208, n. 6. MALONE.

Officers of sorts means officers of different degrees. In a London haberdasher's bill to his customer in the country, I lately saw the following charge: “To thread of sorts”; i. e. of different kinds. STEEVENS.

²—venture trade abroad;] To venture trade is a phrase of the same import and structure as to hazard battle. JOHNSON.

The

The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanick porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to éxecutors⁴ pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one concent, may work contrariously ;
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Fly to one mark ;
 As many several ways meet in one town ;
 As many fresh streams run in one self sea ;
 As many lines close in the dial's center ;
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat⁵. Therefore to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four ;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we, with thrice that power left at home,
 Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
 Let us be worried ; and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The king ascends his throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd : and,—by God's help ;
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces : Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling, in large and ample empery⁶,
 O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms ;

³ — kneading up the honey ;] To knead the honey gives an easy sense, though not physically true. The bees do in fact knead the wax more than the honey, but that Shakspeare perhaps did not know. JOHNSON.

The old quartos read—lading up the honey. STEEVENS.

⁴ —to éxecutors—] *Executors* is here used for *executioners*. MALONE.

⁵ Without defeat.] The quartos read, *Without defect*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —emperry,] This word, which signifies *dominion*, is now obsolete, though formerly in general use. STEEVENS.

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tomblefs, with no remembrance over them :
 Either our history fhall, with full mouth,
 Speak freely of our acts ; or elfe our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, fhall have a tonguelefs mouth,
 Not worfhip'd with a paper epitaph ? Now

7 —with a paper epitaph.] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads —with a *waxen* epitaph —Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that “ either a *waxen* or a *paper* epitaph is an epitaph eafily obliterated or destroyed ; one which can confer no lafting honour on the dead.” —“ The reading of the quarto (fays Dr. Johnson,) is to me at leaft more unintelligible than the other : a grave not *dignified* with the flighteft memorial !”

I think this paffage has been mifunderftood. Henry fays, “ he will *either* rule with full dominion in France, or die in the attempt, and lay his bones in a paltry urn, without a tomb, or any remembrance over him.” With a view to the alternative that he has juft ftated, he adds, by way of appofition and illuftration, “ either the Englifh Chronicles fhall fpeak, *trumpet-tongued*, to the world, of my victories in France, or, being defeated there, my death fhall fcarcely be *mentioned in hiftory* ; fhall not be *honoured* by the beft epitaph a prince can have, the *written* account of his atchievements.” —A *paper* epitaph, therefore, or, in other words, an hiftorical eulogy, inftead of a *flight* token of refpect, is mentioned by Henry as the moft honourable memorial ; and Dr. Johnson’s objection founded on the incongruity of faying that his grave fhall not be *dignified* by the *flighteft* memorial, falls to the ground.

The mifapprehenfion, I conceive, arofe from underftanding a figurative expreffion literally, and fuppoſing that a paper epitaph meant an epitaph written on a paper, to be *affixed to a tomb*.

Waxen, the reading of the folio, when it is uſed by Shakſpeare metaphorically, fignifies, foft, yielding, taking an impreſſion eafily ; (fo, in *Twelfth Night*, “ women’s *waxen* hearts ; and in the *Rape of Lucrece*, “ For men have marble, women *waxen* minds,” &c.) and confequently might mean alfo—eafily obliterated : but this meaning is quite inconfiſtent with the context ; for in the former part of the paffage the event of Henry’s being buried without a tomb, and without an *epitaph*, has been already ftated, and therefore the want of an epitaph (in its literal acceptation) could not with propriety again be infifted on, in the latter member of the ſentence, which relates to a different point ; the queſtion in this place being only, whether his deeds ſhould be emblazoned by narration, or his *aftions* and his bones together conſigned to “ duſt and damn’d *oblivion*.” If any alteration was made by the author, in this paffage, he might perhaps have changed the epithet *paper* to *laſting* ; and the tranſcriber who prepared the folio copy for the preſs, might have been deceived by his ear, and have written *waxen* inftead of the latter word. There is not indeed much ſimilarity in the ſound of the

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't please your Majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge; ⁴
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you favour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won ⁸;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege ⁹.

K. Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with
us ¹;

His

the two words; but mistakes equally gross are found in these plays, which, it is highly probable, happened in this way. Thus, in this very play the folio has *name for mare*. See p. 477, n. 5. MALONE.

⁸ — *a nimble galliard*] An ancient dance, now obsolete. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Tennis-balls, my liege.*] In the old play of *Henry V.* already mentioned, this present consists of *a gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet*.

STEEVENS.

¹ *We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;*] Thus stands the answer of K. Henry in the same old play:

His present, and your pains, we thank you for :
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
 We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
 With chaces². And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valu'd this poor seat of England³;
 And therefore, living hence⁴, did give ourself
 To barbarous licence ; As 'tis ever common,
 That men are merriest when they are from home.
 But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;

“ My lord, prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me.

“ But tell him, that instead of balls of leather,

“ We will toss him balls of brass and of iron :

“ Yea, such balls as never were toss'd in France.

“ The proudest tennis court in France shall rue it.” STEEV.

² *With chaces.*] *Chace* is a term at tennis. JOHNSON.

So is *the bazard* ; a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is sometimes struck. STEEVENS.

³ —*this poor seat of England* ;] By the *seat* of England, the king, I believe, means, the throne. So, Othello boasts that he is descended “ from men of royal *siege*.” Henry afterwards says, he will rouse him in his *throne* of France. The words below, “ I will keep my *state*,” likewise confirm this interpretation. See p. 182, n. 9 ; and Vol. IV. p. 367, n. 7. MALONE.

⁴ *And therefore living hence*,] *Living hence*, means, I believe, withdrawing from the court, the place in which he is now speaking. STEEV.

In *King Richard II.* Act. V. sc. ii. King Henry IV. complains that he had not seen his son for three months, and desires that he may be enquired for among the taverns, where he daily frequents,

“ With unrestrain'd and loose companions.”

See also *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. sc. ii.

“ Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,

“ Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;

“ And are almost an *alien* to the hearts

“ Of all *the court* and princes of my blood.”

There can therefore be no doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation is just. An anonymous *Remarker* says, “ it is evident that the word *hence* implies *here*.” If *hence* means *here*, any one word, as Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed, may stand for another. It undoubtedly does not signify *here* in the present passage ; and if it did, it would render what follows nonsense. MALONE.

Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness,
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
 For that I have laid by my majesty⁵,
 And plodded like a man for working-days;
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones⁶; and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
 His jest will favour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

⁵ *For that I have laid by, &c.*] To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read —*for* this. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*his balls to gun-stones;*] When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone. JOHNSON.

So Holinshed, p. 947: "About seaven of the clocke marched forward the light pieces of ordinance, with *stone* and powder."—In the BRUT of ENGLAND, it is said, when Henry the Fifth before Harefete, received a taunting message from the Dauphine of France, and a ton of tennis-balls by way of contempt, "he anone lette make tenes balles for the Dolfin, (Henry's ship,) in all the haste that they myght, and they were great *gonne-stones* to play withalle. But this game at tennis was too rough for the besieged, when Henry playede at the tenes with his hard *gonne-stones*," &c. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition :
For we have now no thought in us, but France ;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Enter CHORUS ⁷.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire ;
And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air ;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial ⁸, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

The

⁷ I think Mr. Pope mistaken in transposing this chorus, [to the end of the first scene of the second act,] and Mr. Theobald in concluding the [first] act with it. The chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the act ; and so I have printed it. JOHNSON.

⁸ For now sits Expectation in the air,

And bides a sword, from hilts unto the point,

[With crowns imperial, &c.] The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquisite. *Expectation sitting in the air*, designs the height of their ambition ; and the sword bid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets, that all sentiments of danger were lost in the thoughts of glory. WARBURTON.

The

The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills *
 With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge⁹; and the second,
 Henry lord Scroop¹ of Masham; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—
 Have for the gilt of France², (O guilt, indeed!)

The idea is taken from the ancient representations of trophies in tapestry or painting. Among these it is very common to see swords encircled with naval or mural crowns. *Expectation* is likewise personified by Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. vi.

“ — while *Expectation* flood

“ In horror.” STEEVENS.

This image, it has been observed by Mr. Henley, is borrowed from a wooden cut in the first edition of Holinshed's Chronicle. MALONE.

In the horse armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from this representation. TOLLET.

⁹ — *Richard, earl of Cambridge*;] was Richard de Coninsbury, younger son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard Duke of York, father of Edward the Fourth. WALPOLE.

¹ — *Henry lord Scroop*—] was a third husband of Joan Dutchess of York, (she had four,) mother-in-law of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

WALPOLE.

² — *the gilt of France*,] *Gilt*, which in our author, generally signifies a display of gold, (as in this play:

“ Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd.”)

in the present instance means *golden money*. So, in *An Alarum for London*, 1602:

“ To spend the victuals of our citizens,

“ Which we can scarcely compass now for *gilt*.” STEEVENS.

* — *which he*—] i. e. the king of France. So in *K. John*:

“ England, impatient of your just demands,

“ Hath put *himself* in arms.”

Hammer and some other editors unnecessarily read—*she*. MALONE.

Confirm'd

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France.
 And by their hands this grace of kings³ must die,
 (If hell and treason hold their promises,)
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on; and well digest⁴
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play⁵.
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
 There is the play-house now, there must you sit:
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas⁶
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach⁷ with our play.

³ —*this grace of kings*—] i. e. he who does greatest honour to the title. By the same kind of phraseology the usurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare might have found this phrase in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598:

“—with her the *grace of kings*,

“Wife Ithacus ascended—.

Again, in the 24th book:

“Idæus, guider of the mules, discern'd this *grace of men*.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ —*well digest*—] The folio, in which only these choruses are found, reads, and perhaps rightly,—*we'll digest*. STEEVENS.

This emendation was made by Mr. Pope; and the words *while we*, which are not in the old copy, were supplied by him. MALONE.

⁵ —*force a play*.] To *force a play*, is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*charming the narrow seas*—] Though Ben Jonson, as we are told, was indebted to the kindness of Shakspeare for the introduction of his first piece, *Every Man in his Humour*, on the stage, and though our author had performed a part in it, Jonson in the prologue to that play, as in many other places, endeavoured to ridicule and depreciate him:

“He rather prays, you will be pleas'd to see

“One such to-day, as other plays should be;

“*Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas*,” &c.

When this prologue was written, is unknown. The envious author of it, however, did not publish it till 1616, the year of Shakspeare's death.

MALONE.

⁷ *We'll not offend one stomach*—] That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness. JOHNSON.

But,

But, till the king come forth⁸, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

The same. A Street in Eastcheap.

Enter NYM, and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph⁹.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when
time

⁸ *But, till the king come forth,—*] Here seems to be something omitted. Sir T. Hanmer reads: *But when the king comes forth,—* which, as the passage now stands, is necessary. These lines, obscure as they are, refute Mr. Pope's conjectures on the true place of the chorus; for they shew that something is to intervene before the scene changes to Southampton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick would read—and *but* till then; that is, “till the king appears next, you are to suppose the scene shifted to Southampton, and no longer; for as soon as he comes forth, it will shift to France.” But this does not agree with the fact; for a scene in London intervenes.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, 1600, printed by J. Roberts, *but* is printed for *not*:

Repent *but* you that you shall lose your friend.
and the two words in many other places are confounded. See p. 464, n. 2. I suspect *But* is printed for *Not* in the beginning of the line, and that *not* has taken the place of *but* afterwards. If we read,

Not till the king come forth, and *but* till then,—
the meaning will be: “We will *not* shift our scene unto Southampton, till the king makes his appearance on the stage, and the scene will be at Southampton *only* for the short time while he does appear on the stage; for soon after his appearance, it will change to France.”

MALONE.

9 —*lieutenant Bardolph.*] At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* The characters would be indistinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays. JOHNSON.

The author of REMARKS on the last edition of Shakspeare wishes to know, where Bardolph acquired this commission, (as he is no more than Falstaff's corporal in *K. Henry IV.*) and calls on Mr. Steevens for information on this subject. If Shakspeare were now alive, he would perhaps find it as difficult to give the desired information as Mr. Steevens. The intelligent reader must have long since observed that our
author

time shall serve, there shall be smiles²;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it³.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France⁴: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must

author not only neglected to compare his plays with each other, but that, even in the same play, "the latter end of his commonwealth sometimes forgets the beginning." MALONE.

² —*there shall be smiles;*] It is vain to seek the precise meaning of every whimsical expression employed by this eccentric character. Nym, however, having expressed his indifference about the continuance of Pistol's friendship, might have added, *when time serves, there shall be smiles*, i. e. he should be merry, even though he was to lose it; or, that his face would be ready with a smile as often as occasion should call one out into service, though Pistol, who had excited so many, was no longer near him. Dr. Farmer, however, with great probability, would read—*smiles*, i. e. *blows*; a word used in the midland counties.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Nym means only to say, I care not whether we are friends at present; however, when time shall serve, *we shall be in good humour with each other*: but be it as it may. MALONE.

³ —*the humour of it.*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—*and there's an end.* STEEVENS.

⁴ —*we'll be all three sworn brothers to France;*] The humour of *sworn brothers* should be open'd a little. In the times of adventure, it was usual for two chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortune, and divide their acquisitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery were *fratres jura'i*; and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his *sworn brother* Roger. So these three scoundrels set out for France, as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom. WHALLEY.

be

be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod⁵. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike⁶, call'st thou me—host?

Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now shall we⁷ have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph⁸,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Quick.

⁵ —*though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.*] So, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Ass*, &c. "Silence is a slave in a chaine, and patience the common packhorse of the world," STEEV.

Mare is the reading of the quarto. The folio has *name*. MALONE.

⁶ *Base tike*,—] *Tike* is a small kind of dog. STEEVENS.

In *Minshew's DICTIONARY*, 1617, *tike* is defined, "a worme that sucks the blood." It is now commonly spelt *tick*, an animal that infests sheep, dogs, &c. This may have been Pistol's term. Our author has the word in the sense Mr. Steevens has assigned to it, in *King Lear*; and it occurs with the other signification in *Troilus and Cressida*. Pistol's next speech, however, supports the former explanation. MALONE.

⁷ *O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now shall we &c.*] I have here followed the quarto, because it requires no emendation. Here's corporal Nym's *sword drawn*, the hostess would say, but she breaks off abruptly.

The editor of the folio, here, as in many other places, not understanding an abrupt passage, I believe, made out something that he conceived might have been intended. Instead of "O Lord," to avoid the penalty of the statute, he inserted, "*O well a-day, lady*", and added,—"if he be not *beewn* now." The latter word is evidently corrupt, and was probably printed, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, for *berwing*. But, for the reason already given, I have adhered to the quarto. MALONE.

⁸ *Good lieutenant, &c.*] This sentence (except the word *Bardolph*) is in the folio given to Bardolph, to whom it is evident these words cannot belong, for he is himself, in this play, the *lieutenant*. Mr. Steevens proposes to solve the difficulty by reading—good *ancient*, supposing Pistol to be the person addressed. But it is clear, I think, from the quarto, that

Pist. Pisth for thee, Iceland dog⁹! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, shew the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off¹? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

that these words belong to the speech of the hostess, who, seeing Nym's sword drawn, conjures him and his friend Bardolph to use no violence. In the quarto, the words, "Good corporal Nym, shew the valour of a man," are immediately subjoined to—"now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed." *Bardolph* was probably an interlineation, and erroneously inserted before the words "good lieutenant," instead of being placed, as it now is, after them. Hence, he was considered as the speaker, instead of the person addressed. MALONE.

⁹—*Iceland dog.*] In the folio the word is spelt *Island*; in the quarto, *Iseland*. In many old books *Iceland* is spelt *Iseland*. MALONE.

I believe we should read *Iceland dog*. He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads. JOHNSON.

The quartos confirm Dr. Johnson's conjecture. STEEVENS.

Iceland dog is probably the true reading; yet we often meet with *Island*. Drayton in his *Moon-calf* mentions *water-dogs*, and *islands*. And John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler*, "to the whole kennel of anti-christ's hounds, priests, friars, monks, and jesuites, mastiffs, mongrels, *islands*, blood-hounds, bobtaile-tikes. FARMER.

Perhaps this kind of dog was then in vogue for the ladies to carry about with them. So, in *Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools*, 1619: "Enter Levitia, cum Pedisequa, her periwig of dog's hair white, &c. *Insa*. A woman? 'tis not a woman. The head is a dog; 'tis a mermaid, half dog, half woman. *Par*. No, tis but the hair of a dog in fashion, pulled from these *Iceland dogs*." Again, in the Preface to Swetnam's *Arraignment of Women*, 1617: "—But if I had brought little dogs from *Iceland*, or fine glasses from Venice," &c.

It appears from a proclamation in *Rymer's Fædera*, that in the reign of Henry V. the English had a fishery on the coasts of Norway and *Iceland*; and Holinshed, in his *Description of Britain*, p. 231, says, "we have sholts or curs dailie brought out of *Iseland*. A prick-ear'd cur is likewise in the list of dogs enumerated in the *Booke of Huntynge*, &c. bl. no date: "—trundle-tails and prick-ear'd curs." STEEVENS.

"There were newlie come to the citie two young men that were Romans, which ranged up and downe the streets, with their ears upright." *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, 1566. This is said of two sharpers, and seems to explain the term prick-ear'd. HENDERSON.

¹ *Will you shog off?*—] This cant word is used in B. and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*: "Come, pr'ythee, let us shog off." Again, in *Pasquill and Katbarine*, 1601:—"thus it shogges," i. e. thus it goes. STEEVENS.

Pist.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth²!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can talk³, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason⁴; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near⁵;
Therefore exhale⁶. [Pistol and Nym draw.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [draws.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete⁷, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No;

² —thy nasty mouth!] The quartos read:—*messful* mouth. STEEV.

³ For I can talk,] Thus the quarto. The folio here, as in two other places corruptly reads—*take*. See Vol. IV. p. 355, n. 8. MALONE.

⁴ I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me.] Barbason is the name of a daemon mentioned in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —doting death is near;] Thus the folio. The quarto has *groaning* death. JOHNSON.

⁶ Therefore exhale.] *Exhale*, I believe, here signifies *draw*, or in Pistol's language, *bale* or *lug out*. The stage-direction in the old quarto, [They drawe.] confirms this explanation. Mr. Steevens thinks Pistol means to say, *breathe your last*, or *die*. MALONE.

⁷ O bound of Crete,] He means to insinuate that Nym thirsted for blood.

No; to the spital go,
 And from the powdering tub of infamy
 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind⁸,
 Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
 I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
 For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough⁹.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—
 and you hostess¹;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—
 Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do
 the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one
 of these days: the king has kill'd his heart.—Good hus-
 band, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Quickly, and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must
 to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep
 knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you
 at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays².

blood. The hounds of Crete described by our author in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, appear to have been *bloodbounds*. See Vol. II. p. 515. n. 6. MALONE.

⁸ —*the lazar kite of Cressid's kind*,] The same expression occurs in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "What courtesy is to be found in kites of Cressid's kind?" Again, in Gascoigne's *Dan Bartholomew of Bathe*, 1587:

"Nor seldom scene in kites of Cressides kinde."

Shakspeare might design a ridicule on the last of these passages."

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*there's enough*.] Thus the quarto. The folio adds—*to go to*.

MALONE.

¹ —*and you hostess*;—] The folio has—and *your* hostess. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. The emendation is supported by the quarto: "Hostess, you must come straight to my master, and *you* host Pistol." MALONE.

² *Base is the slave that pays*.] Perhaps this expression was proverbial. I meet with it in *The fair Maid of the West*, by Heywood, 1631:

"My motto shall be, *Base is the man that pays*." STEEVENS.

Nym.

Nym. That now I will have ; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound ; Push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him ; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends : an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting ?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay ;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood :
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me ;—
Is not this just ?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble ?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John : Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king : but it must be as it may ; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight ; for, lambkins we will live³. [*Exeunt.*

³ —for, lambkins we will live.] That is, we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lambkins. The meaning has, I think, been obscured by a different punctuation : “ for, lambkins, we will live.”

SCENE II.

Southampton. *A Council-Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow⁴,
Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd⁵ with princely favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery⁶!

Trumpet sounds. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:

⁴ —that was his bedfellow,] So, Holinshed: "The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his *bedfellow*." The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears strange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. There is a letter from the sixth earl of Northumberland, (still preserved in the collection of the present duke,) addressed "To his beloved cousyn Thomas Arundell, &c.") which begins, "*Bedfellow*, after my most harté recommendation,—." So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knav*e, 1594:

"Yet, for thou wast once *bedfellow* to a king,

"And that I lov'd thee as my second self," &c. STEEVENS.

This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the last century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from mean men with whom he slept. MALONE.

⁵ —cloy'd and grac'd—] Thus the quarto; the folio reads—*dull'd* and cloy'd. Perhaps *dull'd* is a mistake for *dol'd*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —to death and treachery!] Here the quartos insert a line omitted in all the following editions:

"Exet. O! the lord of Masham!" JOHNSON.

Think

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?⁷

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair concent⁸ with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,
That fits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create⁹ of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice¹, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example

⁷ —in head assembled them?] Head for an army formed. JOHNSON.
In head seems synonymous to the modern military term *in force*.

MALONE.

⁸ —in a fair concent—] In friendly concord; in unison with ours.
See Vol. IV. p. 413, n. *. MALONE.

⁹ —hearts create—] Hearts compounded or made up of duty and
zeal. JOHNSON.

¹ —more advice,—] On his return to more coolness of mind. JOHNSON.
See Vol. I. p. 137, n. 8, and Vol. II. p. 127, n. 6. MALONE.

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper²,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye³,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear
care

And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;
Who are the late commissioners⁴?

Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is
yours;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

² —*proceeding on distemper,*—] Perturbation of mind. *Temper* is equality or calmness of mind, from an equipoise or due mixture of passions. *Distemper* of mind is the predominance of a passion, as *distemper* of body is the predominance of a humour. JOHNSON.

It has been just said by the king that *it was excess of wine that set him on*, and *distemper* may therefore mean intoxication. *Distemper'd in liquor*, is still a common expression. Brabantio says, that Roderigo is
“ Full of supper and *distemp'ring draughts*.”

Again, Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 626: “—gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distempered*, and reel'd as he went.” STEEVENS.

³ —*how shall we stretch our eye, &c.*] If we may not *wink* at small faults, *how wide must we open our eyes* at great. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*the late commissioners?*] That is, as appears from the sequel, who are the persons lately appointed commissioners? MASON.

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
 What see you in those papers, that you lose
 So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
 Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick⁵ in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—
 See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
 These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
 You know, how apt our love was, to accord
 To furnish him⁶ with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton! to the which,
 This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!
 What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
 Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
 May it be possible, that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

⁵ —quick—] That is, *living*. JOHNSON.

⁶ To furnish him—] The latter word, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second. MALONE.

As black from white⁷, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly⁸ in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not whoop at them:
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder;
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
 From glistering semblances of piety;
 But he, that temper'd thee⁹, bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back¹,
 And tell the legions—I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected

⁷ —*though the truth stand off as gross*

As black from white,—] Though the truth be as apparent and visible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *stand off* is *être relevé*, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a picture.

⁸ —*so grossly*—] i. e. *palpably*; with a plain and visible connexion of cause and effect. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*that temper'd thee*,—] Though *temper'd* may stand for *formed* or *moulded*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the author's word, for it answers better to *suggest* in the opposition. JOHNSON.

Temper'd, I believe, is the true reading. Falstaff says of Shallow, that he has him "*tempering* between his finger and thumb." STEEV.

¹ —*vasty Tartar*—] i. e. *Tartarus*, the fabled place of future punishment. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"With Aponitum that in Tartar springs." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The troublesome raigne of King John*, 1591:

"And let the black tormenters of black Tartary,

"Upbraide them with this damned enterprize." MALONE.

The sweetness of affiance²! Shew men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement³;
 Not working with the eye, without the ear⁴,
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely boulded⁵, didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indu'd⁶,

With

² *Ob, how hast thou with jealousy infected*

The sweetness of affiance!] Shakspeare urges this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society. JOHNSON.

³ *Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;*] *Complement* has in this instance the same sense as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. *Complements*, in the age of Shakspeare, meant the same as *accomplishments* in the present one. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 314, n. 9. By the epithet *modest* the king means that Scroop's accomplishments were not ostentatiously display'd. MALONE.

⁴ *Not working with the eye, without the ear,*] The king means to say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a specious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not *work with the eye without the ear*, did not trust the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—so finely boulded,*] i. e. refined or purged from all faults. POPE.

Boulded is the same with *sifted*, and has consequently the meaning of *refined*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued, &c.*] The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—*To make the full fraught man, &c.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Mr. Pope endeavoured to obtain some sense by pointing thus:

To make the full-fraught man and best, indu'd

With some suspicion.

But “to make a person *indued* with suspicion,” does not appear, to my ear at least, like the phraseology of Shakspeare's or any other age. *Make* and *mock* are so often confounded in these plays, that I once suspected that the latter word might have been used here: but this also would be very harsh.—The old copy has *thee* instead of *the*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
 And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord
 Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
 Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
 And I repent my fault, more than my death;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce⁷;
 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended:
 But God be thanked for prevention;
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice⁸,

Beseech-

Our author has the same thought again in *Cymbeline*:

“—So thou, Posthumus,

“Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;

“Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur’d,

“From thy great fall.” THEOBALD,

⁷ For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;] Holinshed, p. 549, observes from Hall, that “diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murdering of king Henrie, to please the French king withall, but onlie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law Edmund E. of March, as heire to Lionell duke of Clarence: after the death of which earle of March, for diverse secret impediments not able to have issue, the E. of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, than he would declare his inward mind, &c. which if it were espied, he saw plainlie that the earle of March should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children, he much doubted,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,—] I, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. Cambridge means to say, at which prevention, or, which intended scheme

Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault⁹, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation¹.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence²,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;

that it was prevented, I shall rejoice. Shakspeare has many such elliptical expressions. The intended scheme that he alludes to, was the taking off Henry, to make room for his brother-in-law. See the preceding note. MALONE.

⁹ *My fault, &c.*] One of the conspirators against queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with these words: "a culpa, but not a pœnâ, absolve me, most dear lady." This letter was much read at that time, [1585.] and the author doubtless copied it. JOHNSON.

The words of Parry's letter are, "Discharge me a culpa, but not a pœnâ, good ladie. REED.

¹ —unto desolation.—] The folio, 1623, where alone this passage is found, has into desolation. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

² —Get you therefore hence.] So, in Holinshed: "—Get ye hence therefore, ye poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward: wherein God's majesty give you grace," &c. STEEVENS.

Since

Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Chearly to sea; the signs of war advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France³. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

London. *Before Mrs. Quickly's house in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH,
and Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee⁴ to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yern.—
 Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
 And we must yern therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with him, where'er he is,
 either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's
 bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a
 finer end⁵, and went away, an it had been any christom
 child;

³ *No king of England, if not king of France.*] So in the old play
 before that of Shaklpeare:

“If not king of France, then of nothing must I be king.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ —*let me bring thee*—] Let me attend or accompany thee. See
 Vol. II. p. 8, n. 2. REED.

⁵ —*finer end,*] for *final*. JOHNSON.

Every man that dies, makes a final end; but Mrs. Quickly means to
 describe Falstaff's behaviour at his exit as uncommonly placid. “He
 made a *fine end*,” is at this day a vulgar expression, when any person
 dies with resolution and devotion.—So, Ophelia says of her father,
 “They say, he made a good end.” MASON.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“They say, *he parted well*, and paid his score;

“And so God be with him!”

Our

child⁶; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide⁷; for after I saw him fumble with the

Our author has elsewhere used the comparative for the positive. See *Macbeth*, p. 354, n. 9. Mrs. Quickly, however, needs no justification for not adhering to the rules of grammar.

What seems to militate against Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, that the word *final*, which he supposes to have been meant, is rather too learned for the hostess. MALONE.

⁶ —an it had been any christom child;] “The *chrysom* was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptised child.” See *Johnson's Canons of Eccles. Law*, 1720. The child itself was sometimes called a *chrysom*, as appears from the following passage in *Abouin*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1629: “Sir, I would fain depart in quiet, like other young *chrysones*.” Again, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton: “—a fine old man to his father, it would kill his heart i'taith: be'd away like a *chrysom*.” STEEVENS.

In the Liturgie, 2 E. 6. *Form of private Baptism*, is this direction: “Then the minister shall put the white vesture, commonly called the *chrisome*, upon the child,” &c. The *Glossary* of Du Cange (vide *Chrismale*,) explains this ceremony thus: “Quippe olim ut et hodie, baptizatorum, statim atque chrismate in fronte ungebantur, ne *chrisma* desueret, capita panno candido obvolvebantur, qui octava demum die ab iis auferebatur.” During the time therefore of their wearing this vesture, the children were, I suppose, called *chrysones*. One is registered under this description in the register of *Thatcham, Berks*, 1605. [Hearne's *Append. to the History of Glastonbury*, p. 275.] “A younge *chrisome* being a man child, being found drowned,” &c. TYRWHITT.

The *chrysom* is properly explained as the white garment put upon the child at its baptism. And this the child wore till the time the mother came to be churched, who was then to offer it the minister. So that, truly speaking, a *chrysom child* was one that died after it had been baptized, and before its mother was churched. Erroneously, however, it was used for children that die before they are baptized; and by this denomination such children were entered in the bills of mortality down to the year 1726. But have I not seen, in some edition, *chrysom child*? If that reading were supported by any copy of authority. I should like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enunciation, who was not very likely to pronounce a hard word with propriety, and who just before had called *Abraham—Aribur*. WHALLEY.

Mr. Whalley is right in his conjecture. The first folio reads *chrysom*; and so should the word be printed. The quarto has *chrysom'b'd child*.—Blount in his *GLOSSOGRAPHY*, 1678, says, that *chrysons* in the bills of mortality are such children as die within the month of birth, because during that time they use to wear the *chrysom-cloth*. MALONE.

⁷ —turning o'the tide:] It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but

the sheets⁸, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way⁹; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields'. How now sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good

but in time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*fumble with the sheets,*] This passage is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Captain*:

" 1. How does my master?

" 2. Faith, he lies drawing on apaces

" 1. That's an ill sign.

" 2. And *fumbles* with the pots too.

" 1. Then there's *no way but one with him*."

Pliny in his chapter on *The Signs of Death*, makes mention of "*a fumbling and pleuing of the bed-cloths*." See P. Holland's *Translation*, chap. li. STEEVENS.

There is this expression, and not, I believe, designed as a sneer on Shakspeare, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*, Act IV. sc. v.

" A glimmering before death, 'tis nothing else, sir;

" Do you see how *he fumbles with the sheets*?" WHALLEY.

The same indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lommius, Hippocrates and Galen. The testimony of the latter is sufficient to shew that such a symptom is by no means imaginary. "*Manus ante faciem attollere, muscas quasi venari inani operâ, floccos carpere de vestibus, vel pariete. Et in seipso hoc expertus fuit Galenus. Quum enim,*" &c. Van Swieten *Comm.* t. ii. sect. 708. COLLINS.

⁹ —*I knew there was but one way;*] I believe this phrase is proverbial. I meet with it again in *If you know not me, you know nobody*, 1605:

" I heard the doctors whisper it in secret,

" *There is no way but one.*"

Again, in *The life and death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605: "But now the courtier is in huckster's handling, *there is no way with him but one*, for Ratsey seizes both his money and books." STEEVENS.

¹ —*and 'a babbled of green fields.*] The folio, 1623, (for these words are not in the quarto,) reads—*and a Table of green fields*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Dr. Warburton objects to the emendation, on the ground of the nature of Falstaff's illness; "who was so far from *babbling*, or wanting *cooling* in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he was just expiring." But his disorder had been a "burning quotidian tertian." It is, I think, a much stronger objection, that the word *Table*, with a capital letter, (for so it appears in the old copy,) is very unlikely to have been printed instead of *babbled*. This reading is, however, preferable to any that has been yet proposed. Mr. Smith (whose notes were published by Dr. Grey,) would read—*upon a table* [i. e. a table-book] of *green fells*: "to the backs or covers of which silver or steel pens very sharp-pointed are sometimes affixed." MALONE. It

good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God²; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more cloaths on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone³.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick.

It has been observed (particularly by the superstition of women,) of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of *removing*; as it has of those in a calenture, that they have their heads run on green fields. THEOBALD.

²—*now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; &c.*] Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to the following story in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595, for this very characteristick exhortation: "A gentlewoman fearing to be drowned, said, now, Jesu, receive our soules! Soft, mistress, answered the waterman; *I trow, we are not come to that passe yet.*" MALONE.

³—*cold as any stone.*] Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakspeare had promised us in his epilogue to *Henry IV.* that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakspeare as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has for ever discarded him, and made haste to dispatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the publick what they have not written.

This

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation⁴; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick⁵; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let senses rule⁶; the word is, *Pitch and pay*⁷;

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

This disappointment probably inclined queen Elizabeth to command the poet to introduce him once again, and to shew him in love or courtship. This was indeed a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters. JOHNSON.

4—'a could never abide carnation;] Mrs. Quickly blunders, mistaking incarnate for a colour. In *Questions of love*, 1566, we have, "yellowe, pale, redde, blue, whyte, graye, and incarnate." HENDERSON.

5—rheumatick—] This word is elsewhere used by our author for peevish, or splenetick, as *scorbutico* is in Italian. Mrs. Quickly however probably means *lunatick*. MALONE.

6 *Let senses rule*;] This evidently means, *let prudence govern you: conduct yourself sensibly*; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. STEEVENS.

7—*Pitch and pay*;] The caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before, by letting Falstaff run in her debt. The same expression occurs in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: "I will commit you, signior, to my house; but will you *pitch and pay*, or will your worship run—" So, again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"—he that will purchase this,

"Must *pitch and pay*." STEEVENS.

John Florio says, "*Pitch and paie*, and goe your waie."

One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall, was, that "a penny be paid by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching*." FARMER.

There-

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor³.

Go, clear thy crystals².—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, hostess. [kissing her.]

Nym. I cannot kifs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close¹, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

France. *A Room in the French king's Palace.*

Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, the duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And

³ *Therefore, caveto be thy counsellor.*] The old quartos read:

Therefore Cophetua be thy councillor. STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the folio. MALONE.

² —clear thy crystals.—] Dry thine eyes: but I think it may better mean in this place, *wash thy glasses*. JOHNSON.

The first explanation is certainly the true one. So, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:

“ — ten thousand Cupids

“ Methought sat playing on that pair of crystals.”

Again, in *The Double Marriage*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ —sleep, you sweet glasses,

“ An everlasting slumber close those crystals!”

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. 2:

“ —the glasses of my sight.”

The old quartos 1600 and 1608, read: *Clear up thy crystals*. STEEV.

¹ —keep close,—] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:—*keep fast thy buggle boe*; which certainly is not nonsense, as the same expression is used by Shirley in his *Gentleman of Venice*:

“ —the courtifans of Venice

“ Shall keep their buggle bowes for thee, dear uncle.”

The reader may suppose *buggle boe* to be just what he pleases. STEEV.

Whatever covert sense *Pistol* may have annexed to this word, it appears from Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1678, that *bogle-bo* (now corruptly founded *bugabow*

And more than carefully ² it us concerns,
 To answer royally in our defences.
 Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Brétagne,
 Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
 And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,
 To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
 With men of courage, and with means defendant:
 For England his approaches makes as fierce,
 As waters to the sucking of a gulph.
 It fits us then, to be as provident
 As fear may teach us, out of late examples
 Left by the fatal and neglected English
 Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.
 Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
 And let us do it with no shew of fear;
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England
 Were busied ³ with a Whitsun morris-dance:
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd ⁴,
 Her scepter so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!

You

bugabow,) signified "an ugly wide-mouthed picture, carryed about with May-games." Cole renders it by the Latin words, *manducus*, *terriculamentum*. The interpretation of the former word has been just given. The latter he renders thus: "A terrible spectacle; a fearful thing; a scare-crow." T. C.

² *And more than carefully*—] *More than carefully* is with more than common care; a phrase of the same kind with *better than well*. JOHNSON.

³ *Were busied*—] The 4to 1600 reads,—*Were troubled*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *—so idly king'd*,] Shakspeare is not singular in the use of this verb to king. I find it in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. VIII. chap. xlii:

"——and king'd his sister's son." STEEVENS.

You are too much mistaken in this king :
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,—
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception⁵, and, withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution,—
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly⁶;

As

⁵ *How modest in exception,—*] How diffident and decent in making objections. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;*] Shakspeare not having given us, in the First or Second Part of *Henry IV.* or in any other place but this, the remotest hint of the circumstance here alluded to, the comparison must needs be a little obscure to those who do not know or reflect that some historians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealousy of his son's aspiring superior genius. Therefore to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from public affairs and amused himself in consorting with a dissolute crew of robbers. It seems to me, that Shakspeare was ignorant of this circumstance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry IV.* for it might have been so managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, Shakspeare generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, as usual, appears to me to refine too much. I believe, Shakspeare meant no more than that Henry, in his external appearance, was like the elder Brutus, wild and giddy, while in fact his understanding was good.

Our author's meaning is sufficiently explained by the following lines in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
 " Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 " Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 " Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
 " He with the Romans was esteemed so,
 " As silly-jeering ideots are with kings,
 " For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.
 " But now he throws that *shallow habit* by,
 " Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
 " And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
 " To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes."

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection⁷,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

Thomas Otterbourne and the translator of Titus Livius indeed say, that Henry the Fourth in his latter days was jealous of his son, and apprehended that he would attempt to depose him; to remove which suspicion, the prince is said (from the relation of an Earl of Ormond, who was an eye-witness of the fact,) to have gone with a great party of his friends to his father, in the twelfth year of his reign, and to have presented him with a dagger, which he desired the king to plunge into his breast, if he still entertained any doubts of his loyalty: but, I believe, it is no where said, that he threw himself into the company of dissolute persons to avoid giving umbrage to his father, or betook himself to irregular courses with a political view of quieting his suspicions. MALONE.

[*Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,*] This passage, as it stands, is so perplexed, that I formerly suspected it to be corrupt. If *which* be referred to *proportions of defence*, (and I do not see to what else it can be referred,) the construction will be,—“which *proportions* of defence, of a weak and niggardly projection, spoils *his coat*, like a miser, &c.”

If our author had written—

While oft a weak and niggardly projection

Doth, &c.

the reasoning would then be clear.—In cases of defence, it is best to imagine the enemy more powerful than he seems to be; by this means, we make more full and ample preparations to defend ourselves: whereas on the contrary, a poor and mean idea of the enemy's strength induces us to make but a scanty provision of forces against him; wherein we act as a miser does, who spoils his coat by scanting of cloth.

Projection, I believe, is here used for *fore-cast* or *preconception*. It may, however, mean *preparation*.

Mr. Steevens says, that *which* may refer to the word *defence*. But would not the sense then be, “which *well prepared* defence, with all *proportions filled*, doth, in consequence of a *weak and niggardly projection*, &c.”

Perhaps in Shakspeare's licentious diction the meaning may be,—“Which proportions of defence, when weakly and niggardly projected, resemble a miser, who spoils his coat, &c. The false concord is no objection to such a construction; for the same inaccuracy is found in almost every page of the old copy. MALONE.

Fr.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong ;
 And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar paths⁸ :
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck⁹,
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales ;
 Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain standing¹,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun²,—

⁸ *That haunted us—*] To *haunt* is a word of the utmost horror, which shews that they dreaded the English as goblins and spirits. JOHNSON.

⁹ *When Cressy battle fatally was struck,*] So, in *Robert of Gloucester* :
 “—and that sole of Somersete—

“ His come, and smyte a batayle.”

Again, in the title to one of Sir David Lyndsay's poems: “How king Ninus began the first warres and strake the first battell.” STEEV.

¹ *Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain standing,*] In a subsequent scene *Fluellen* is called in contempt, “a mountain squire;” but here no disrespect could have been intended; nor indeed could the epithet in that sense be applied with any propriety to Edward III. who was not born in Wales, though his father Edward II. was. I believe, if the text is not corrupt, Mr. Steevens's explication is the true one. See the extract from Holinshed, p. 461, n. 7. Mr. Theobald with some probability reads—*mounting* fire; i. e. high-minded, aspiring; but the repetition of the word *mountain* is much in our author's manner, and therefore I believe the old copy is right. MALONE.

Thus, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV :

“ Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a *mounting* mind.”

Mr. Theobald's emendation may be right, and yet I believe the poet meant to give an idea of more than human proportion in the figure of the king :

“ Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, &c.” *Virg.*

“ Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd.” *Milton.*

So, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. xi :

“ Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side

“ Of a great hill, himself like a great bill.”

—*agmen agens, magnique ipse agminis instar.*

Mr. Tollet thinks this passage may be explained by another in Act I. sc. ii. “—his most mighty father on a bill.” STEEVENS.

² *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—*] Dr. Warburton calls this “the nonsensical line of some player.” The idea, however, might have been taken from Chaucer's *Legend of good Women* :

“ His gilt heere was yecrownid with a son.” STEEVENS.

Saw his heroical feed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him³.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and
bring them. [*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*]
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths⁴, when what they seem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,

³ — *fate of him.*] His *fate* is what is allotted him by destiny, or what he is fated to perform. JOHNSON.

So Virgil, speaking of the future deeds of the descendants of Æneas:

“Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *spend their mouths,*] That is, *bark*; the sportsman's term. JOHNSON.

He sends you this most memorable line ⁵, [*gives a paper*,
 In every branch truly demonstrative ;
 Willing you, overlook this pedigree :
 And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
 Edward the third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove ;
 (That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;)
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy
 On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head
 Turns he * the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood ⁶, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message ;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further ;
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him ; What to him from England ?

⁵ — *memorable line*,] This genealogy ; this deduction of his *lineage*.

JOHNSON.

* *Turns he*—] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—*turning*
 the widows' tears. MALONE.

⁶ *The dead men's blood*,—] The disposition of the images were more
 regular, if we were to read thus :

—upon your head

Turning the dead men's blood, the widows' tears,

The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans, &c. JOHNSON.

Pining is the reading of the quarto, 1600. The folio has—*privy*.
Blood is the reading of the folio.—The quarto instead of it has—*bones*.

MALONE.

Exe. Scorn, and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sencer, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king : and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass⁷, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance⁸.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will : for I desire
Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now⁹ ; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain ; which you shall read¹
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king

⁷ *Shall chide your trespass,*] To *chide* is to *resound*, to *echo*. So, in
A Midsummer Nighr's Dream :

“ — never did I hear

“ Such gallant *chiding*.”

So, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood.” STEEVENS.

This interpretation is confirmed by a passage in the *Tempest* :

“ — the thunder,

“ That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

“ The name of Prosper ; it did *bas* my *trespass*.” MALONE.

⁸ — *of his ordnance*.] *Ordnance* is here used as a trisyllable ; being
in our author's time improperly written *ordinance*. MALONE.

⁹ — *be masters now* ;] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600 and 1608,
read *musters*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *you shall read*—] So the folio. The quarto 1600, has—you shall
And. MALONE.

Come

Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd, with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty²; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning³.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd⁴: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,

² *The well-appointed king at Hampton pier*

Embark his royalty;] The folio, in which alone the choruses are found, reads *Dover pier*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

Among the records of the town of Southampton, they have a minute and authentic account (drawn up at that time) of the encampment of Henry the fifth near the town, before this embarkment for France. It is remarkable, that the place where the army was encamped, then a low level plain or a down, is now entirely covered with sea, and called Westport. T. WARTON.

³ —*Phœbus fanning,*] Old Copy—*fayning*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁴ *Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give*

To sounds confus'd:] So in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“——the boatswain whistles, and

⁴ The master calls, and trebles the confusion.” MALONE.

You stand upon the rivage⁵, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy⁶;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
 Guarded with grandfires, babies, and old women,
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
 Catharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock⁷ now the devilish cannon touches,
 [Alarum; and chambers go off.
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke⁸ out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

⁵ — *rivage*,—] The bank or shore. JOHNSON.

Rivage: French. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. i.

“Pactolus with his waters there

“Throws forth upon the *rivage* round about him nere.” STEEV.

⁶ *Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy*;] The stern being the hinder part of the ship, the meaning is, let your minds follow close after the navy. STEEVENS.

I suspect, that the author wrote, *steerage*. So, in *Pericles*:

“—Think his pilot, thought;

“So with his *steerage* shall your thoughts grow on,

“To fetch his daughter home.” MALONE.

⁷ — *linstock*—] The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. JOHNSON.

⁸ *And eke*—] This word is in the first folio written *eech*; as it was, sometimes at least, pronounced—So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

“And time that is so briefly spent,

“With your fine fancies quaintly *eech*;

“What's dumb in shew I'll plain with *speech*.” MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE I.

The same. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;

Or close the wall up with our English dead⁹ !
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger¹ ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood²,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head³,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock

⁹ *Or close the wall, &c.*] Here is apparently a chasm. One line at least is lost, which contained the other part of a disjunctive proposition. The king's speech is, *dear friends, either win the town, or close up the wall with dead.* The old quarto gives no help. JOHNSON.

¹ *—when the blast of war blows in our ears,*

Then imitate the action of the tyger,] Sir Tho. Hanmer has observed on the following passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, that in *storms and big winds the tyger roars and rages most furiously.*

“ —even so

“ Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide

“ In storms of fortune : for, in her ray and brightness,

“ The herd hath more annoyance by the brizé

“ Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds

“ Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

“ And flies flee under shade, why then the thing of courage,

“ As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,” &c.

STEEVENS.

² *—summon up the blood,*] Old Copy—*Commune*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ *—portage of the head,*] *Portage*, open space, from *port*, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification. JOHNSON.

So we now say—the *port-holes* of a ship. MASON.

O'er-

O'er-hang and jutting his confounded base⁴,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit⁵
 To his full height!—On, on, you noble English*,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof⁶!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument⁷.
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start⁸. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

4 — *his confounded base,*] His *worn* or *wasted* base. JOHNSON.
 One of the senses of to *confound*, in our author's time, was, to *destroy*. See Minshew's *Dict.* in v. MALONE.

5 — *bend up every spirit*—] A metaphor from the bow. JOHNSON.
 So again, in *Hamlet*: “—they fool me to the top of my *bent*.” Again, in *Macbeth*:

“I am settled, and *bend up*

“*Each corporal agent* to this terrible feat.” MALONE.

* — *you noble English,*] The folio (where alone this speech is found,) has—*you noblist* English. For the present correction I am answerable. The editor of the second folio reads—*noblest*. MALONE.

6 *Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!*] Thus the folio 1623, and rightly. So Spenser's *Faery Quecn*, B. III.

“Whom strange adventure did from Britain *fet*.”

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

“And with that winde had *fet* the land of Grece.”

The sacred writings afford many instances to the same purpose. STEEV.

7 — *argument.*] is *matter*, or *subject*. JOHNSON.

8 *Straining upon the start.*] The old copy reads *Straying*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The same.

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL,
and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal⁹, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives¹: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an ale-house in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me²,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

⁹ — *corporal,*] We should read *lieutenant*. It is Bardolph to whom he speaks. STEEVENS.

Though Bardolph is only a corporal in *K. Henry IV.* as our author has in this play, from inadvertence or design, made him a lieutenant, I think with Mr. Steevens, that we should read *lieutenant*. See a former note, p. 477. The truth is, I believe, that the variations in his title proceeded merely from Shakspeare's inattention. MALONE.

¹ — *a case of lives:*] A set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only *two*; as a *case* of pistols; and in Ben Jonson, a *case* of masques. WHALLEY.

I believe Mr. Whalley's explanation is the true one. A *case* of pistols, which was the current phrase for a pair or brace of pistols, in our author's time, is at this day the term always used in Ireland, where much of the language of the age of Elizabeth is yet retained. MALONE.

² *If wishes, &c.*] This passage, I have replaced from the first folio, which is the only authentick copy of this play. These lines, which perhaps are part of a song, Mr. Pope did not like, and therefore changed them in conformity to the imperfect play in quarto, and was followed by the succeeding editors. For *prevail* I should read *avail*. JOHNSON.

Boy.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough³.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches⁴, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches? [*driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke⁵, to men of mould⁶!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours⁷. [*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, followed by FLUELLEN.*]

Boy.

³ *As duly, &c.*] This speech I have restored from the folio. STEEV.

⁴ — *up to the preaches, &c.*] Thus the quarto, with only the difference of *breaches* instead of *preaches*. Modern editors have been very liberal of their Welch dialect. The folio reads, *Up to the breach, you dogges; awaunt, you cullions.* STEEVENS.

⁵ *Be merciful, great duke,*] That is, great commander. So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591:

“And as herself the dame of Carthage kill'd,

“When as the Trojan *duke* did her forsake,—”

The Trojan *duke* is only a translation of *dux* Trojanus. So, also in many of our old poems, *Duke Theseus*, *Duke Hannibal*, &c. See Vol. II. p. 441, n. 1. In Pistol's mouth the word has here peculiar propriety.

The author of REMARKS, &c. on the last edition of Shakspeare, says, that “in the folio it is the duke of Exeter, and not Fluellen, who enters [here], and to whom Pistol addresses himself.” It is sufficient to say, that in the only folio of any authority, that of 1623, this is not the case. When the king retired before the entry of Bardolph, &c. the duke of Exeter certainly accompanied him, with Bedford, Gloster, &c. though in the folio the word *Exeunt* is accidentally omitted. In the quarto, before the entry of Bardolph, Fluellen, &c. we find *EXIT OMNES*.

In the quarto, Nym, on Fluellen's treating him so roughly, says, “abate thy rage, sweet knight.” Had these words been preserved, I suppose this Remarker would have contended, that Nym's address was not to the honest Welchman, but to old Sir Thomas Erpingham.

I should not have taken the trouble to refute this tasteless and unfounded remark, had I not feared that my readers, in consequence of the above-mentioned misrepresentation of the state of the old copy, might be led to suppose that some arbitrary alteration had here been made in the text. MALONE.

⁶ — *to men of mould!*] To men of earth, to poor mortal men. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Countess of Pembroke's Trvychurch*: “At length *man* was made of mould by crafty Prometheus.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *wins bad humours.*] In a former scene Nym says, “the king hath run bad humours on the knight.” We should therefore perhaps read

runs

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three⁸, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men⁹; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals¹. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

runs here also. But there is little certainty in any conjecture concerning the dialect of Nym or Pistol. MALONE.

⁸ —but all they three,—] We should read, I think,—all the three.

MALONE.

⁹ —best men;] That is, *bravest*; so in the next lines, *good deeds* are *brave actions*. JOHNSON.

¹ —the men would carry coals.] It appears that in Shakspeare's age, to carry coals was, I know not why, to endure affronts. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, one servingman asks another whether he will carry coals.

JOHNSON.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discufs unto the duke, look you,) is digt himself four yards under the countermines²: by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all³, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think, it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an afs, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS, and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save

Cant phrases are the ephemerons of literature. In the quartos 1600 and 1608, the passage stands thus:

I knew by that *they meant* to carry coals. STEEVENS.

² — *is digt himself four yards under the countermines:*] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himself *countermines* four yards under the mines. JOHNSON.

³ — *'a will plow up all,*] That is, *he will blow up all.* JOHNSON.
me,

me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Fla. Captain Macmorris, I pefeech you now, will you voutfaze me, look you, a few difputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the difciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to fatisfy my opinion, and partly, for the fatisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direktion of the military difcipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It fall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I fall quit you⁴ with gud leve, as I may pick occafion; that fall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to difcourfe, fo Chrifh fave me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to difcourfe. The town is befeech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrifh, do nothing; 'tis fhame for us all: fo God fa' me, 'tis fhame to ftand ftill; it is fhame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, fo Chrifh fa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mefs, ere theife eyes of mine take themfelves to flumber, aile do gude fervice, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valoroufly as I may, that fal I furely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard fome queftion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correktion; there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bafard, and a knave, and a rafcal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwife than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I fhall think you do not ufe me with that affability as in difcretion you ought to ufe me, look you; being as goot a man as your-

4 — *I fall quit you*—] That is, I fhall, with your permiffion, *requite you*, that is, *answer you*, or interpoze with my arguments, as I fhall find opportunity. JOHNSON.

self, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end⁵.

SCENE III.

The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.

The Governour and some citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governour of the town? This is the latest parle we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,

(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-atchieved Harfleur,

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up⁶;

And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range

With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass

⁵ — *there's an end.*] It were to be wished that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. JOHNS.

⁶ *The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;*] Mr. Gray has borrowed this thought in his *Elegy*:

“And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.” STEEVENS.

We again meet with this significant expression in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“Open thy gate of mercy, gracious Lord!”

Sir Francis Bacon uses the same expression in a letter to King James, written a few days after the death of Shakspeare: “And therefore, in conclusion, we wished him [the Earl of Somerset,] not to *shut the gate of your majesties mercy* against himself, by being obdurate any longer.” MALONE.

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,—
 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?⁷
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send precepts to the Leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds⁸
 Of heady murder⁹, spoil, and villainy.
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks¹ of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

⁷ — *fell feats*

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?] All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace*

O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds—] This is a very harsh metaphor. To *over-blow* is to *drive away*, or to *keep off*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Of heady murder—*] The folio has *headly*. The passage is not in the quarto. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. *Heady* must mean *headstrong*. Though *deadly* is an epithet of but little force, applied to murder, I yet suspect it to have been the poet's word. MALONE.

¹ *Defile the locks—*] The folio reads:—*Defire* the locks. STEEVENS. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. MALONE.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd².

[*Flourish.* The king, &c. enter the town.

SCENE IV³.

Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CATHARINE and ALICE.

Cath. *Alice, tu as esté⁴ en Angleterre, et tu parles bien
le language.*

²—*are we* address'd. [i. e. prepared. So, in Heywood's *Braxen Age*, 1613:

“clamours from afar,

“Tell us these champions are *address'd* for war.” STEEVENS.

³ This scene is mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observ'd, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader who has not looked into the old copies may judge of the strange negligence with which they are printed.

“*Kate.* Alice venecia, vous aves cates en, vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, coman sae pall vou la main en francoy.” JOHNSON.

Alice.

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Cath. *Je te prie, m'enseignes ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois ?*

Alice. *La main ? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Cath. *De hand. Et les doigts ?*

Alice. *Les doigts ? may foy, je oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres ; ouy, de fingers.*

Cath. *La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois viftement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?*

Alice. *Les ongles ? les appellons, de nails.*

Cath. *De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Cath. *De elbow. Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a present.*

⁴ Cath. *Alice, tu as esté—*] I have regulated several speeches in this French scene ; some whereof were given to Alice, and yet evidently belonged to Catharine : and so, *vice versa*. It is not material to distinguish the particular transpositions I have made. Mr. Gildon has left no bad remark, I think, with regard to our poet's conduct in the character of this princess : " For why he should not allow her," says he, " to speak in English as well as all the other French, I cannot imagine : since it adds no beauty, but gives a patch'd and pye-bald dialogue of no beauty or force." THEOBALD.

In the collection of *Chester-Whitsun Mysteries*, among the *Harleian MSS.* No. 1013, I find French speeches introduced. In the *Vintner's Play*, p. 65, the three kings who come to worship our infant Saviour, address themselves to Herod in that language, and Herod very politely answers them in the same. At first, I supposed the author to have appropriated a foreign tongue to them, because they were strangers ; but in the *Skygger's Play*, p. 144, I found Pilate talking French, when no such reason could be offered to justify a change of language. These mysteries are said to have been written in 1328. It is hardly necessary to mention that in this MS. the French is as much corrupted as in the passage quoted by Dr. Johnson from the 4to edition of *King Henry V.*

STEEVENS.

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Cath. *Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

Alice. *De elbow, madame.*

Cath. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Cath. *De neck : Et le menton ?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Cath. *De fin. Le col, de neck : le menton, de fin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en verité, vous prononces les mots aussi droit que les natifs d' Angleterre.*

Cath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu ; et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?*

Cath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—*

Alice. *De nails, madame.*

Cath. *De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.*

Cath. *Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de neck, et de fin : Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe ?*

Alice. *De foot, madame ; et de con.⁵*

Cath. *De foot, et de con ? O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, & de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de con.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame !*

Cath. *C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous a disner.*

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *De foot, madame, et de con.] Alice pronounces all the other words rightly, and why should she be supposed not to know these ? We should read—De foot, Madame, et de gown. WHITE.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter the French King, the DAUPHIN, duke of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and Others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O *Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury⁶,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock⁷,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion⁸.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despatch, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades⁹, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?

And

⁶ —luxury,] in this place, as in others, means *lust*. JOHNSON.

⁷ —savage—] is here used in the French original sense, for *silvan*, *uncultivated*, the same with *wild*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.*] *Shotten* signifies any thing *projected*: so *nook-shotten isle*, is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain.

WARBURTON.

⁹ —Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades,—] The exact meaning of *sur-rein'd* I do not know. It is common to give horses over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *masb*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

I suppose, *sur-rein'd* means *over-ridden*; horses on whom the rein has remained too long. MALONE.

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch¹, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth² in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them³, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high⁴, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjôy, the herald? speed him
hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret⁵, high constable of France;

You

The word *sur-rein'd* occurs more than once in the old plays. So, in *Jask Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

“Writes he not a good cordial sappy file?—

“A *sur-rein'd* jaded wit, but he rubs on.”

It should be observed that the quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

—A drench for *swolne* jades. STEEVENS.

¹ —upon our houses' thatch.] Thus the folio. The quarto has—our houses' tops. MALONE.

² —drops of gallant youth—] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads—drops of *youthful blood*. MALONE.

³ —we may call them,—] *May*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ —lavoltas high,] Hanmer observes that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shakspeare mentions it more than once, but never so particularly as the author of *Mulcasses the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610:

“Be pleas'd, ye powers of night, and 'bout me skip

“Your antick measures; like to coal-black Moors

“Dancing their high *lavoltoes* to the sun,

“Circle me round.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Charles De-la-bret,—] Milton somewhere bids the English take notice how their names are misspelt by foreigners, and seems to think that

You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
 Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouffi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Leltrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights⁶,
 For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons⁷ painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow *

that we may lawfully treat foreign names in return with the same neglect. This privilege seems to be exercised in this catalogue of French names, which, since the sense of the author is not affected, I have left as I found it. JOHNSON.

I have changed the spelling; for I know not why we should leave blunders or antiquated orthography in the proper names, when we have been so careful to remove them both from all other parts of the text. Instead of *Charles De-la-bret*, we should read *Charles D' Albret*; but the metre will not allow of it. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed's Chronicle, in which the Constable is called *Delabreth*, as he here is in the folio. MALONE.

⁶ —and knights,] The old copy reads *kings*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. It is confirmed by a line in the last scene of the fourth act: "—princes, barons, lords, *knights*,—". MALONE.

⁷ With pennons—] *Pennons* armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device and motto of a knight were painted. *Pennon* is the same as *pendant*. So, in *The Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"With curious *pendants* on their launces fix'd."

Again, in Chaucer's *Knyghtes Tale*, v. 980. late edit.

"And by his banner borne is his *penon*

"Of gold ful riche, in which there was ybete

"The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete."

In MS. *Harl.* No. 2413, is the following note.

"A *peñon* must bee tow yardes and a half longe, made round att the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and serveth for the conduct of fiftie men."

"Everye knight may have his *pennon* if hee bee cheefe capitaine, and in it sett his armes: and if hee bee made bannerett, the kinge or the lieftenant shall make a slitt in the end of the *pennon*, and the heralds shall raise it out.

"*Pencells* or flagges for horsemen must bee a yarde and a halfe longe, with the crosses of St. George," &c. STEEVENS.

* —melted snow—] The poet has here defeated himself by passing too soon from one image to another. To bid the French rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is destroyed by the grossness of the thought in the next line. JOHNSON.

Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon³:
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot, into Roëu
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers, are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for atchievement, offer us his ransom⁹.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjôy;
 And let him say to England, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roëu*.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
 Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER, and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not, (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps

³ *The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:*

“Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuat Alpes.”

Fur. Bibac. ap Hor. STEEVENS.

⁹ *And, for atchievement, offer us his ransom.*] That is, instead of atchieving a victory over us, make a proposal to us to pay a certain sum, as a ransom. See Vol. IV. p. 296, n. 4. MALONE.

* — *in Roëu.*] Here and a little higher we have in the old copy *Roan*, which was in Shakspeare's time the mode of spelling *Roëu* in Normandy. He probably pronounced the word as a monosyllable, *Roan*; as indeed most Englishmen do at this day. MALONE.

the pridge most valiantly¹, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign * at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valour², hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone³,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol⁴. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you, that fortune is plind⁴: And she is painted also with

¹ —but keeps the pridge most valiantly,] This is not an imaginary circumstance, but founded on an historical fact. After Henry had passed the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois at Blangi, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass. But Henry having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge, till the whole English army arrived, and passed over it. MALONE.

* —there is an ensign—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—there is an ancient lieutenant. Pistol was not a lieutenant. MALONE.

² Of buxom valour,] i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiours. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*:

“Love tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts

“Of them that to him are buxom and prone.” STEEVENS.

³ That goddess blind,

That stands upon the restless rolling stone,—] Fortune is described by Cebes, and by Pacuvius in the fragments of Latin authors, p. 60, and the first book of the *Pieces to Herennnius*, precisely in these words of our poet. It is unnecessary to quote them. S. W.

⁴ Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify

with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a sperical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth,⁵ the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pis. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him; For he hath stol'n a *pix*⁶, and hanged must 'a be. A damned death!

Let

nify to you that fortune is plind:] Fluellen could never have said that *Fortune was painted plind, to signify she was plind*. We should therefore strike out the first *plind*, and read: *Fortune is painted with a muffer, &c.* WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fortune, the Goddess*, is represented blind, to shew that *fortune, or the chance of life*, is without discernment. A *muffer* appears to have been part of a lady's dress. STEEV.

Minshieu in his DICTIONARY 1617, explains "a woman's *muffer*," by the French word *cachenez*, which Cotgrave defines "a kind of mask for the face;" yet, I believe, it was made of linen, and that Minshieu only means to *compare* it to a mask, because they both might conceal part of the face. It was, I believe, a kind of hood, of the same form as the riding-hood now sometimes worn by men, that covered the shoulders, and a great part of the face. This agrees with the only other passage in which the word occurs in these plays: "—I spy a great beard under her *muffer*." *Merry Wives of Windsor*. See also the verses cited in Vol. II. p. 240:

"Now is she barefast to be seene, straight on her *muffer* goes;

"Now is she hufft up to the crowne, straight nuzled to the nose."

MALONE.

The picture of *Fortune* is taken from the old history of *Fortunatus*; where she is described to be a fair woman, *muffled over the eyes*. FARMER.

⁵ *In good truth, &c.*] The reading here is made out of two copies, the quarto, and the first folio. MALONE.

⁶ — *he hath stol'n a pix,*] The old copies have *pax*, which was a piece of board on which was the image of Christ on the cross; which the people used to kiss after the service was ended. I have adopted Mr. Theobald's emendation for the reason that he assigns. MALONE.

It was an ancient custom, at the celebration of mass, that when the priest pronounced these words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum!* both clergy and people kiss'd one another. And this was called *Osculum Pacis*, the Kiss of Peace. But that custom being abrogated, a certain image is now presented to be kissed, which is called a *Pax*. But it was not this image which Bardolph stole; it was a *pix*, or little chest (from the Latin word, *pixis*, a box); in which the consecrated

hosp

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.

'Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice ;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach :
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore ?

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at :
for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the
duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions ;
for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd ; and *figo* for thy friendship !

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain ³ !

[Exit PISTOL.

Flu.

boft was used to be kept. " A foolish soldier," says Hall expressly, and Holinshed after him, " stole a *pix* out of a church, and unreverently did eat the holy hostes within the same contained." THEOBALD.

Holinshed (whom our author followed,) says, " a foolish soldier stole a *pixe* out of a church, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once remove till the *box* was restored, and the offender strangled." MALONE.

[*Why then rejoice therefore.*] This passage, with several others, in the character of Pistol, is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Poetaster*, as follows :

" Why then lament therefore ; damn'd be thy guts

" Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus ;

" For sparrows must have food." STEEVENS.

The former part of this passage in the *Poetaster* seems rather to be a parody on one of Pistol's in *King Henry IV.* P. II. p. 428. " Why then lament therefore." Perhaps in that before us our author had in his thoughts a very contemptible play of Marlowe's,—*The Massacre of Paris* :

" The Guise is dead, and I rejoice therefore." MALONE.

³ *The fig of Spain* !] This is no allusion to the *fico* already explained in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. but to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. The quartos 1600 and 1608 read : " The fig of Spain *within thy jaw*:" and afterwards : " The fig *within thy bowels and thy dirty maw*." So, in one of Gascoigne's *Poems* :

" It

Flu. Very good⁹.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sconce¹, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut², and a horrid suit of the camp³, will do among
foaming

“ It may fall out that thou shalt be entic'd

“ To sup sometimes with a magnifico,

“ And have a *sico* foisted in thy dish,” &c.

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

“ —Is it [poison] speeding?—

“ As all our *Spanish figs* are.” STEEVENS.

The quarto shews, I think, that Mr. Steevens is right. Mr. Reed is of opinion that “ the fig of Spain is here only a term of contempt. In the old translation of *Galateo of manners and behaviour*, we have,

“ She gave *the Spanish figge*

“ With both her thumbes at once.”

See p. 429, n. 9. MALONE.

⁹ *Very good.*] Instead of these two words, the quartos read: “ Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?” STEEVENS.

¹ —a *sconce*,] appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification. STEEVENS.

So, Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ I will *ensconce*, [i. e. entrench] myself behind the arras.” BLACKSTONE.

² —a *beard of the general's cut*,—] It appears from an old ballad inserted in a Miscellany, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 8vo. 1660, that our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards, and that a certain *cut* or form was appropriated to the soldier, the bishop, the judge, the clown, &c. The *spade-beard*, and perhaps the *filetto-beard* also, was appropriated to the first of these characters. It is observable that our author's patron, Henry Earl of Southampton, who spent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of these beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Essex, is constantly represented
with

foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such flanders of the age⁴, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge⁵.

Enter

with the former. In the ballad above mentioned the various forms of this fantastick ornament are thus described:

" Now of beards there be,
 " Such a companie,
 " Of fashions such a throng,
 " That it is very hard
 " To treat of the beard,
 " Though it be ne'er so long.

* * *

" The *fleeetto* beard,
 " O, it makes me afeard,
 " It is so sharp beneath;
 " For he that doth place
 " A dagger in his face,
 " What wears he in his sheath?

* * *

" The *soldiers* beard
 " Doth match in this herd,
 " In figure like a *spade*;
 " With which he will make
 " His enemies quake,
 " To think their grave is made.
 " Next the *clown* doth out-rush,
 " With the beard of the bush," &c. MALONE.

3 —*a horrid suit of the camp,*] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600, &c. read—*a horrid shout* of the camp. STEEVENS.

Suit, I have no doubt, is the true reading. Soldiers *shout* in a *field of battle*, but not in a *camp*. *Suit* in our author's time appears to have been pronounced *spout*: (See Vol. II. p. 363, n. 8.) hence probably the corrupt reading of the quarto. MALONE.

4 —*such flanders of the age,*] This was a character very troublesome to wise men in our author's time. "It is the practice with him," says Ascham, "to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face; yet some warlike sign must be used, as a slovenly buskin, or an over-stering frowned head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly start a good big oath." JOHNSON.

⁵ *I must speak with him from the pridge.*] "*Speak with him from the pridge*, Mr. Pope tells us, is added to the latter editions; but that it is

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and soldiers ⁶.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and wheelks, and knobs ⁷, and flames of fire; and his lips

is plain from the sequel, that the scene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over." This is a most inaccurate criticism. Though the affair of the bridge be over, is that a reason, that the king must receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls *speaking to the king from the pridge*. THEOBALD.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. JOHNSON.

The words, *from the bridge*, are in the folio, 1623, but not in the quarto; and I suspect that they were caught by the compositor from King Henry's first speech on his entrance. MALONE.

⁶ —and soldiers.] The direction in the folio is—"Enter the king and his *poor* soldiers." This was, I suppose, inserted, that their appearance might correspond with the subsequent description in the chorus of Act IV. "The *poor* condemned English," &c. MALONE.

⁷ —and wheelks, and knobs,] So, in Chaucer's character of a *Sompnour*, from which, perhaps, Shakspeare took some hints for his description of Bardolph's face:

"A *Sompnour* was ther with us in that place,

"That hadde a *fire-red* cherubinnes' face, &c.

"

"Ther na's quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,

"Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,

"Ne oinment that wolde clenfe or bite,

"That might him helpen of his *welkes* white,

"Ne of the *knobbes* sitting on his chekes."

See the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 628, &c. STEEV.
plows

plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed⁸, and his fire's out⁹.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY¹.

Mont. You know me by my habit².

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier, than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now

⁸ —but his nose is executed, &c.] I once thought that these words were inconsistent with the foregoing,—“one that is like to be executed”; but Fluellen's language must not be too strictly examined. He means, I suppose, that the fate which hung over Bardolph, had extinguished the flame of his face: it no longer glowed as it formerly did. It appears from what Pistol has just said to Fluellen, that Bardolph was not yet executed; or at least, that Fluellen did not know that he was executed. MALONE.

⁹ —his fire's out.] This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confess the truth, seems to have taken more hold on Shakspeare's imagination than any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader, though it may be somewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the stage. This poet is always more careful about the present than the future, about his audience than his readers. JOHNSON.

¹ Enter Montjoy.] *Montjoie* is the title of the first king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in our own country. STEEVENS.

² —by my habit.] That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable, was distinguished in those times of formality by a peculiar dress, which is likewise yet worn on particular occasions.

JOHNSON.

we speak upon our cue³, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment⁴: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,) My people are with sickness much enfeebled; My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have, Almost no better than so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought, upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen,—Yet, forgive me, God, That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am; My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk; My army, but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before⁵, tell him we will come on,

Though

³ —upon our cue,] In our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. JOHNSON.

⁴ Without impeachment.] i. e. hindrance. *Empechement*, French.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —God before,] This was an expression in that age for *God being my guide*, or when used to another, *God be thy guide*. So, in an old dialogue

Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour⁶: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit* MONTJOY.]

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the
Duke of ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, and Others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—
'Would, it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse
have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

logue between a herdsman and a maiden going on pilgrimage to Walsingham, the herdsman takes his leave in these words:

"Now, go thy ways, and God before."

To prevent was used in the same sense. JOHNSON.

⁶ *There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:—

We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

Discolour:] From Holinshed: "My desire is, that none of you be so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I in my defence shall colour and make red your tawny ground with the effusion of christian blood. When he [Henry] had thus answered the herald, he gave him a greater reward, and licensed him to depart." MALONE.

It appears from many ancient books that it was always customary to reward a herald, whether he brought defiance or congratulation. STEEV.

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ba!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs⁷; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him⁸, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts⁹.

Con.

7 *He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;*] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*:—"and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls." WARBURTON.

8 —*he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,*] Thus Cleopatra, speaking of herself:

"I am air and fire; my other elements

"I give to baser life." STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 44th Sonnet:

"—so much of earth and water wrought,

"I must attend time's leisure with my moan."

Again in *Twelfth Night*: "Do not our lives consist of the four elements?" MALONE.

9 —*and all other jades you may call—beasts,*] *Beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. So, in *Macbeth*:

"———what *beast* was't then,

"That made you break this enterprize to me?"

Again, in *Timon*: "—what a wicked *beast* was I to disfurnish myself against so good a time?" STEEVENS.

Mr. Mason has mentioned a passage in *Hamlet*, in which the word *beast* is not used as a contemptuous distinction:

"—and to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,

"As he had been incorp'd and deminatur'd

"With the brave *beast*."

I do

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature*¹,—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait troffers².

Con.

I do not however think there is any ground for the transposition proposed by Dr. Warburton, who would make *jades* and *beasts* change places. Words under the hand of either a transcriber or compositor, never thus leap out of their places. The dauphin evidently means, that no other horse has so good a title as his, to the appellation peculiarly appropriated to that fine and useful animal. The *general* term for *quadrupeds* may suffice for all other horses. MALONE.

¹ —*Wonder of nature,*] Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the answer.

WARBURTON.

² —*like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait troffers.*] *Troffers* appear to have been tight breeches.—The kerns of

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *strait troffers*, I believe, means only in their naked skin, which fits close to them. The word is still preserved, but now written *trousers*. STEEVENS.

"*Trowfes*," says the explanatory Index to *Cox's History of Ireland*, "are breeches and stockings made to fit as close to the body as can be." Several of the morris-dancers represented upon the print of my window, have such hose or strait trowfers; but the poet seems by the waggish context to have a further meaning. TOLLET.

The old copy reads—*strossers*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald; who observes, that "by strait troffers the poet means *femoribus denudatis*, for the kerns of Ireland wore no breeches, any more than the Scotch Highlanders." The explication is, I think, right; but that the kerns of Ireland *universally* rode without breeches, may be doubted. It is clear from Mr. Tollet's note, and from many passages in books of our author's age, that the *Irish strait troffers* or *trowfers* were not merely *figurative*; though, in consequence of their being made extremely tight, Shakspeare has here employed the words in an equivocal sense. "Bumbasted and paned hose, says Eulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1653, were, since I can remember, in fashion, but now our hose are made so close to our breeches, that, like *Irish trowfers*, they too manifestly discover the dimension of every part." The quotation is Mr. Collins's.—When Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1585, insisted on the Irish nobility wearing the English dress, and appearing in parliament in robes, one of them, being very loth to change his old habit, requested that the deputy would order his chaplain to walk through the streets with him in *trowfers*, "for then, (said he,) the boys will laugh at him as well as me." MALONE.

Con.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners³?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

³ *Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V*;

"Come and you see what me tro at the king's drummer and fife."

"Faith, me will tro at the earl of Northumberland; and now I will tro at the king himself," &c.

This incident, however, might have been furnished by the chronicle.

STEEVENS.

See p. 537, n. 7. MALONE.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey⁴: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate⁵.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb⁶ with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil⁷.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish⁸ fellow is this king

4 —*his lacquey*:] He has beaten nobody yet but his footboy.

JOHNSON.

5 —*'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.*] This is said with allusion to falcons, which are kept *hooded* when they are not to fly at game, and as soon as the hood is off, *bait* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter.

JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 317, n. * MALONE.

6 *I will cap that proverb*.—] Alluding to the practice of capping verses. JOHNSON.

7 —*with*—*A pox of the devil!*] The quartos 1600, and 1608 read, —*with a jodge of the devil.* STEEVENS.

8 —*peevish*.—] in ancient language, signified—foolish, silly. Many examples of this are given in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. 7:—*He's strange and peevish.* STEEVENS.

See also Vol. II. p. 174, n. 1; and p. 187, n. 7. MALONE.

of

of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef⁹, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

A C T IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe¹.

From

⁹ —give them great meals of beef,] So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“ —but scant them of their *chines* of beef,

“ And take away their downy featherbed,” &c. STEEVENS.

Our author had the chronicle in his thoughts: “ : —keep an English man one month from his warm bed, *fat beef*, stale drink,” &c. MALONE.

¹—of the universe.] *Universe* for *horizon*: for we are not to think Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. WARBURTON.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch² :
 Fire answers fire³ ; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face⁴ :
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents⁵,

The

There is a proof that Shakspeare knew the order of night and day, in *Macbeth* :

" — Now o'er the one half world

" Nature seems dead."

But there was no great need of any justification. The *universe* in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon ; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much as of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present. JOHNSON.

² *The secret whispers of each other's watch :*] Holinshed says, that the distance between the two armies was but two hundred and fifty paces.

MALONE.

³ *Fire answers fire ;*] This circumstance is also taken from Holinshed : —but at their coming into the village, fires were made (by the English,) to give light on every side, as there likewise were in the French hoste."

MALONE.

⁴ —*the other's umber'd face :*] *Umbur'd* certainly means here *discoloured* by the gleam of the fires. *Umbur* is a dark yellow earth brought from Umbria in Italy, which being mixed with water produces such a dusky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance.—Our author's profession probably furnished him with this epithet ; for from an old manuscript play in my possession, entitled *The Tell-tale*, it appears that *umber* was used in the stage-exhibitions of his time. In that piece one of the marginal directions is, "He *umbers* her face." See also Vol. III. p. 141, n. 6. MALONE.

Of this epithet used by Shakspeare in his description of fires reflected by night, Mr. Pope knew the value, and has transplanted it into the *Iliad* on a like occasion :

" Whose *umber'd* arms by turns thick flashes send."

Umbur is a brown colour. So, in *As you like it* :

" And with a kind of *umber* smirch my face."

The distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this hue when beheld through the light of midnight fires. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*and from the tents, &c.*] See the preparation for the battle between Palamon and Arcite in *Chaucer* :

" And on the morwe, whan the day 'gan spring,

" Of hors and harneis noise and clattering

" There

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name⁶.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice⁷;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks⁸, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon⁹

Presenteth

" There was in the hostelries all aboute : —

" The fomy stedes on the golden bridel

" Gnawing, and *fast the armureres also*

" *With file and hammer priking to and fro.*" T. WARTON.

* — of drowsy morning name.] The old copy reads—*nam'd*. The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. Sir T. Hanmer, with almost equal probability, reads,

And the third hour of drowsy morning's *nam'd*. MALONE.

7 *Do the low-rated English play at dice* ;] i. e. do play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

From Holinshed : " The Frenchmen in the mean while, as though they had been sure of victory, made great triumphe, for the capitaines had determined before how to divide the spoil, and the *souldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice.*" MALONE.

⁸ Investing *lank-lean cheeks*,—] I fancy Shakspeare might have written—In *fasting*, lank-lean-cheeks,—&c. HEATH.

Change is unnecessary. The harshness of the metaphor is what offends, which means only, that their looks are invested in mournful gestures. Such another harsh metaphor occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

" For my part, I am so *attir'd* in wonder,

" I know not what to say." STEEVENS.

Gesture only relates to their *cheeks*, after which word there should be a comma, as in the first folio. In the second song of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* :

" Anger *invests* the face with lovely grace." TOLLET.

⁹ *Presenteth* them—] The old copy has—*presented*. The emendation, which in my opinion needs no justification, was proposed by Mr.

So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all¹,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night:
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
 The name of Agincourt: Yet, fit and fee;
 Minding true things², by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
 The greater therefore should our courage be.—

Mr. Steevens. The false concord is found in every page of the old editions. Here it cannot be corrected. *MALONE.*

¹ Then, mean, &c.] Old Copy—*That mean.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *MALONE.*

² *Minding true things—*] To mind is the same as to call to remembrance. *JOHNSON.*

Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should 'drefs us fairly for our end³.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham⁴:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
 Upon example; so the spirit is eased:

And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity⁵.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,

³ *That we should 'drefs us fairly for our end.*] *Drefs us*, I believe here means *addrefs us*, i. e. prepare ourselves; and I have printed the word accordingly. So before, in this play:

“To-morrow for the march are we addrefs'd.” MALONE.

Drefs, in its common acceptation, is the true reading. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

“They come like sacrifices in their trim.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —*old Sir Thomas Erpingham*:] Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive king Richard's abdication. EDWARD'S MS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V's time warden of Dover castle. His arms are still visible on one side of the Roman pharos. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Which casted slough*—] *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. JOHNSON.

Legerity is a word used by Ben Jonson in *Every Man out of his Humour*. STEEVENS.

Desire

Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven blefs thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discufs unto me; Art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold;

A lad of life, an imp of fame⁶;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

⁶ — an imp of fame;] An *imp* is a *shoot* in its primitive sense, but means a *son* in Shakspeare. In Holinshed, p. 951, the last words of lord Cromwell are preserved, who says, “—and after him that his sonne prince Edward, that goodlie *impe*, may long reigne over you.”

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts⁷ well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN, and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower⁸. It is the greatest admiration in the universal⁹ world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the cere-

⁷ *It sorts* —] i. e. it agrees. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th book of the *Odyssey*:

"His faire long lance well *sorting* with his hand." STEEV.

⁸ —*speak lower.*] The earliest of the quartos reads—*speak lewer*, which in that of 1608 is made *lower*. The alterations made in the several quartos, and in all the folios that succeeded the first, by the various printers or correctors through whose hands they passed, carry with them no authority whatsoever; yet here the correction *happens*, I think, to be right. The editors of the folio read—*speak fewer*. I have no doubt that in their Ms. (for this play they evidently printed from a Ms. which was not the case in some others,) the word by the carelessness of the transcriber was *lewer*, (as in that copy from which the quarto was printed,) and that, in order to obtain some sense, they changed this to *fewer*. Fluellen could not with any propriety call on Gower to *speak fewer*, he not having uttered a word except "Captain Fluellen." Meeting Fluellen late at night, and not being certain who he was, he merely pronounced his name. Having addressed him in too high a key, the Welchman reprimands him; and Gower justifies himself by saying that the enemy spoke so *loud*, that the English could hear them all night. But what he says as he is going out, puts, I think, the emendation that I have adopted, beyond doubt. I will do as you desire; "I will *speak lower*."

Shakspeare has here as usual followed Holinshed: "Order was taken by commandement from the king, after the army was first set in battayle array, that *no noise or clamour should be made in the hoste*."

MALONE.
monies

monies of the wars⁹, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an afs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an afs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day—

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shews to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions¹: his ceremonies laid by, in his

⁹ I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, &c.] Amongst the laws and ordinances militarie set down by Robert Earl of Leicester in the Low countries, and printed at Leyden, 1586, one is, that "no man shall make any outcrie or noise in any watch, ward, ambush, or any other place where *silence is requisite*, and necessarie, upon paine of losse of life or limb at the general's discretion." REED.

¹ —conditions:] are qualities. The meaning is, that objects are represented

his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing^{*}; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable².

Will. That's more than we know.

presented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewise to him, and when he feels *fear* it is like the fear of meaner mortals. JOHNSON.

^{*} —*though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing:*] This passage alludes to the ancient sport of falconry. When the hawk, after soaring aloft, or mounting high, descended in its flight, it was said to *stoop*. So, in an old song on falconry in my Ms. of old songs, p. 480:

“ She flyeth at one

“ Her marke jumpe upon,

“ And mounteth the welkin cleare;

“ Then right she stoopes,

“ When the falkner he whoopes,

“ Triumphant in her chaunticleare.” PERCY.

² —*his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.*] So Holinshed: —“ calling his capitaines and his souldiers aboute him, he [Henry V.] made to them a right harty oration, requiring them to play the men, that they might obtaine a glorious victorie, as there was good hope they should, if they would remember the *just cause and quarrel* for the whiche they fought.” MALONE.

Bates.

Bates. Ay, or more ³ than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left ⁴. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with

³ *Bates. Ay, or more, &c.*] This sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said. The speech, I believe, should be given to *Court*. See 545, n. 7. MALONE.

⁴ — *their children rawly left.*] That is, *without preparation, hastily, suddenly*. What is not *matured* is *raw*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“Why in this *rawness* left he wife and children.” JOHNSON.

the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native punishment⁵, though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's⁶; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote * out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that, making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain⁷, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

5 —native punishment,] That is, punishment in their native country. HEATH.

So, in a subsequent scene:

“A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,

“Find native graves.” MALONE.

Native punishment is such as they are born to, if they offend. STEEV.

6 *Every subject's duty, &c.*] This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded. JOHNSON.

* —every mote —] Old Copy —*mote*, which was only the ancient spelling of *mote*. I suspected, but did not know, this to be the case, when I proposed the true reading of a passage in *K. John*. See Vol. IV. p. 526, n. 7. MALONE.

7 *Will. 'Tis certain, &c.*] In the quarto this little speech is not given to the same soldier who endeavours to prove that the king was answerable for the mischiefs of war; and who afterwards gives his glove to Henry. The persons are indeed there only distinguished by figures, 1, 2, 3.—But this circumstance, as well as the tenour of the present speech, shews, that it does not belong to Williams, who has just been maintaining the contrary doctrine. It might with propriety be transferred to *Court*, who is on the scene, and says scarcely a word. MALONE.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mafs, you'll pay him then⁸! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun⁹, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

⁸ 'Mafs, you'll pay him then!'] To *pay* in old language meant to *trass* or *beat*; and here signifies to bring to account, to punish. See p. 173, n. 4. The text is here made out from the folio and quarto. MALONE.

⁹ — *that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun*, —] In the old play [the quarto 1600,] the thought is more opened. *It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon*, or a subject against a monarch.

JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns¹ to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls²,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration³?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?

Where.

¹ —*may lay twenty French crowns, &c.*] There is surely no necessity for supposing [with Dr. Johnson] any allusion in this passage to the venereal disease. The conceit here seems to turn merely upon the equivocal sense of *crown*, which signifies either a coin, or a head.

TYRWHITT.

² *Upon the king! &c.*] There is something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON.

³ *What is the soul of adoration?*] i. e. What is the real worth and intrinsic value of adoration?—The folio (for this passage is not in the quarto,) reads—What is *thy* soul of odoration. The latter word was corrected in the second folio. For the other emendation, now made, the present editor is answerable. *Tby*, *the*, and *they*, are frequently confounded in the old copies. In many of our author's plays we find similar expressions: in *Troilus and Cressida*,—"my very soul of counsel;" in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.—"the soul of hope;" and in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, "the soul of love." Again, in the play before us:

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farfed title⁴ running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly⁵ as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;

“ There is some *soul* of *goodness* in things evil.”

Dr. Johnson reads—

What is thy soul, O adoration?

But the mistake appears to me more likely to have happened in the word *thy* than in *of*; and the examples that I have produced support that opinion. MALONE.

⁴ *The farfed title*—] *Farfed* is *stuffed*. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This, I think, is the sense.

JOHNSON.

So, in *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

“ And like a greedy cormorant with belly full *farced*.” STEEV.

⁵ *Can sleep so soundly, &c.*] These lines are exquisitely pleasing. *To swear in the eye of Phœbus*, and *to sleep in Elysium*, are expressions very poetical. JOHNSON.

And

And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them⁶!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!

I Richard's

⁶ —if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them!] The folio reads—*of the opposed numbers*. The very happy emendation now adopted, is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. In *King John*, edit. 1632, these words have again been confounded:

“Lord of our presence, Angiers, and *if* you,”
instead of—*of* you. The same mistake has, I think, happened also in *Twelfth Night* folio, 1623:

“For, such as we are made *if* such we be.”
where we should certainly read—

“For, such as we are made *of*, such we be.”

In the subsequent scene we have again the same thought. The Constable of France after exhorting his countrymen to take horse, adds,

“Do but behold yon poor and starved band,

“And your fair shew shall *suck away their souls*,

“Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.”

In Hall's *Chronicle*, HENRY IV. fol. 23, we find a kindred expression to that in the text: “Henry encouraged his part so, that *they took their hearts to them*, and manly fought with their enemies.”

A passage in the speech which the same chronicler has put into Henry's mouth, before the battle of Agincourt, may also throw some light on

I Richard's body have interred new;
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries⁷, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
 Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon⁸.

Enter

that before us, and serve to support the emendation that has been made;
 "Therefore putting your only trust in him, let not *their multitude fear*
your heartes, nor their *great number abate your courage*."

The passage stands thus in the quarto, 1600:

"Take from them now the sense of reckoning,

"That the *opposed numbers* which stand before them,

"*May not appal their courage*."

This fully refutes the notion of an anonymous *remarker*, who understands the word *pluck* as optative, and supposes that Henry calls on the God of battles to deprive his soldiers of their hearts; that is, of their *courage*, for such is evidently the meaning of the expression;—(so in the common phrase, "have a good *heart*,"—and in the passage just quoted from Hall;) though this commentator chooses to understand by the word—*sense* and *passions*.

Mr. Theobald reads—*left* the opposed numbers, &c. He and some other commentators seem indeed to think that *any* word may be substituted for another, if thereby *sense* may be obtained; but a word ought rarely to be substituted in the room of another, unless either the emendation bears such an affinity to the corrupted reading, as that the error might have arisen from the mistake of the eye or the ear of the compositor or transcriber; or a word has been caught inadvertently by the compositor from a preceding or subsequent line. MALONE.

Theobald's alteration certainly makes a very good sense; but, I think, we might read, with less deviation from the present text,—*if* the opposed numbers, &c.

In conjectural criticism, as in mechanics, the perfection of the art, I apprehend, consists in producing a given effect with the least possible force. TYRWHITT.

⁷ *Two chantries,*] One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of *Sheen*, now called *Richmond*. MALONE.

⁸ *Since that my penitence comes after all,*

Imploring pardon.] *I do all this*, says the king, *though all that I*
can

*Enter GLOSTER.**Glo.* My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The French Camp.**Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.**Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.*Dau.* *Montez a cheval*:—My horse! *valet*! *lacquay*! ha!*Orl.* O brave spirit!*Dau.* *Via*!—*les eaux et la terre*—*Orl.* *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*—*Dau.* *Ciel*! cousin Orleans.—

can do is nothing worth, is so far from being an adequate expiation of the crime, *that penitence comes after all, imploring pardon* both for the crime and the expiation. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath's explication appears to me more correct. "I am sensible that every thing of this kind, (works of piety and charity,) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remission of this sin; since I well know that after all this is done, true penitence, and imploring pardon, are previously and indispensably necessary towards my obtaining it." MALONE.

9 Via!—*les eaux et la terre*—] *Via* is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons*! JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

"Then *Via*! for the spacious bounds of France!"

Again, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607:

"Tut, *Via*! let all run glib and square!" STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 273, n. 3.

This dialogue will be best explained by referring to the seventh scene of the preceding act, in which the Dauphin, speaking in admiration of his horse, says, "When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air:—It is a beast for Perseus; he is pure *air* and *fire*, and the dull elements of *earth* and *water* never appear in him." He now, seeing his horse at a distance, attempts to say the same thing in French: "*Les eaux et la terre*," the waters and the earth—*have no share in my horse's composition*, he was going to have said; but is prevented by the duke of Orleans, who replies,—Can you add nothing more? Is he not *air* and *fire*? Yes, says the Dauphin, and even *heaven* itself. He had in the former scene called his horse *Wonder of nature*. The words, however, may admit of a different interpretation. He may mean to boast, that, when on horse-back, he can bound over *all the elements*, and even *soar to heaven* itself.

MALONE.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them⁸ with superfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe⁹;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by *
Took stand for idle speculation:

⁸ *And dout them*—] In the folio, where alone this passage is found, the word is written *doubt*. To *dout*, for to *do out*, is a common phrase at this day in Devonshire and the other western counties; where they often say, *dout* the fire, that is, *put out* the fire. Many other words of the same structure are used by our author; as, to *don*, i. e. to *do on*, to *doff*, i. e. to *do off*, &c. In *Hamlet* he has used the same phrase:

“ — the dram of base

“ Doth all the noble substance of worth *dout*,” &c.

The word being provincial, the same mistake has happened in both places; *doubt* being printed in *Hamlet* instead of *dout*.

Mr. Pope for *doubt* substituted *daunt*, which was adopted in the subsequent editions. For the emendation now made I imagined I should have been answerable; but on looking into Mr. Rowe's edition I find he has anticipated me, and has printed the word as it is now exhibited in the text. MALONE.

⁹ — a hilding foe;] See Vol. III. p. 279, n. 1. MALONE.

* — upon this mountain's basis by —] See Henry's speech, sc. vii:

“ — Take a trumpet, herald;

“ Ride thou unto the horsemen on *yon bill*.” MALONE.

But

But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonuance², and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ'.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions³, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains⁴ poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand⁵: and their poor jades

² *The tucket-sonuance, &c.*] He uses terms of the field, as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. *To dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand. Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English. JOHNSON.

The *tucket-sonuance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude of a sonata on the harpsichord, and *toccar la tromba*, is to blow the trumpet.

Sonuance is a word used by Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Or, if he chance to endure our tongues so much

"As but to hear their *sonance*,—." STEEVENS.

³ *Yon island carrions, &c.*] This and the preceding description of the English is founded on the melancholy account given by our historians, of Henry's army, immediately before the battle of Agincourt:

"The Englishmen were brought into great misery in this journey [from Harfleur to Agincourt]; their victual was in manner spent, and new could they get none:—rest could they none take, for their enemies were ever at hand to give them alarms: daily it rained, and nightly it freezed; of fuel there was great scarcity, but of fluxes great plenty; money they had enough, but wares to bestow it upon, for their relief or comforte, had they little or none." *Holinshed*. MALONE.

⁴ *Their ragged curtains—*] That is, their colours. MASON.

⁵ *Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,*

With torch-staves in their hand;] Grandpré alludes to the form of the ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.—A similar image occurs in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "—he shew'd like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle." STEEVENS.

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
 And in their pale dull mouths the⁶ gimmel bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grafs, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows⁷,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To démonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard⁸; On, to the field:

I will

⁶ —gimmel bit—] *Gimmel* is in the western counties, a *ring*; a *gimmel bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts play'd one within another. JOHNSON.

“A *gimmel* or *gemmow ring*, (says Minshew, *Dict.* 1617,) from the Gal. *gemeau*, Lat. *gemellus*, double, or twinnes, because they be rings with two or more links.” MALONE.

⁷ —their executors, the knavish crows,] The crows who are said to have the disposal of what they shall leave, their hides and their flesh.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *I stay but for my guard; &c.*] Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens are of opinion that “*guard* in this place means rather something of ornament, or of distinction, than a body of attendants.” But from the following passage in Holinshed, p. 554, which our author certainly had in his thoughts, it is clear, in my apprehension, that *guard* is here used in its ordinary sense: “When the messenger was come backe to the Frenche hoste, the men of warre put on their helmettes, and caused their trumpets to blow to the battaile. They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noble men made such haste toward the battaile, that they left many of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *stay* for their *standards*; as amongst other the Duke of Brabant, when his *standard* was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of a *standard*.” The latter part only of this passage was quoted by Mr. Steevens; but the whole considered together proves, in my apprehension, that *guard* means here nothing more than the *men of war* whose duty it was to attend on the Constable of France, and among those his *standard*, that is, his standard-bearer. In a preceding passage Holinshed mentions, that “the Constable

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The English Camp.

*Enter the English host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us? 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—

My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day⁹:

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [Exit SAL.]

Constable of France, the Marshal, &c. and other of the French nobility; came and pitched down their *standards* and *banners* in the county of St. Paule." Again: "Thus the French men being ordered under their standards and banners, made a great shew;"—or as Hall has it; "Thus the French men were *every man under his banner*, only waiting," &c. It appears from both these historians, that all the princes and nobles in the French army bore banners, and of these one hundred and twenty-six were killed in this battel.

In a subsequent part of the description of this memorable victory, Holinshed mentions that "Henry having felled the Duke of Alanson, the *king's guard*, contrary to his mind, outrageously slew him." The Constable, being the principal leader of the French army, had, without doubt, like Henry, his *guard* also, one of whom bore before him, as we may collect from Hall, the *banner-royal* of France. MALONE.

⁹ Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day.] This line, which in the folio is printed after the two lines that now succeed it, was properly transposed by Mr. Theobald. The regulation (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) is supported by the quarto. MALONE.

Bed.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here¹

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove², I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

¹ *O that we now had here, &c.*] From *Holinshed*: "It is said also, that he should heare one of the hoste utter his wishe to another, that stood next to him, in this wise: I would to God there were present here with us this day so many good souldiers as are at this hour within the realme of England; whereupon the kyng answered: I would not wishe a man more here than I have," &c. MALONE.

² *By Jove,*—] The king prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen. JOHNSON.

I believe the player-editors alone are answerable for this monstrous incongruity. In consequence of the Stat. 3 James I. c. 21, against introducing the sacred name on the stage, &c. they omitted it where they could; and in verse, (where the metre would not allow omission,) they substituted some other word in its place. The author, I have not the least doubt, wrote here—*By heaven*—. MALONE.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian³:
 He, that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouze him at the name of Crispian.
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age⁴,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
 And say—to-morrow is faint Crispian:
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars,
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day*.
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot⁵;
 But he'll remember, with advantages⁶,
 What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths⁷ as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

3 —*of Crispian*:—] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispin's day. The legend upon which this is founded, follows. "Crispinus and Crispianus were bretheren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the christian religion; but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers; but the governor of the town discovering them to be christians, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 303. From which time, the shoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar saints." *Wheatley's Rational Illustration*, folio edit. p. 76. GREY.

4 *He that shall live this day and see old age*,] The folio reads:

He that shall see this day and live old age.

The transposition (which is supported by the quarto,) was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

* *And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day*.] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1600. The preceding line appears to me abrupt and imperfect without it. MALONE.

5 —*yet all*—] I believe, we should read,—*yea, all, &c.* MALONE.

6 —*with advantages*,—] Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of age, shall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage*. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times. JOHNSON.

7 *Familiar in their mouths*—] i. e. in the mouths of the old man ("who has outlived the battle and come safe home,") and "his friends." This is the reading of the quarto, which I have preferred to that of the folio,—*his mouth*; because *their* cups, the reading of the folio in the subsequent line, would otherwise appear, if not ungrammatical, extremely awkward. The quarto reads—in their flowing *bowls*; and there are other considerable variations in the two copies. MALONE.

This

This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world³,
 But we in it shall be remembered:
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition⁹:
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon saint Crispin's day¹.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
 The French are bravely² in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience³ charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England,
 cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
 Without more help, might fight this battle out*!

³ *From this day to the ending—*] It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history. JOHNSON.

⁹ *—gentle his condition:]* This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. JOHNSON.

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and public meetings.

TOLLET.

¹ *—upon saint Crispin's day.]* This speech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and lost none of the sentiments. JOHNSON.

² *—bravely—*] is splendidly, ostentatiously. JOHNSON.

³ *—expedience—*] i. e. expedition. STEEVENS.

* *—might fight this battle out.]* Thus the quarto. The folio reads:—
 —could fight this royal battle. MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men⁴;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—

You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow :
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

4 — *thou hast unwish'd five thousand men ;*—] By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. Shakspeare never thinks on such trifles as numbers. In the last scene the French are said to be *full threescore thousand*, which Exeter declares to be *five to one*; but, by the king's account they are twelve to one. JOHNSON.

Holinshed makes the English army consist of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse, besides foot, &c. in all 100,000; while Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9000; and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. STEEVENS.

Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7000.

Dr. Johnson, however, I apprehend, misunderstood the king's words. He supposes that Henry means to say, that Westmoreland, wishing himself and Henry alone to fight the battle out with the French, had *wished away* the *whole English army*, consisting of *five thousand men*. But Henry's meaning was, I conceive, very different. Westmoreland had before expressed a wish that *ten thousand* of those who were idle at that moment in England were added to the king's army; a wish, for which when it was uttered, Henry, whether from policy or spirit, reprimanded him. Westmoreland now says, he should be glad that he and the king alone, without any other aid whatsoever, were to fight the battle out against the French. "Bravely said, (replies Henry;) you have now *half* atoned for your former timid wish for *ten thousand* additional troops. You have *unwished* half of what you wish'd before." The king is speaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnson understood him literally. —Shakspeare therefore, though often inattentive to "such trifles as numbers," is here not inaccurate. He undoubtedly meant to represent the English army, (according to Exeter's state of it,) as consisting of about *twelve thousand* men; and according to the best accounts this was nearly the number that Henry had in the field. Hardyng, who was himself at the battle of Agincourt, says that the French army consisted of one hundred thousand; but the account is probably exaggerated.

MALONE.

From

From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them atcheive me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witnefs live in brafs of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English⁵;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality⁶.

Let

⁵ *Mark then abounding valour in our English;*] Thus the folio. The quarto has *abundant*. Mr. Theobald reads—*a bounding valour*; conceiving that “the revival of the English valour was compared to the *rebounding* of a cannon ball;” and probably misled by the idle notion that our author’s imagery must be round and corresponding on every side, and that this line was intended to be in unison with the next. This was so far from being an object of Shakspeare’s attention, that he seems to delight in passing hastily from one idea to another. To support his emendation, Mr. Theobald misrepresented the reading of the quarto, which he said was *abundant*. It is, as has been already stated, *abundant*; and proves in my apprehension decisively that the reading of the folio is not formed by any accidental union of different words; for though *abounding* may according to Mr. Theobald’s idea be made two words, by what analysis can *abundant* be separated?

We have had already in this play—“*superfluous courage*,” an expression of nearly the same import “as *abounding valour*.”

Mr. Theobald’s emendation, however, has been adopted in all the modern editions. MALONE.

⁶ *Killing in relapse of mortality.*] What it is to *kill in relapse of mortality*, I do not know. I suspect that it should be read:

Killing

Let me speak proudly ;—Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day⁷ :
Our gaynefs, and our gilt⁸, are all befmirch'd

With

Killing in reliques of mortality.

That is, continuing to *kill* when they are the *reliques* that *death* has left behind it.

That the allusion is, as Mr. Theobald thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will discover. The *valour* of a putrid body, that destroys by the stench, is one of the thoughts that do no great honour to the poet. Perhaps from this putrid valour Dryden might borrow the posthumous empire of Don Sebastian, who was to reign wheresoever his atoms should be scattered. JOHNSON.

By this phrase, however uncouth, Shakspeare seems to mean the same as in the preceding line. *Mortality* is death. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I :

“ — I beg *mortality*

“ Rather than life.

Relapse may be used for *rebound*. Shakspeare has given *mind of honour*, for *honourable mind* ; and by the same rule might write *relapse of mortality* for *fatal or mortal rebound* ; or by *relapse of mortality*, he may mean—after they had *relapsed into inanimation*.

This *putrid valour* is common to the descriptions of other poets as well as Shakspeare and Dryden, and is predicated to be no less victorious by Lucan, lib. vii. v. 821.

“ Quid fugis hanc cladem, quid olentes deferis agros ?

“ Has trahe, Cæsar, aquas ; hoc, si potes, utere cælo.

“ Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharsalica rura

“ Eripiunt, camposque tenent victore fugato.”

Corneille has imitated this passage in the first speech in his *Pompée* :

“ — de chars,

“ Sur ses champs empestés confusément épars,

“ Ces montagnes de morts privés d’honneurs suprêmes,

“ Que la nature force à se venger eux-mêmes,

“ Et de leurs troncs pourris exhale dans les vents

“ De quoi faire la guerre au reste des vivans.”

Voltaire, in his letter to the academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, opposes the preceding part of this speech to a quotation from Shakspeare. The Frenchman, however, very prudently stopped before he came to the lines which are here quoted. STEEVENS.

The ruggedness of this line, which is rendered by the word *relapse* (at least as we now accent it,) scarcely metre, induces me to think, with Dr. Johnson, that word corrupt. MALONE.

⁷ — *warriors for the working day* :] We are soldiers but coarsely dressed ; we have not on our holiday apparel. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *our gilt*,] i. e. golden show, superficial gilding. Obsolete. So, in *Timon of Athens* :

With rainy marching in the painful field;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,
 (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
 And time hath worn us into slovenry:
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,
 (As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
 Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thou thy labour;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:
 Thou never shalt hear Herald any more. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York,—Now, soldiers, march
 away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The field of battle.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter French soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne
 qualité.*

Pist.

“When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, &c.”

Again, in *Arden of Feverisham*, 1592:

“And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt.” STEEVENS.

9 — *the Duke of York.*] This personage is the same, who appears in our author's *K. Richard II.* by the title of *Duke of Aumerle*. His christian name was Edward. He was the eldest son of Edmond of Langley, Duke of York, who is introduced in the same play, and who was the fifth

Pist. Quality, call you me?—Construe me¹, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss².

Fr. Sol. O *seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman³:—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—
O signieur Dew, thou dy'st on point of fox⁴,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, *prennez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim⁵ out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol.

fifth son of King Edward III. Richard Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward Duke of York. MALONE.

¹ *Quality*, call you me? *Construe me*,—] The folio, where alone these words are found, reads—*qualitee calmie cufure me*—. Dr. Warburton changed *cufure* to *construe*, and Mr. Edwards in his Ms. notes proposed the correction of *calmie*. MALONE.

² — *discuss*.] This affected word is used by Lylly in his *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“But first I must *discuss* this heavenly cloud.” STEEVENS.

³ — signieur Dew *should be a gentleman*:] I cannot help thinking, that Shakspeare intended here a stroke at a passage in a famous old book, call'd, *The Gentlemans Academie in Hawking, Hunting, and Armorie*, written originally by Juliana Barnes, and re published by Gervase Markham, 1595. The first chapter of the *Booke of Armorie*, is, “The difference 'twixt *Churles* and *Gentlemen*”; and it ends thus: “From the of-spring of *gentlemanly Jabbet* came *Abraham*, *Moyfes*, *Aaron*, and the Prophets; and also the king of the right line of *Mary*, of whom that *only absolute gentleman*, *Jesus*, was borne:—*gentleman*, by his mother *Mary*, princeffe of coat armor.” FARMER.

⁴ — *on point of fox*,] *Fox* is an old cant word for a sword. So, in *The two angry women of Abington*, 1599: “I had a sword, ay the flower of Smithfield for a sword, a right *fox* i'faith.” Again, in *The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley*, 1605:—old hack'd swords, *foxes*, bilbos, and horn-buckles.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *thy rim* —] It appears, from sir Arthur Gorges's *Translation of Lucan*, 1614, that some part of the intestines was anciently called the *rimme*. *Lucan*. B. i:

“The slender *rimme*, too weake to part

“The boyling liver from the heart—”.

“—*parvusque secat vitalia limes*. L. 623.

“*Parvus limes* (says one of the scholiasts) *præcordia indicat; membrana*

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?*
 Pist. Bräs, cur⁶!

Thou

brana illa quæ cor et pulmones a jecore et liene dirimit." I believe it is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the skirt or midriff in beasts; but still in some places, the *rim*. Phil. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* several times mentions the *rim* of the paunch. See B. XXVIII. ch. ix. p. 321, &c. STEEVENS.

Cole in his DICTIONARY, 1678, describes it as the caul in which the bowels are wrapped. MALONE.

⁶ *Bräs, cur !*] Either Shakspeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over-fondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgment, into an error. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *bräs*, that Pistol should reply *Bräs, cur ?* The joke would appear to a reader, but could scarce be discovered in the performance of the play. Sir W. RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since Shakspeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected some other man wrote the French scenes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed since Shakspeare's time; "if not," says he, "it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes": but this does not appear to be the case, at least in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French *Alphabet* of De la Mothe, and the *Orthoëpia Gallica* of John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronfard, and Du Bartas.—Connections of this kind were very common. Shakspeare himself assisted Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*, as it was originally written; and Fletcher in his *Two Noble Kinsmen*. FARMER.

The word *moy* proves in my apprehension decisively, that Shakspeare, or whoever furnished him with his French, (if indeed he was assisted by any one,) was unacquainted with the true pronunciation of that language. *Moy* he has in *K. Richard II.* made a rhyme to *destroy*, so that it is clear that he supposed it was pronounced exactly as it is spelled, as he here supposes *bras* to be pronounced:

"Speak it in French, king; say, pardonnez moy.

"Dost thou teach pardon pardon to *destroy*?"

The word *bras* was without doubt pronounced in the last age by the French, and by the English who understood French, as at present, *braw*. So, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in the prologue to *The First Day's Entertainment at Rutland House*, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

"And could the walls to such a wideness *draw*,

"That all might sit at ease in *cbaïse a bras*."

Drummond of Hawthornden tells us that Ben Jonson did not understand French. It does not, I own, therefore follow that Shakspeare

was

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat⁷,
Offer'st me brags?

Fr. Sol. O, *pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys⁸?—
Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monseigneur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him⁹, and
ferrit him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous
prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper
vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, *je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me
pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez
ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

was also unacquainted with that language; but I think it highly pro-
bable that that was the case; or at least that his knowledge of it was
very slight. MALONE.

⁷ — *luxurious mountain goat,*] *Luxurious* means *lascivious*. See
p. 517, n. 6. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *a ton of moys?*] *Moys* is a piece of money; whence *moi d'or*, or
moi of gold. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *and firke him,*] The word *firke* is so variously used by the old
writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning. On
this occasion it may mean to *chastise*. So, in *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

“ — nay, I will *firke*

“ My silly novice, as he was never *firke'd*

“ Since midwives bound his noddle.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife*, &c. it means to collect by
low and dishonest industry:

“ — these five years she has *firke'd*

“ A pretty living.”

In the *Alchemist*, it is obscenely used. STEEVENS.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchise-ment.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mez genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.—
Follow me, cur.

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit French Soldier.*]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play¹, that every

¹ — *this roaring devil i' the old play,*] In modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, *punch* sometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *vice* of the old farce, to whom *punch* succeeds, used to fight the devil with a wooden dagger. JOHNSON.

The devil, in the old mysteries, is as turbulent and vainglorious as *Pistol*. So, in one of the *Coventry Whitsun Plays*, preserved in the British Museum. *Vespasian*. D. VIII. p. 136:

“ I am your lord Lucifer that out of helle cam,

“ Prince of this world, and gret duke of helle;

“ Wherefore my name is clepyd ser Satan,

“ Whech aperyth among you a mater to spelle.”

And perhaps the character was always performed in the most clamorous manner.

In

every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [Exit.]

In the ancient *Tragedy*, or rather *Morality*, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* says:

"I knew I would make him soon change his note,

"I will make him sing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat.

"[Here *Satan* shall cry and roar."

Again, a little after:

"Here he *roareth and crieth*."

Of the kind of wit current through these productions, a better specimen can hardly be found than the following:

"*Satan*. Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee denie.

"*Sinne*. Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie.

"For if I had a piece thereof, I do verily believe

"The humble bees stinging should never me grieve.

"*Satan*. No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot spare,

"But aske what thou wilt besides, and I will it prepare.

"*Sinne*. Then your nose I would have to stop my tayle behind,

"For I am combred with collike and letting out of winde:

"And if it be too little to make thereof a case,

"Then I would be so bolde to borrowe your face."

Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden queen sat spectators in the earlier part of her reign. STEEVENS.

In the old Moralities the devil was always attacked by the *Vice*, who belaboured him with his lath, and sent him roaring off the stage. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"In a trice,

"Like to the old *vice*,—

"Who, with *dagger of lath*,

"In his rage and his wrath,

"Cries ah! ha! to the *devil*."

And in *The old Taming of a Shrew*, one of the players says, "my lord, we must have—a little vinegar to make our *devil* roar."—"It was a pretty part in the old church-plays, (says Harfnett, in his *Detection of Popish Impostures*, quarto, 1603,) when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jacke an apes into the devil's necke, and ride the devill a course, and belabour him with his *wooden dagger*, till he made him *roare*, where-at the people would laugh to see the devill so vice-haunted."

The reason of the *Vice*'s endeavouring to entertain the audience by attempting to pair the devil's nails, has been already assigned in a note on *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 96. n. 9. MALONE.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field of battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and Others.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur!—*le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—O *meschante fortune!*—

Do not run away.

[*A short alarum,*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame²!—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in fight³: Once more back again;

² O perdurable *shame!*—] *Perdurable* is lasting, long to continue, So in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c.:

"Triumphant arcs of *perdurable* might." STEEVENS.

³ *Let us die in fight:*] For the insertion of the word *fight*, which (as I observed in my *Second Appendix*, 8vo. 1783,) appears to have been omitted by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, I am answerable. So Bourbon says afterwards: "I'll to the throng; Let life be short." Macbeth utters the same sentiment:

"At least we'll die with harness on our backs."

Mr. Theobald corrected the text by reading *instant* instead of *in*; but (as I have already remarked,) it is highly improbable that a printer should omit *half* a word; nor indeed does the word *instant* suit the context. Bourbon probably did not wish to die more than other men; but if we are conquered, (says he,) if we are to die, let us bravely die *in combat with our foes*, and make their victory as dear to them as we can.

The editor of the second folio, who always cuts a knot instead of untying it, substituted *fly* for *die*, and absurdly reads, Let us *fly* in; leaving the metre, which was destroyed by the omission of a word, still imperfect, and at the same time rendering the passage nonsense. The lines stand thus in the quarto, 1600:

"*Con.* We are enough yet living in the field

"To smother up the English,

"If any order might be thought upon."

"*Bour.* A plague of order! once more to the field;

"And he that will not follow," &c. MALONE,

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler * than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate †.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame ‡.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;
Let life be short ; else, shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY and forces ; EXETER, and Others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant country-men :

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice, within this hour,
I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain : and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

* — no gentler —] Who has no more gentility. MALONE.

† — is contaminate.] The quarto has—*contamuracke*, which corrupted word, however, is sufficient to lead us to the true reading now inserted in the text : It is also supported by the metre and the usage of our author and his contemporaries. We have had in this play " hearts create," for hearts created : so, elsewhere, *combinat*, for combin'd ; *consummate*, for consummated, &c. The folio reads—*contaminated*. MALONE.

‡ Unto these English, or else die with fame.] This line I have restored from the quarto 1600. The constable of France is throughout the play represented as a brave and generous enemy, and therefore we should not deprive him of a resolution which agrees so well with his character.

STEEVENS.

Suffolk

Suffolk first dy'd: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*

Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love⁶.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears⁷.

K. Hen. I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes⁸, or they will issue too.— [Alarum,

⁶ *A testament of noble-ending love.*] So the folio. The quarto reads:

An argument of never-ending love. MALONE.

⁷ *But all my mother came into mine eyes,*

And gave me up to tears.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*And all*, &c. *But* has here the force of—*But that*. MALONE.

This thought is apparently copied by Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. xi:

“ — compassion quell'd

“ His best of man, *and gave him up to tears.*” STEEVENS,

Dryden also in *All for Love*, A. I. has the same expression:

“ I have not wept this forty year; but now

“ *My mother comes afresh into my eyes;*

“ I cannot help her softness.” REED.

⁸ — with *mistful*—] folio—*mixtful*. Corrected by Dr. Warburton. The passage is not in the quarto. MALONE.

This word the poet took from his observation of nature, for just before the bursting out of tears the eyes grow dim as if in a mist.

WARBURTON.

But,

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?⁹—
 The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men:—
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
 Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage!² 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery,

9—*what new alarum is this same?*] The alarum on which Henry ordered the prisoners to be slain, was sounded by the affrighted runaways from his own camp, who brought intelligence that the French had got behind him, and had pillaged it. See a subsequent note. Not knowing the extent of his danger, he gave the order here mentioned, that every soldier should kill his prisoners.

After Henry speaks these words, "what new alarum is this same?" Shakspeare probably intended that a messenger should enter, and secretly communicate this intelligence to him; though by some negligence no such marginal direction appears. MALONE.

¹ *Give the word through.*] Here the quartos 1600 and 1608 add: *Pist. Couper gorge.* STEEVENS.

Here in the folio the fourth act begins. The present regulation was made by Mr. Pope, and has been adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

² *Kill the poys and the luggage!*] The baggage, during the battle (as king Henry had no men to spare) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys; which some French runaways getting notice of, they came down upon the English camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plundered, and burn'd the baggage: in resentment of which villainy it was, that the king, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all prisoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French runaways Fluellen is alluding, when he says, *Kill the poys and the luggage!* The fact is set out both by Hall and Holinshed. THEOBALD.

Unhappily the king gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners, and Gower another. The king killed his prisoners because he expected another battle, and he had not men sufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because the luggage was plundered, and the boys were slain. JOHNSON.

Our author has here, as in all his historical plays, followed Holinshed; in whose Chronicle *both* these reasons are assigned for Henry's conduct. Shakspeare therefore has not departed from history; though he has chosen to make Henry himself mention one of the reasons which actuated him, and Gower mention the other. See p. 573, n. 6. MALONE.

mark

mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orld: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak

ſpeak but in the figures and comparifons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus³, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight⁴ with the great pelly-douplet: he was full of jeſts, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falſtaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majeſty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a part of the Engliſh forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and Others.

K. Hen. I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Until this inſtant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our fight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them ſkir away⁵, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have⁶;

And

³ *As Alexander, &c.*] I ſhould ſuſpect that Shakspeare, who was well read in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, meant theſe ſpeeches of Fluellen as a ridicule on the parallels of the Greek author, in which, circumſtances common to all men are aſſembled in oppoſition, and one great action is forced into compariſon with another, though as totally different in themſelves, as was the behaviour of Harry Monmouth, from that of Alexander the Great. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *the fat knight*—] This is the laſt time that Falſtaff can make ſport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. JOHNSON.

⁵ *And make them ſkir away*,—] I meet with this word in Ben Jonſon's *News from the Moon*, a Maſque:—"blow him afore him as far as he can ſee him; or ſkir over him with his bat's wings," &c. The word has already occurred in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have*;] Dr. Johnſon obſerves that "the king is in a very bloody diſpoſition. He has already cut the throats of his priſoners, and threatens now to cut them again." To remove the abſurdity, (of which he thinks the author could not have been guilty, "this play, as it now appears, being not written in haſte, but a *ſecond draught*",) he propoſes to place theſe lines at the beginning of the preſent ſcene.

The

And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter

The order of the scenes is the same (as Dr. Johnson owns,) in the quarto and the folio; and the supposition of a *second draught* is, I am persuaded, a mistake, originating from Mr. Pope, whose researches on these subjects were by no means profound. The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspeare's. The choruses, which are wanting in it, and which must have been written in 1599, before the quarto was printed, prove this. Yet Mr. Pope asserts that these choruses, and all the other passages not found in the quarto, were *added* by the author after the year 1600.

With respect however to the incongruity objected to, if it be one, Holinshed, and not our poet, is answerable for it. For thus the matter is stated by him. While the battle was yet going on, about six hundred French horsemen, who were the first that had fled, hearing that the English tents were a good way distant from the army, without a sufficient guard, entered and *pillaged the king's camp*. "When the outcry of the *lackies and boys*, which *ran away for fear of the Frenchmen*, thus spoiling the camp, came to the king's ears, he, doubting lest his enemies should gather together again and begin a newe field, and mistrusting further that the *prisoners* would either be an aide to his enemies, or very enemies to their takers indeed, if they were suffered to live, contrary to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sounde of trumpet, that *every man upon pain of death should incontinently slea his prisoner*."—Here then we have the first transaction relative to the killing of the prisoners, in consequence of the spoiling of the camp, to which Fluellen alludes in the beginning of this scene, when he complains of the French having "killed the boys and the luggage": and we see, the order for killing the prisoners arose partly from that outrage, and partly from Henry's apprehension that his enemies might renew the battle, and that his forces "were not sufficient to guard one army, and fight another."

What follows will serve to explain the king's threat in the speech now before us, at least will shew that it is not out of its place.—"When (proceeds the Chronicler,) this lamentable slaughter [of the prisoners] was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of battayle, ready to abide a newe field, and also to invade and newly set on their enemies.—Some write, that the King *perceiving his enemies in one parte to assemble together*, as though they meant to give a new battaile for preservation of the prisoners, *sent to them a berault, commanding them either to depart out of his fight, or else to come forward at once, and give battaile; promising herewith, that if they did offer to fight* AGAYNE, NOT ONLY THOSE PRISONERS WHICH HIS PEOPLE ALREADY HAD TAKEN, BUT ALSO SO MANY OF THEM AS IN THIS NEW CONFLICTE, WHICH THEY THUS ATTEMPTED, SHOULD FALL INTO HIS HANDS, SHOULD DIE THE DEATH WITHOUT REDEMPTION."

The

Enter MONTJOY.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this herald? know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

The fact was, that notwithstanding the first order concerning the prisoners, they were not all put to death, as appears from a subsequent passage, (which ascertains what our author's conception was,) and from the most authentick accounts of the battle of Agincourt. "When the king sat at his refection, he was served at his boorde of those *great lrd's and princes that were taken in the field.*" According to Fabian, the Duke of Orleans, who was among the captives, on hearing the proclamation for putting the prisoners to death, was so alarmed, that he immediately sent a message to the newly assembled French troops, who thereupon dispersed. Hardyng, who was himself at the battle of Agincourt, says, the prisoners were put to death, "*save dukes and earles.*" Speed, on the authority of *Monstrelet*, says, "King Henry, contrary to his wonted generous nature, gave present commandment that every man should kill his prisoner, which was immediately performed, *certain principal men excepted*;" who, as another Chronicler tells us, were tied back to back, and left unguarded. With this account corresponds that of Stowe; who tells us, that "on that night, when the king sat at his refection, he was served at his boorde of *those great lords and princes that were taken in the fiede.*" So also Polydore Virgil: "*Postquam bonam partem captivorum occiderunt, &c.*" And lastly Mr. Hume, on the authority of various ancient historians, says that Henry, on discovering that his danger was not so great as he at first apprehended from the attack on his camp, "stopped the slaughter, and was still able to *save a great number.*"

But though this fact were not established by the testimony of so many historians, and though *every one* of the prisoners had been put to death, according to the original order, it was certainly policy in Henry to conceal that circumstance, and to *threaten* to kill them, as if they were living; for the motive that induced the French to rally was, (we are told,) to save these prisoners; and if they had been informed that they were already executed, they might have been rendered desperate; at least would have had less inducement to lay down their arms. This however is a disquisition which is not necessary to our author's vindication. He followed the chronicle just as he found it. MALONE.

To

To book our dead, and then to bury them;
 To fort our nobles from our common men;
 For many of our princes (woe the while!)
 Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
 (So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
 In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds⁷
 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
 Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
 And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
 What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
 your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack
 prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought
 a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is
 remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a
 garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their
 Monmouth caps⁸; which, your majesty knows, to this
 hour

⁷—*and their wounded steeds.*] The old copy reads—*and with their,*
 &c.; the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line beneath.
 Mr. Pope unnecessarily rejected both words, reading—*while* their wounded
 steeds," in which he was followed by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

—*in their Monmouth caps;*] *Monmouth caps* were formerly much
 worn. From the following stanza in an old ballad of *The Caps*, printed
 in *The Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, p. 31, it appears they were
 particularly worn by soldiers:

“ The soldiers that the *Monmouth* wear,

“ On castle's tops their ensigns rear.

“ The

hour is an honourable padge of the service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Chesfu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confes it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Montjoy and Others.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swager'd with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which, he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

“ The seaman with the thromb doth stand

“ On higher parts then all the land.” REED.

“ The best caps, (says Fuller in his *Worthies of Wales*, p. 50,) were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *Capper's* chapel doth still remain.—If (he adds) at this day [1660] the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion thereof.” MALONE.

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great fort⁹, quite from the answer of his degree¹.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce*, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together², I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the

⁹ — great fort,] High rank. So, in the ballad of *Jane Shore*:

"Lords and ladies of great fort." JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

—his enemy may be a gentleman of worth. STEEVENS.

¹ — quite from the answer of his degree.] A man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the foldier's low degree. JOHNSON.

* — a Jack-sauce,] That is, a saucy Jack. See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

² When Alençon and myself were down together,] This circumstance is not an invention of Shakspere's. Henry was felled to the ground at the battle of Agincourt, by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the Duke's attendants. Afterwards Alençon was killed by the king's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him.

MALONE.

man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself agrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchase him a box o'the ear;
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pefeech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows³, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK, and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY, and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowfy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove⁴, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

³ —into plows,—] The *Revisal* reads, very plausibly:

“—in two plows.” JOHNSON.

The quarto reads, *I will give treason his due presently*. We might therefore read—in due plows, i. e. in the beating that is so well his due. Fuller in his *Church History*, p. 139, speaks of the task-masters of Israel, “on whose back the numbers of bricks wanting were only scored in blows.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Give me thy glove,] Dr. Johnson would read *my* glove; but the text is certainly right. By “*thy* glove,” the king means—the glove that thou hast now in *thy* cap; i. e. Henry's glove, which he had given to Williams, (see Act. IV. sc. I.) and of which he had himself retained the fellow. MALONE.

Flu.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape; I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:— And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot*: 'tis a goot filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good fort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans⁵, nephew to the king;

* — your shoes is not so goot:] In the most minute particulars we find Shakspeare as observant as in matters of the highest moment. Shoes are, above any other article of dress, an object of attention to the common soldier, and most liable to be worn out. MALONE.

⁵ Charles Duke of Orleans, &c.] This list is taken from Holinshed.

John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt :
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries⁶ ;
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret⁷, high constable of France ;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischarde Dauphin ;
John duke of Alençon ; Anthony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;
And Edward duke of Bar : of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Rouffi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death ! —
Where is the number of our English dead ?

[*Herald presents another paper.*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam esquire :
None else of name ; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O, God thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,

⁶ — sixteen hundred mercenaries ;] *Mercenaries* are in this place *common soldiers*, or *hired soldiers*. The gentlemen served at their own charge in consequence of their tenures. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Charles De-la-bret*,] *De-la-bret*, as is already observed, should be *Charles D'Albret*, would the measure permit of such a change. Holinshed sometimes apologizes for the omission of foreign names, on account of his inability to spell them, but always calls this nobleman "the lord *de la Breth*, constable of France." See p. 549, and p. 555. STEEV.

But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
'To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell
how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*³.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe, to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king

³ *Let there be sung Non nobis, &c.*] “The king (says Holinshed;) when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blown, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victory, causing his prelates and chapeleins to sing this psalme, *In exitu Israel de Egypto*; and commaunding every man to kneele downe, on the grounde at this verse—*Non nobis, domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*: which done, he caused *Te Deum* and certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, and not boasting of his owne force, or any humaine power.” MALONE.

Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen⁹,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea : Behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives¹, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffler² 'fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;
 And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon Black-heath :
 Where that his lords desire him, to have borne³
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
 Before him, through the city : he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
 Giving full trophy⁴, signal, and ostent,
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens !
 The mayor, and all his breth'ren, in best fort,—
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :

⁹ — *grant him there ; there seen,*] If *Toward* be not abbreviated, our author with his accustomed licence uses one of these words as a dissyllable, while to the other he assigns only its due length. See Vol. III. p. 54, n. 7. MALONE.

¹ — *with wives,* —] *With*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² — *a mighty whiffler* —] An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *huissier*. HANMER.

See Mr. Warton's note to the tragedy of *Othello*, Act III. sc. ii. In the play of *Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599, a *whiffler* makes his appearance at a tournament, clearing the way before the king. STEEVENS.

³ — *to have borne*, &c.] The construction is, to have his bruised helmet &c. borne before him through the city : i. e. to order it to be borne. This circumstance also our author found in Holinshed. MALONE.

⁴ *Giving full trophy*, —] Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shews, from himself to God. JOHNSON.

As, by a lower but by loving likelihood⁵,
 Were now the general of our gracious empress⁶
 (As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword⁷,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;

5 — *likelihood*,] Likelihood for similitude. WARBURTON.

The later editors, in hope of mending the measure of this line, have injured the sense. The folio reads as I have printed; but all the books, since revival became fashionable, and editors have been more diligent to display themselves than to illustrate their author, have given the line thus:

As by a low, but loving likelihood.

Thus they have destroyed the praise which the poet designed for Essex; for who would think himself honoured by the epithet *low*? The poet, desirous to celebrate that great man, whose popularity was then his boast, and afterwards his destruction, compares him to king Harry; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the queen herself, he confesses that he is *lower* than a king, but would never have represented him absolutely as *low*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope made this improper alteration; as well as a thousand others equally reprehensible.—Our author had the best grounds for supposing that Lord Essex on his return from Ireland would be attended with a numerous concourse of well-wishers; for, on his setting out for that country in the spring of the year in which this play was written, “he took horse (says the continuator of Stowe’s Chronicle,) in Seeding lane, and from thence being accompanied with diverse noblemen and many others, himselfe very plainly attired, roade through Grace-church street, Cornhill, Cheapside, and other high streets, in all which places and in the fields, the people pressed exceedingly to behold him, especially in the high way for more than foure miles space, crying, and saying, God blesse your Lordship, God preserve your honour, &c. and some followed him till the evening, only to behold him.” “Such and so great (adds the same writer,) was the hearty love and deep affection of the people towards him, by reason of his bounty, liberalitie, affabilitie and mild behaviour, that as well schollars, souldiers, citizens, saylers, &c. protestants, papists, sectaries and atheists, yea, women and children which never saw him, that it was held in them a happiness to follow the worst of his fortunes.” That such a man should have fallen a sacrifice to the caprice of a fantastick woman, and the machinations of the detestable Cecil, must ever be lamented.—His return from Ireland, however, was very different from what our poet predicted. See a curious account of it in the Sydney Papers. Vol. II. p. 127. MALONE.

6 — *the general of our gracious empress*—] The earl of Essex in the reign of queen Elizabeth. POPE.

7 *Bringing rebellion broached*—] Spitted, transfixt. JOHNSON.

(As

(As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the king of England's stay at home :
 The emperor's coming⁸ in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them ;) and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France ;
 There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
 The interim, by rembering you—'tis past.
 Then brook abridgement ; and your eyes advance
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E I.

France. *An English Court of guard.*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*⁹.

Gow. Nay, that's right ; But why wear you your leek to-day ? saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things : I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower ; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in

⁸ *The emperor's coming*—] The emperor Sigismond, who was married to Henry's second cousin. If the text be right, I suppose the meaning is,—The emperor *is* coming ; &c. but I suspect some corruption, for the chorus speaks of the emperor's visit as now *past*. I believe, a line has been lost before "The emperor's," &c.—If we transpose the words *and omit*, we have a very unmetrical line, but better sense. "Omit the emperor's coming,—and all the occurrences which happened till Harry's return to France." Perhaps this was the author's meaning, even as the words stand. If so, the mark of parenthesis should be placed after the word *home*, and a comma after *them*. MALONE.

⁹ *Enter Fluellen, and Gower.*] This scene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the last chorus. There is no English camp in this act ; the quarrel apparently happened before the return of the army to England, and not after so long an interval as the chorus has supplied. JOHNSON.

Fluellen presently says that he wore his leek in consequence of an affront he had received but the day before from Pistol. Their present quarrel has therefore no reference to that begun in the sixth scene of the third act. STEEVENS.

a place where I could not breed no contentions with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol ! you scurvy, lowfy knave, Got pless you !

Pist. Ha ! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web¹ ? Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowfy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek ; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. 'There is one goat for you. [*strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce for it. [*striking him again.*] You call'd me yesterday, moutain-squire ; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree². I pray you, fall to ; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain ; you have astonish'd him³.

¹ *To have me fold up, &c.*] Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death ? JOHNSON.

² — *squire of low degree.*] That is, *I will bring thee to the ground.*

JOHNSON.

The squire of Low Degree is the title of an old romance, enumerated among other books in a letter concerning *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth.* STEEVENS.

This metrical romance was burlesqued by Chaucer in his rhyme of *Sir Thopas*, and begins thus :

“ It was a *squyre of lowe degre*,

“ That loved the kings daughter of Hungré.”

See *Reliques of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 30. 2d edit. PERCY.

³ — *astonish'd him.*] That is, you have stunned him with the blow.

JOHNSON.

Flu.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eat, I swear⁴.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit,

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking⁵ and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you
a good

⁴ *I eat, and eat, I swear.*] Thus the first folio, for which the later editors have put, *I eat and swear*. We should read, I suppose, in the frigid tumour of Pistol's dialect,—*I eat, and eke I swear*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *gleeking*—] i. e. scoffing, sneering. STEEVENS.

a good English condition *. Fare ye well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife⁶ with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead⁷ i'the 'spital
Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars⁸. [Exit.]

* — a good English condition.] That is, a good English temper or disposition. See p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

⁶ Doth fortune play the huswife—] That is, the jilt. Huswife is here in an ill sense. JOHNSON.

⁷ News have I, that my Nell is dead—] The folio reads, that my Doll is dead. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson. In a former scene Pistol says,

“Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.” MALONE.

Doll Tearsheet was so little the favourite of Pistol that he offered her in contempt to Nym. Nor would her death have cut off his rendezvous; that is, deprived him of a home. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan.

In the quartos 1600, and 1608, the lines are read thus:

“Doth fortune playe the huswye with me now?”

“Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike lines [loins]?”

“Well, France farewell. News have I certainly,

“That Doll is sick one [on] mallydie of France.

“The warres affordeth nought; home will I trug,

“Bawd will I turne, and use the slyte of hand;

“To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;

“And patches will I get unto these skarres,

“And swear I gat them in the Gallia warres.” JOHNSON.

⁸ The comick scenes of *The History of Henry the Fourth and Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comick personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gads-hill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON.

Troyes in Champagne⁹. *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the Princess CATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met¹ !
Unto our brother France,--and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day :—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Catharine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy ; —
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

⁹ Henry some time before his marriage with Catharine, accompanied by his brothers, uncles, &c. had a conference with her, the French King and Queen, the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in a field near Melun, where two pavillions were erected for the royal families, and a third between them for the council to assemble in and deliberate on the articles of peace. "The Frenchmen, (says the Chronicle,) ditched, trenched, and paled their lodgings for fear of after-clappes; but the Englishmen had their parte of the field only *barred* and parted." But the treaty was then broken off. Sometime afterwards they again met in St. Peter's church at Troyes in Champagne, where Catharine was affianced to Henry, and the articles of peace between France and England finally concluded.—Shakspeare, having mentioned in the course of this scene, "a bar and royal interview," seems to have had the former place of meeting in his thoughts; the description of the field near Melun in the Chronicle somewhat corresponding to that of a bar or barriers. But the place of the present scene is certainly Troyes in Champagne. However, as St. Peter's church would not admit of the French King and Queen &c. retiring, and then appearing again on the scene, I have supposed, with the former editors, the interview to take place in a palace.

MALONE.

¹ *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !*] Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here after the chorus, the fifth act seems naturally to begin.

JOHNSON.

Most

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar² and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies³: her hedges even-pleach'd,—

² *Unto this bar*—] To this barrier; to this place of congress.

³ *Unpruned dies*:] We must read, *lies*; for neglect of pruning
does not kill the vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately, and grow
wild; by which the requisite nourishment is withdrawn from its fruit.

WARBURTON.
This emendation is physically right, but poetically the vine may be
well enough said to die, which ceases to bear fruit. JOHNSON.

Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair⁴,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
 Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,
 That should deracinate⁵ such savagery :
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, withall uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckfies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards⁶, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures⁷, grow to wildness ;

Even

4 — *her hedges even-pleach'd*,—

Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,] This image of prisoners is oddly introduced. A *hedge even-pleach'd* is more properly imprisoned than when it luxuriates in unpruned exuberance. JOHNSON.

The learned commentator misapprehended, I believe, our author's sentiment. Hedges are pleached, that is, their long branches being cut off, are twisted and woven through the lower part of the hedge, in order to thicken and strengthen the fence. The following year, when the hedge shoots out, it is customary in many places to clip the shoots, so as to render them even. The Duke of Burgundy therefore, among other instances of the neglect of husbandry, mentions this ; that the hedges, which *were* even-pleached, for want of trimming put forth irregular twigs ; like prisoners, who in their confinement have neglected the use of the razor, and in consequence are wildly overgrown with hair. The hedge in its cultivated state, when it is *even-pleached*, is compared to the prisoner ; in its "wild exuberance," it resembles the prisoner "overgrown with hair."

As a hedge, however, that is *even-pleached* or woven together, and one that is *clipt*, are alike reduced to an even surface, our author with his usual licence might have meant only by *even-pleached*, "our hedges which were heretofore *clipp'd* smooth and even."

The line "Like prisoners," &c. it should be observed, relates to the one which follows, and not to that which precedes it. The construction is, Her even-pleached hedges put forth disorder'd twigs, resembling persons in prison, whose faces are from neglect over-grown with hair.

MALONE.

5 — *deracinate* —] To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots. STEEV.

6 *And as our vineyards* —] The old copy reads—And *all* our vineyards. The emendation was made by Mr. Roderick. MALONE.

7 *Defective in their natures*, —] *Nature* had been changed by Dr. Warburton into *nurture* ; but, as Mr. Upton observes, unnecessarily. *Sua deficiuntur natura*. They were not defective in their *creative* nature.

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire⁸,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour⁹,
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniencies,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
 There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curforary eye
 O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
 Pass our accept, and peremptory answer¹.

K. Hen.

ture, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper
 and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man. STEEV.

⁸ — diffus'd attire,] *Diffus'd* is so much used by our author for *wild*,
irregular, and *strange*, that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he applies
 it to a song supposed to be sung by fairies. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 284, n. I. MALONE.

⁹ — former favour,] Former appearance. JOHNSON.

¹ — we will suddenly

Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.] Dr. Warburton reads—
Pass or accept; in which he is followed by the subsequent editors. "As
 the French king (says he,) desires more time to consider of the articles,
 'tis absurd in him to say absolutely that he would accept them all.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence *,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king :
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands ;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them ;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Catharine here with us :
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, CATH. and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Catharine, and most fair²!

Will

He must mean that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he disliked, and consign to such as he approved of."—But the objection is founded, I apprehend, on a misconception of the word *accept*, which does not, I think, import that he would accept them all, but means *acceptation*. We will immediately, says he, deliver our *acceptation* of these articles,—the opinion which we shall form upon them, and our peremptory answer to each particular. Fuller in his *Worthies*, 1660, uses *accept* for *acceptation*. See Sc. vii. of the preceding act, p. 577, n. 8.

If any change were to be made, I would rather read,—“ Pass or *except*, &c.” i. e. *agree to*, or *except* against the articles, as I should either approve or dislike them. So, in a subsequent part of this scene :

“ Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd,

“ But your request shall make me let it *pass*.” MALONE.

Pass *our* accept, and peremptory answer : i. e. we will pass our acceptance of what we approve, and we will pass a peremptory answer to the rest. Politeness might forbid his saying, we will pass a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. Besides, if we read—Pass or accept, is not *peremptory answer* superfluous, and plainly implied in the former words? TOLLET.

* *And brother Clarence,*] Neither Clarence nor Huntingdon, whom the king here addresses, has been enumerated in the *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither of them speaks a word. Huntington was John Holland, Earl of Huntington, who afterwards married the widow of Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March. MALONE.

² *Fair Catharine, and most fair !*] Shakspeare might have taken the hint

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Catharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Cath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Catharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princefs.

K. Hen. The princefs is the better English woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king³, that thou wouldst

hint for this scene from the anonymous play of *Henry V.* so often quoted, where the king begins with greater bluntness, and with an exordium most truly English:

“How now, fair lady Katharine of France!

“What news?” STEEVENS.

³ — *such a plain king,*—] I know not why Shakspeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the dauphin, who represents him as fitter for the ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not *to revel into dutchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard*. The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakspeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity. JOHNSON.

wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain⁴: How say you, lady?

Cath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure⁵, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee

Our author, I believe, was led imperceptibly by the old play to give this representation of Henry, and meant probably, in this speech at least, not to oppose the *soldier* to the *lover*, but the plain honest *Englishman*, to the less sincere and more talkative *Frenchman*. In the old *King Henry V.* quarto, 1598, the corresponding speech stands thus:

“ Hen. Tush Kate, but tell me in plain terms,

“ Canst thou love the king of England?

“ I cannot do as these countries do,

“ That spend half their time in wooing:

“ Tush, wench, I am none such;

“ But wilt thou go over to England?”

The subsequent speech, however, “ Marry, if you would put me to verses,” &c. fully justifies Dr. Johnson's observation. MALONE.

⁴ — and so clap hands, and a bargain:] See Vol. IV. p. 128, n. 9.

MALONE.

⁵ I have no strength in measure,] That is, in the dance so called. See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

—that

—that I shall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy⁶; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?⁷

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, & quand vous avez le possession de moi,* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.*

⁶ —take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy;] To coin is to stamp and to counterfeit. He uses it in both senses; uncoined constancy signifies real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned. JOHNSON.

"Uncoined constancy," resembling a plain piece of metal that has not yet received any impression. Catharine was the first woman that Henry had ever loved. A. C.

⁷ Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?] So, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Kate. How should I love thee, which is my father's enemy? STEEVENS.

It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me, —thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling⁸, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between saint Dennis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople⁹, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deesse?*

Cath. Your majesté 'ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood be-

⁸ — *with scrambling,*] i. e. scrambling. See p. 452, n. 5. STEEV.

⁹ — *go to Constantinople,* —] Shakspeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty one years. THEOBALD.

gins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect¹ of my visage. Now be-
 threw my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age; that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Catharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Cath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen,

Cath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

¹ — untempering effect —] The sense is, I understand that you love me, notwithstanding my face has no power to temper, i. e. soften you to my purpose:

“—nature made you

“To temper man—.” Otway.

So again, in *Titus Andronicus*, which may, at least, be quoted as the work of an author contemporary with Shakspeare:

“And temper him with all the art I have.” STEEVENS.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Then I will kifs your lips, Kate.

Cath. *Les dames, & damoiselles, pour estre baisees devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies of France*,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kifs.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kifs before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'fy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kifs: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs². Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English?

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth³: so that, having neither the voice nor the

² — your lips—should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V*: "Tell thy father from me, that none in the world should sooner have persuaded me," &c. STEEVENS.

³ — my condition is not smooth:] Condition is temper. So, in *K. Henry IV*. Part I. sc. iii:

" — my condition,

" Which has been smooth as oil," &c. STEEVENS.

heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth⁴, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rofcd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time⁵, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled

⁴ *Pardon the frankness of my mirth,—*] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. JOHNSON.

⁵ *This moral—*] That is, the application of this fable. The moral being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a moral. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 265, n. 7. MALONE.

with maiden walls ⁶, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then in sequel all ⁷, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d' Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it pass.

⁶ — *they are all girdled with maiden walls, &c.*] We have again the same allusion in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,

“ To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

“ And long upon these terms I held my city,

“ Till thus he 'gan besiege me.”

See also *All's well that ends well*; Vol. III. p. 359. MALONE.

⁷ — *and then in sequel all,*] *Then*, which is not in the old copy, was supplied for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

⁸ — *Notre tres cher filz*—and thus in Latin; *præclarissimus filius*.—] What, is *tres cher*, in French, *Præclarissimus* in Latin? We should read, *præcarissimus*. WARBURTON.

“ This is exceeding true,” says Dr. Farmer, “ but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have been corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages.” STEEVENS.

In all the old historians that I have seen, as well as in Holinshed, I find this mistake; but in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is styled *Præcarissimus*; and in the 22d article the stipulation is, that he shall always be called, “ in lingua Gallicana *notre tres cher filz*, &c; in lingua vero Latina hoc modo, *noster præcarissimus filius Henricus*,” &c. See Rymer's *Fæd.* IX. 893. MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest :
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son ; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me : that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate :—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*]

Fr. Queen. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms⁹,
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage¹ :—on which
day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me ;
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be ! [*Exeunt.*]

9 — *the paction of these kingdoms,*] The old copy has—the *pation*—
Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

¹ *Prepare we, &c.*] The quartos 1600 and 1608 conclude with the
following speech :

Hen. *Why then fair Catharine,*
Come, give me thy hand :
Our marriage will we present solemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of love.
Then will I swear to Kate, and Kate to me,
And may our vows once made, unbroken be. STEEVENS.

Enter CHORUS:

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
 Our bending author² hath pursu'd the story;
 In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts³ the full course of their glory.
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
 This star of England: fortune made his sword;
 By which the world's best garden he atchiev'd,
 And of it left his son imperial lord.
 Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
 Of France and England, did this king succeed;
 Whose state so many had the managing,
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
 Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take⁴. *[Exit.]*

² *Our bending author—*] By *bending*, our author meant *unequal to the weight of his subject, and bending beneath it*; or he may mean, as in *Hamlet*, “Here *sloping to your clemency*.” STEEVENS.

³ *Mangling by starts—*] By touching only on select parts. JOHNSON.

⁴ This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriments. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

